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SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS

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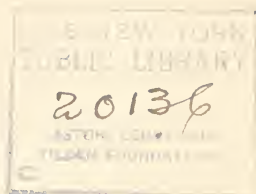
BY
H. A. GUERBER

Author of
"STORIES OF THE WAGNER OPERAS,"
"HOW TO PREPARE FOR EUROPE," ETC.

With Illustrations



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STORIES
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES

MACBETH

ACT I. When the curtain rises we perceive a desert place, between the upper and under world, illuminated by weird lightning flashes, where three witches suddenly appearing, exchange greetings, and decide to meet Macbeth upon the heath, after the battle is over. Then they vanish, chanting the weird refrain, 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair!'

In the next scene we behold the camp where the Scotch king, Duncan, eagerly questions a bloody messenger who announces his troops are fighting bravely, and that Macbeth in particular has done wonders, having conquered the worst of the rebels and fixed his head upon the battlements. Full of admiration for a feat which will assure his mastery in the realm, Duncan further learns with joy that the Norsemen, who recently made a descent upon his kingdom, are to be met by Banquo and Macbeth, who long to annihilate them also.

Scarcely has the messenger departed to attend to his wounds, when Ross comes in, reporting in his

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turn that the Norsemen are conquered, and all Duncan's foes subdued, the rebel thane of Cawdor, who enticed them into the realm, being now a prisoner. After sentencing this wretch to death, Duncan bids Ross hasten to meet Macbeth, greeting him with the title of thane of Cawdor.

We now see a blasted heath near this camp, where the three witches meet to report what they have done. From their conversation we gather that full of malice and evil thought, they are bent on working harm. They are just dancing in a weird way, when drum-beats herald the appearance of the two generals, who are on their way to rejoin the king. On perceiving the witches,—who lay skinny fingers upon their lips and appear like women, although disfigured by beards,—Macbeth bids them speak, only to be hailed by the first by name and present title, by the second as thane of Cawdor to be, and by the third as 'king hereafter!'

Seeing Macbeth—who cherishes great ambitions—start, Banquo enquires why he seems dismayed at prospects so fair, and playfully questions the witches in his turn, only to be greeted as 'lesser than Macbeth, and greater'; 'not so happy, yet much happier,' and as begetter of kings although no king himself. When Macbeth rejoins that the thane of Cawdor is still alive, and that he sees no prospect of ever being king, the three weird sisters vanish without speaking, and Banquo sagely concludes they were only 'earth bubbles,' which have vanished in thin air. But although he is rather inclined to think they have 'eaten of the insane root' when Macbeth

reminds him his children are to be kings, Banquo good-naturedly rejoins the same spirits prophesied he should be thane of Cawdor and rule.

Just then they encounter Ross and a companion, who inform Macbeth the king has learned his successes and appoints him thane of Cawdor. Startled by these words, Macbeth protests against being dressed in 'borrow'd robes,' until he is told that Cawdor is to die for having called the Norsemen into the country. As one part of the witches' prophecy has been so suddenly and unexpectedly fulfilled, Macbeth wonders whether the remainder may not come true, and asks Banquo in a whisper whether he doesn't hope his children shall be kings? To this Banquo rejoins that the fulfilment of the first part of the prophecy may be devised to mislead them, for 'the instruments of darkness tell us truths,' and 'win us with honest trifles,' only 'to betray's in deepest consequence!'

While Banquo engages in conversation with the two gentlemen, Macbeth broods upon the fact that two prophecies were uttered, and that the first being accomplished, he is justified in hoping the rest will come true. Still, the uncanny impression under which he labours causes his hair to rise on end and his heart to beat tumultuously. Noticing his abstraction, Banquo jocosely remarks his new honours do not sit easily upon him, while Macbeth whispers that 'Come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day.' But, when Banquo reminds him they are waiting for him to proceed to the king, he apologises for his absent-

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mindfulness, and says they will now hasten on and discuss the night's events at some more opportune moment.

We now behold the palace at Forres, where King Duncan is asking his sons whether Cawdor has been executed, and whether those sent to witness his death have returned? In reply, Prince Malcolm states they have not yet come back, but that a spectator reported nothing in Cawdor's 'life became him like the leaving it,' for he died full of repentance and beseeching the king's pardon. Commenting that 'there's no art to enable one to read a man's face,' and that there was no one he trusted more thoroughly than Cawdor, the king greets the entering Macbeth as his 'worthiest cousin,' and assures him his deserts so far outstrip thanks, that 'more is thy due than more than all can pay.'

With due modesty Macbeth replies it is his duty to do everything in his power for his king, while Duncan turns to greet Banquo, who deserves no less praise than his companion, and who is also warmly embraced, a distinction which greatly pleases him. Then the king announces that in honour of his eldest son's appointment as his successor, he intends to shower favours on all deservers, the chief of these being a visit to Macbeth at Inverness, whither the general proposes to hasten to announce the king's arrival to his wife. In spite of this new mark of favour, Macbeth's mind is so full of the witches' prediction, that he mutters two obstacles,—the monarch and his heir,—must now be removed if he is to become king. Bidding the stars hide their

fires so no light may reveal 'his black and deep desires,' Macbeth hurries away to apprise his wife of the king's coming, while Duncan graciously informs Banquo Macbeth is so very valiant, that 'in his commendations I am fed,' adding that they must closely follow this 'peerless kinsman' who is playing courier for them.

We are now transferred to Macbeth's castle in Inverness, where Lady Macbeth reads aloud the letter wherein her husband reports his encounter with the witches and their prediction, which he bids her lay to heart. Musing over the contents of this missive, Lady Macbeth concludes that the first part having come true, the rest will follow suit, provided her husband's nature be not 'too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way.' She knows that Macbeth is ambitious and would fain be king, but doubts his having sufficient strength of mind to frame his own fortunes, and longs for his coming so she can pour her spirit into his ear, and 'chastise' from him 'with the valour of her tongue,' all that impedes his obtaining the crown.

Just then a messenger announces the king's arrival that very night, news which Lady Macbeth cannot credit, until the herald adds his master is following to confirm it. The messenger having retired, Lady Macbeth concludes Duncan has been sent hither so they can dispose of him, and bids evil spirits fill her 'from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty,' calling upon night to veil what they are about to do.

Then, seeing Macbeth enter, she proudly greets

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him by his new title, and declares that his letters have transported her 'beyond this ignorant present,' making her feel 'the future in the instant.'

After embracing his wife, and repeating that Duncan will be with them to-night, Macbeth, when she meaningly asks when the monarch will depart, innocently replies, 'to-morrow, as he purposes.' This answer, however, so little suits the ambitious lady, that she swears the sun shall never see that morrow, although she bids her husband welcome his guest without revealing by any sign the existence of plans which they will discuss later on, there being no time at present to do so.

In front of the same castle we next witness the arrival of the king, who graciously comments upon the pleasant site of Inverness, which Banquo notes is haunted by many birds. While they are talking thus the hostess appears, and being cordially addressed by the king, assures him that all their services 'twice done and then done double' would be inadequate to requite his majesty for all the honours he has conferred upon them. Graciously enquiring where the new thane of Cawdor may be,—whom he has followed so closely,—Duncan offers himself as guest to Lady Macbeth, who vows whatever is theirs is his, and accepting his hand leads him into the castle, where Macbeth awaits their arrival.

We next behold a room in this castle after the banquet, where Macbeth,—while servants hasten to and fro,—muses upon the murder he and his wife have planned, declaring 'if it were done when 'tis

done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.' Stifling his conscience, he has determined to attack his helpless kinsman, monarch, and guest, a man so gentle it seems particularly heinous to strike him, especially as Macbeth has 'no spur to prick the sides' of his 'intent, but only vaulting ambition.'

While he is thus meditating, Lady Macbeth enters and he asks her how things are coming on? When she states that the king has finished supper and is asking for his host, Macbeth timorously exclaims they won't proceed any further in this business. His ambitious wife, however, uses all her influence to make him stick to his purpose, taunting him with cowardice for letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," and insisting when he tries to silence her, that were she a man she would not give up so easily a resolve once taken. In fact, she declares that, although a loving mother, she would pluck the babe from her breast, had she vowed to do so, and when Macbeth dubiously suggests they might fail, cries out boldly, 'We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, and we'll not fail!'

Then she adds that when Duncan is asleep they can easily perform the deed they have devised, fastening the guilt upon his servants, whom she intends to drug. Her strong and energetic words make Macbeth exclaim that she should be mother of sons only, ere he wonders whether others will believe that the grooms,—who are to be smeared with royal blood,—are the authors of the crime? Lady Macbeth, however, feels certain none will deem otherwise on hearing their loud lament over the king's

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death. Thus urged to tread boldly along this evil path, Macbeth declares he is ready to carry out her suggestions, and leaves the room, saying he will 'mock the time with fairest show: false face must hide what the false heart doth know.'

ACT II. The second act opens in the court of Macbeth's castle, where Banquo and his son arrive at dawn, the father wondering what time it may be, and bidding his son be armed for he feels evil is brewing, and deems that merciful powers are keeping him wide awake. Hearing some one approach, Banquo draws his sword too, and recognising Macbeth and a servant, wonders why his host has not gone to bed. He adds, however, that the king, having spent a pleasant evening, retired after bestowing largesses upon all the inmates of the castle, and charging him to deliver a diamond to his hostess. When Macbeth tries to apologise for not entertaining the king better, Banquo remarks he has dreamt of the three weird sisters, part of whose prediction has so strangely come true. In return, Macbeth vows he is not thinking of them, but intimates that on some more auspicious occasion, he will discuss matters of moment with Banquo. Then he watches the lord and his son go off to their lodgings, and bids his servant retire, after notifying his mistress that he will join her as soon as she calls.

Left alone with a mind full of the crime he is about to commit, Macbeth sees a dagger hovering in the air before him, and although aware it is only a delusion, talks to it as if it were a reality, until his wife's summons interrupt his awe-struck solilo-

quy. Then he hastens to join her, hoping her bell will not rouse Duncan, although he terms it the 'knell that summons' him 'to heaven or to hell.'

In the same room, a moment later, enters Lady Macbeth, averring the drink which made the servants sleepy has made her bold. Listening intently to every sound, she is startled by the shriek of an owl, hears the bellman's call, and discerns the snores of various sleepers through the house. Then, Macbeth's startled 'Who's there?' suddenly causes her to fear those in the king's chamber may have awakened before the deed is done. Still, she knows all is ready, and that her husband cannot have failed to find the daggers, for she laid them ready, and would have used them herself, had not the monarch resembled her father as he slept. It is at that moment Macbeth rejoins her, announcing the deed is done, and enquiring whether she did not hear some noise? In reply she states what she overheard, asking whether he did not speak coming down the stairs? As in a dream, Macbeth confesses he did, and noting the blood on his hands, gasps it is 'a sorry sight!'

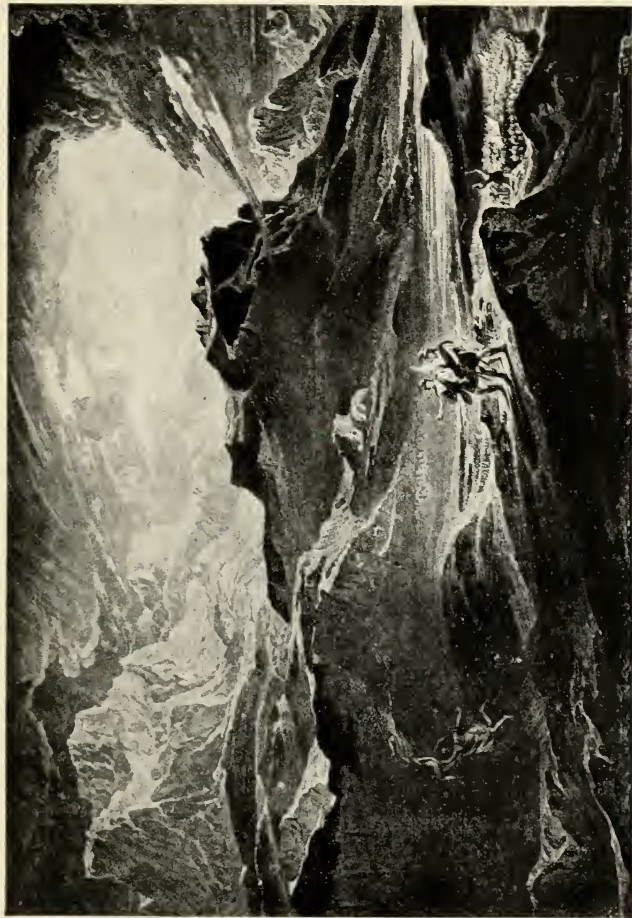
Still, such is his state of over-excitement, that he marked everything on his way from the death-chamber, and seems most troubled because he could not respond 'Amen,' as usual, when one of the sleepers muttered, 'God bless us!' His wife, however, insists they must not dwell on such things lest they become mad, and when Macbeth avers he fancied he heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep,' she utterly refuses to listen to what she terms 'brainsickly things,' and sternly

bids him wash his hands. Noticing, for the first time, that he has brought back the daggers which were to have been left beside the sleeping grooms, she bids him carry them back and smear the sleepers with blood, but Macbeth refuses to do so, under pretext he dares not look on what he has done. Full of scorn for such infirmity of purpose, and vowing that 'the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures,' Lady Macbeth seizes the daggers and goes off to finish the work herself.

As she leaves the room, loud knocking causes Macbeth to start and wonder whether 'all great Neptune's ocean' can ever wash this blood from his hands? While he is still musing, Lady Macbeth returns, her hands red, too, but vowing she would be ashamed 'to wear a heart so white' as his. When the knocking is repeated, she urges her husband to follow her to their chamber, to remove all traces of blood and don a nightgown, so that, if called, it will appear they were roused from slumber. While the knocking continues, they hurry out of the room together, Macbeth vainly wishing all this noise *could* awaken Duncan!

The porter, trying to answer the untimely summons, mutters at the impudence of the knocker, and wonders who can call at such an hour? It is only after long fumbling, that he opens the right door and admits Macduff and Lennox, who ask why all are still abed? In reply the porter explains that, having feasted until late last night, they did not get to bed until morning.

The visitors are just enquiring whether Macbeth



John Martin

MACBETH AND BANQUO ON THE HEATH

Mac. "So foul and fair a day I have not seen."

Macbeth. Act 1, Scene 3.

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is stirring, when they see him coming from his chamber to ascertain the cause of all this noise. After greeting him, Macduff enquires whether King Duncan is awake, adding that he had orders to call him early, and wishes to obey. With courteous gesture Macbeth thereupon indicates the king's room, and while Macduff is absent, graciously converses with Lennox, who comments upon an unusually blustery night.

While they are discussing its various phenomena, Macduff rushes in, gasping, that 'tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name' what he has seen. Then, in reply to breathless questions from Macbeth and Lennox, he adds that 'murder hath broke ope the Lord's anointed temple,' a statement his hearers find difficult to understand, until Macduff, horror-struck, bids them go and see for themselves. Both hasten out of the room, while he rouses the castle by calling for the princes and Banquo and pealing the alarm-bell.

In the midst of this clamour, Lady Macbeth comes out to discover what it means, and Macduff tells her it is impossible to describe it as 'the repetition, in a woman's ear, would murder as it fell.'

Then, seeing Banquo enter, he greets him with the wail that their worthy master is murdered! While Lady Macbeth gasps, 'What, in our house?' Banquo exclaims it is too cruel a deed to have happened anywhere, and is vainly trying to make Macduff contradict himself, when Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross come in, the former exclaiming: 'Had I but died an hour before this chance.'

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The two princes now enter, and although Macbeth informs them, in allegorical terms, of their father's death, Macduff has to add the brutal word 'murdered,' ere they can understand. Then, in reply to their bewildered questions, Lennox describes how the drunken grooms were found smeared with the king's blood, while Macbeth exclaims he repents having killed them, although he did so from love for Duncan and horror of the deed they had performed. This report causes Lady Macbeth to turn faint, and while attention centres upon her, the princes whisper they had better escape, as their own fate may be 'hid in an auger-hole,' and may rush out and seize them!

While Banquo suggests Lady Macbeth's removal, the other lords arrange a meeting to discuss what shall be done, and all leave the stage save the two young princes, who hastily decide to hurry away, one to England and the other to Ireland, their fortunes being safer separate now that there are 'daggers in men's smiles.' Without any leave-taking, therefore, both depart, little dreaming of the suspicions to which their hasty flight may give rise.

Just outside of Macbeth's castle, Ross encounters an old man, who tells him that although above seventy years of age he cannot remember another such night. Both he and Ross are troubled by unusual occurrences, which they are discussing when Macduff appears. When Ross eagerly asks whether it has been ascertained who did the bloody deed, Macduff confidently rejoins 'the men Macbeth hath slain,' adding that they were probably bribed by

the king's sons, who have fled. Because of this flight and of these suspicions, the thanes have elected Macbeth to be next king, and he has already set out for Scone, leaving Duncan to be interred in his ancestral vault. Instead of attending the coronation, Macduff proposes to hasten to Fife, while Ross departs for Scone, the old man blessing them both.

ACT III. The third act opens in the palace at Forres, where Banquo exclaims the prediction has been fulfilled in Macbeth's case, and wonders whether he himself is to be 'root and father of many kings?' While he is musing on this subject, enter Macbeth and his wife, attired as king and queen, attended by lords and ladies. After greeting Banquo with great courtesy, they invite him as chief guest to supper, a meal he promises to attend without fail, although when Macbeth courteously enquires how he intends to spend the interval, Banquo rejoins he is riding so far that he will have to go fast to get back before night. With an enquiry whether his son accompanies him, and a gracious reminder not to miss the banquet, Macbeth dismisses Banquo, and, addressing the rest, informs them that his 'bloody cousins' are now in England and in Ireland, where, instead of confessing their crime, they are filling 'their hearers with strange invention.' Still, these matters are to be discussed in council on the morrow, so the royal couple dismiss court until seven, when the banquet is to take place.

All the rest having left the stage, Macbeth eagerly asks an attendant whether those he called for are awaiting his pleasure? While this servant goes out

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to summon men waiting at the palace gate, Macbeth mutters that his present haunting fear is Banquo, hailed by the weird sisters as father of a line of kings! So that his crime may not have been committed for the benefit of Banquo's posterity, Macbeth makes up his mind to slay both father and son.

Two men are now ushered in, and Macbeth, having dismissed his attendant, enquires whether they have considered his offer, and are ready to undertake what he requires? He avers that although Banquo could be tried and publicly executed, secrecy seems preferable, and both men expressing readiness to obey him, gives directions for intercepting and slaying father and son on their return from their ride. The murderers having gone, Macbeth grimly cries, 'Banquo, thy soul's flight, if it find heaven, must find it out to-night!' and leaves the hall.

In another room in the palace, Lady Macbeth is questioning a servant, who reports that although Banquo has gone out, he is to return toward night. Hearing this, she bids the king be informed she wishes to speak to him, and while the servant goes out to summon him, declares that, 'Nought's had, all's spent, where our desire is got without content.' When Macbeth comes in, she insists upon knowing why he stays alone, brooding on things it would be better to forget, and when he mutters that they have merely 'scotched the snake, not killed it,'—for although Duncan 'after life's fitful fever sleeps well' Banquo and his son are still a living menace,—she gradually perceives he wishes to dispose of both

these men, although he tries to keep her ignorant of his plans.

In a park near the palace, we next see the murderers concealed, watching for the return of Banquo and his son. They are greatly surprised, however, to be joined by a third, also sent by Macbeth, and a few moments later all three discern the sounds of approaching horses, and hear Banquo's voice clamouring for a light, because he has dismounted to finish the journey on foot as usual. Before long, Banquo and his son appear, carrying a torch, and the three murderers pounce upon them, so concentrating all their efforts upon the father that they allow the son to escape. Although dismayed at this partial failure of their undertaking, all three hasten off to report what they have done.

The curtain next rises upon the banquet-hall, where Macbeth invites the thanes to be seated, declaring that, while his wife maintains regal state under the daïs, he will mingle with his guests. Lady Macbeth has just uttered her gracious welcome, when one of the murderers appears in the doorway, which Macbeth gradually approaches, muttering 'there's blood upon thy face.' Hearing this, the murderer rejoins it is that of the slain Banquo, whose son has escaped, news which appals Macbeth, who dismisses the murderer only when his wife urges him to give the signal for festivities to begin.

Returning to his guests, Macbeth bids 'good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!' ere he looks around for an empty seat. Meantime, the murdered man's ghost has entered the hall and has

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taken his place, and just as Macbeth cries he wishes Banquo were present, he suddenly perceives this spectre and stares so fixedly at it that his guests,—who see naught but an empty seat,—wonder what is the matter with him. Without heeding their amazement, Macbeth addresses this spectre so wildly that the guests deem him ill, although Lady Macbeth vows he is often taken in this way, but soon recovers if let alone.

Seizing her husband's arm, she then bids him, in a whisper, control himself, vowing it is only the same sort of delusion as the 'air-drawn dagger,' and trying to shame him into more rational behaviour. But, in spite of all she can say and do, Macbeth is too horrified to regain full control of his senses until the ghost vanishes.

Then, still urged by Lady Macbeth, he tries to rekindle the festive mood by proposing the health of the absent Banquo, but even as he does so, the ghost reappears. When Macbeth addresses it, the guests betray such amazement that Lady Macbeth finally deems it best to dismiss them, saying her husband is subject to such attacks, and that they had better depart without standing 'upon the order' of their going.

Left alone upon the scene with his wife, Macbeth avers the spirit has come to demand blood, and wonders why Macduff has not appeared although invited? Then, shaken by the apparition, he confides to Lady Macbeth he is so suspicious of the thanes that he has placed spies in every castle. Besides, he means to consult the weird sisters on the morrow

in regard to what he has just seen, a delusion he attributes to the fact that he is still 'but young in deed.'

In the next scene the three witches meet Hecate, goddess of Hell, who chides them for having undertaken charms without her permission, and bids them prepare to meet Macbeth again, while she goes in quest of a drop which hangs 'upon the corner of the moon,' and which is of great potency in magic arts. When weird music is heard Hecate vanishes, and the witches hurry off to fulfil her orders as the curtain falls.

In the palace we next overhear a conversation between Lennox and another lord, the former stating that things look strange, for although Macbeth pitied Duncan, this king died, and 'Banquo walk'd too late.' He knows that Fleance, Malcolm, and Donalbain have fled, but rightly concludes they are not to blame for the deaths of their fathers, and enquires what has become of them. His companion rejoins that Malcolm is now living at the court of Edward the Confessor, where he is held in too high esteem to be considered guilty. Besides, Edward is planning to aid him and the Norsemen to recover possession of the Scotch throne, so Macbeth is getting ready to oppose them. His summons to Macduff for aid have, however, been met by this loyal gentleman's absolute refusal, which has kindled such wrath that Lennox hopes he will escape to England and that a blessing may soon return to his suffering country, ere he departs with his companion.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in the witches'

cave, where a huge cauldron is boiling, into which they cast in turn every evil and noisome thing they have been able to collect, while dancing around the pot and singing their refrain, 'Double, double toil and trouble; fire burn, and cauldron bubble.' When their loathsome potion is almost ready, they cool it with baboon's blood, just as the goddess of Hades enters to join in their mystic dance. After she has withdrawn, the second witch mutters, 'By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes,' as Macbeth's knock resounds. Entering into the witches' cave, he greets the 'midnight hags,' conjuring them at any risk to make use of their black arts to answer his questions. Expressing readiness to do so, they continue their brew, throwing into it more hideous ingredients, after which, amid the rumble of thunder, an armed head suddenly appears, which cautions Macbeth to beware of the thane of Fife, ere it descends again into the pit from whence it came. Thanking the apparition for this warning, Macbeth, amid renewed thunder, next beholds a bloody child, who bids him 'be bloody, bold, and resolute,' and declares that 'none of woman born shall harm' him, ere it vanishes, too. Hearing this, Macbeth exultantly cries he will not fear what Macduff can do, just as a third apparition, also heralded by thunder, greets his astonished glance. This time, it is a crowned child, bearing a tree, who tells him 'Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him.'

This vision having vanished like the rest, Macbeth

concludes he can never be conquered, since forests do not move from one place to another. Nevertheless, he is still so eager to know whether his posterity or Banquo's shall reign over the kingdom, that although the witches bid him be satisfied with what he has learned, he threatens to curse them unless they gratify him fully. Amid music the cauldron disappears, and eight kings gradually arise, the last holding a glass, wherein Macbeth beholds a succession of many more to follow him. The resemblance of these monarchs to Banquo, who, blood-stained, appears before him and proudly points to them, causes Macbeth unspeakable horror. When these apparitions have disappeared, the witches dance around him and vanish in thin air, while Macbeth mutters this pernicious hour will ever stand 'accursed in the calendar.' His cries finally attract Lennox, from whom he breathlessly enquires whether he saw the witches? Learning they did not pass by him, Macbeth curses them, and demands who has just arrived, the noise of galloping horses having struck his ear. Then Lennox informs him messengers have come in haste to warn him that Macduff has fled to England, news which causes Macbeth to regret he did not carry out his first intention and slay this lord. In his wrath, he swears that 'from this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand,' and decides to surprise Macduff's castle and slay his wife and babes, 'before this purpose cool.'

The curtain next rises in Macduff's castle, where his wife, talking to Ross, questions what her husband

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can have done to make him flee from Scotland? Unwilling to enlighten her, Ross tries to quiet her apprehensions, until she hotly declares it was cowardly in a father to leave his family exposed to perils before which he fled. When Ross departs to avoid further questions, Lady Macduff enquires of her boy how he will live without a father, the child's innocent questions and answers forming a large part of a most touching scene. They are still talking, when a messenger enters to warn Lady Macduff danger is approaching, and advise her to flee. As he vanishes immediately after giving this advice, the lady wonders what it means, but ere she can act upon it, murderers enter, stab her son before her eyes, and pursue her as she flees shrieking off the stage.

We are now transported to England, where Macduff has come to seek Prince Malcolm, who suggests they retire to some secluded spot where they can pour out their hearts undisturbed. Fearing lest Macduff may be a spy sent out by Macbeth, Malcolm dares not at first open his heart to his companion; instead he enquires if things are really as bad as he stated why he left wife and children exposed to all the dangers from whence he has escaped? Perceiving at last that Malcolm takes him for a spy, Macduff exclaims: 'I would not be the villain that thou think'st for the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp, and the rich East to boot,' and is about to depart in anger, when the prince entreats him to stay a while longer. Then he confides to Macduff that England offers to help him regain his

throne, but that he feels unfit to wear the crown. When Macduff exclaims, 'not in the legions of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd in evils to top Macbeth,' the prince accuses himself of boundless lust, intemperance, avarice, etc., in such terms that when he asks Macduff whether such a man is fit to govern, this nobleman indignantly pronounces such a monster unfit to live!

While Macduff is mourning over Scotland's prospects, Malcolm suddenly reveals to him that all he has said was merely devised to test his virtue, and that instead of being the vicious monster he claimed, he is diligently trying to cultivate all the virtues. He then adds he has already made plans with the Norsemen, who ere long will march toward Scotland to take up this 'warranted quarrel,' tidings which seem to Macduff almost too good to be true.

A doctor now joins them, and in reply to Macduff's questions, describes how King Edward is touching for 'the king's evil,' a strange virtue which Malcolm declares speaks 'him full of grace.' The physician gone, the Scotchmen are joined by Ross, from whom Macduff eagerly asks news of Scotland, his wife and family. Wishing to prepare him for the awful tidings he is bringing, Ross gradually reveals how he saw a power afoot, and Scotland in such straits that even women would fight in its behalf. When Macduff assures him England is going to lend forces to Malcolm, with which they are about to invade Scotland, Ross cautiously reveals how his castle has been surprised, and his wife and children slaughtered,—tidings which have to be re-

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peated sundry times, ere Macduff can fully grasp them. Heart-broken to think they were struck down on his account, Macduff seems ready to sink beneath his grief, until Malcolm urges him to convert sorrow into anger and avenge upon Macbeth the murder of his race, a duty he becomes eager to perform.

ACT V. The fifth act opens at Dunsinane, in an anteroom of the castle, where a physician, talking to Lady Macbeth's maid, declares that after watching with her two nights, he sees naught to confirm her report. The gentlewoman, however, assures him Lady Macbeth has often risen from her bed of late, and has written letters when fast asleep, a state of nervous tension which the physician states denotes 'a great perturbation in nature.' When he enquires what words Lady Macbeth has uttered while sleep-walking, the maid refuses to repeat them, just as the door opens and the patient appears, holding a taper by whose light they can perceive she is fast asleep, although her eyes are open. When the physician enquires how she obtained a lighted candle, the maid assures him one burns constantly by her bedside, as she refuses to remain all alone in the dark.

The two drawing aside to watch the patient, see her rub her hands, and hear her mutter, 'Yet here's a spot.' While the physician rapidly notes what she says so as to satisfy his 'remembrance the more strongly,' Lady Macbeth mutters, 'Out, damned spot!' whispers ' 'tis time to do it,' urges her husband not to be afraid, marvels that an old man should have so much blood in him, asks where Mac-

duff's wife is now, and declares her husband will mar all by starting. This makes the doctor shudderingly conclude she has known what she should not, while her gentlewoman moans she has said words that should never have passed her lips. While they are thus whispering, Lady Macbeth wails that 'all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten' her little hand, sighing so heavily that the doctor admits her disease is beyond his practice, although sleep-walkers have been known to die 'holily in their beds.' Just then Lady Macbeth cries, 'Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.' Then, with a flurried, 'To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate,' she darts back into her sleeping-room, where her maid assures the doctor she will now lie quiet for a while. After urging her to watch Lady Macbeth closely, the doctor departs, pronouncing his patient needs the divine more than the physician, for he dares not express openly all he suspects.

In the neighbourhood of Dunsinane castle Scottish soldiers have encamped to await the arrival of Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their forces, who are to join them to effect their revenge. Meantime, they remark that Macbeth has strongly fortified Dunsinane, and that those who hate him opine he is mad, while others term his queer actions valiant fury. When one of the generals adds that 'those he commands move only in command, nothing in love,' and that the kingly title hangs loose about him, 'like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief,' all

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exclaim they are ready to march on and do their duty by purging their country of a tyrant.

In a room in Dunsinane castle, Macbeth exclaims he wishes to hear no more reports, and that until Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, he will fear nothing, for Malcolm, being born of woman, cannot hurt him. Because a servant comes in with white face he reviles him, hardly listening to his report that ten thousand English soldiers are drawing near. But, when this man has gone, Macbeth admits he is sick at heart, has lived long enough, and that his 'way of life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,' because instead of all that should accompany old age, such as 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,' he can expect nothing but curses.

A second messenger now confirms the bad news, and while calling for his armour and issuing orders, Macbeth enquires of the physician how his patient is doing? The doctor rejoins that Lady Macbeth is not sick, but troubled with 'thick-coming fancies that keep her from her rest,' and when Macbeth hotly demands whether he cannot 'minister to a mind diseased,' assures him in such cases a 'patient must minister to himself.' Unable to tarry longer with him, Macbeth hurries away, exclaiming that many of the thanes are falling from him, but that nothing will daunt him, till 'Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.' The doctor, however, mutters that were he only clear away from Dunsinane, 'profit again should hardly draw me here!'

The curtain now rises near Birnam wood, where Malcolm and his forces have arrived, and where the

prince significantly hopes the days are near at hand when chambers will be safe. Then, hearing the name of the forest, he directs each soldier to cut down a leafy bough and bear it before him, for he proposes thus to 'shadow the numbers of their host,' until they are close upon Macbeth, whom the Norseman Siward describes as ready to resist them at Dunsinane.

The curtain next rises upon Dunsinane castle, where Macbeth is bidding his men hang out his banners, assuring them that the castle is strong enough to resist a long siege. Just then women's cries resound, so Macbeth nervously wonders what they mean and sends one of his men to ascertain. Left alone, he boasts he has 'almost forgot the taste of fears,' having supped so full of horrors that nothing can startle him any more. When the messenger returns, he eagerly asks the cause of the clamour, only to learn that Lady Macbeth has passed away. Exclaiming that 'she should have died hereafter,' Macbeth adds, 'life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more,' before a messenger breathlessly reports that from the hilltop he beheld what seemed a forest moving in the direction of Dunsinane!

Calling him 'liar and slave,' Macbeth fiercely silences him, vowing if he has spoken falsely he shall hang alive on the next tree, but adding that if he has told the truth he does not care if the same is done to him! Then, after another mention of the witches' prediction, he cries he is weary of the

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sun, and wishes 'the estate o' the world were now undone,' ere he bids the alarm-bell be rung and vows they will at least 'die with harness on our back.'

Before the castle of Dunsinane Malcolm arrives with his men, bidding them throw aside their leafy screens and show themselves 'like those you are.' Then he awards positions to Macduff and Siward, and orders his trumpets blown as 'harbingers of blood and death.'

The next scene is played on the battle-field, where Macbeth roars he is tied to a stake and cannot flee, but feels renewed confidence whenever he remembers he is not to fear any man born of woman. When young Siward appears, he boldly names himself, and after killing the youth proclaims it's evident that antagonist had a mother. While Macbeth plunges back into the fray, Macduff comes in quest of him, imploring Fortune to let him avenge the death of his wife and children and he will ask nothing more at its hands. When he, too, has gone, Malcolm and old Siward appear, announcing the castle has surrendered, and the day is almost won!

As they enter the castle, the curtain falls, only to rise on another part of the battle-field, where Macbeth wonders why he should play the 'Roman fool' and die on his own sword, when he can use it against the foe. Just then Macduff appears, and although Macbeth confesses he has avoided him,—his soul being already too much charged with the blood of his race,—Macduff insists upon their fighting a duel. While they are thus engaged, Macbeth boasts he bears a charmed life, 'which must not yield to

one of woman born,' until Macduff rejoins that owing to extraordinary circumstances attending his birth, it has always been claimed he did not come into the world in the usual way! Hearing this, Macbeth refuses to fight, but Macduff pursues him, and they pass off the stage fighting, Macbeth wildly crying, 'Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"'

Amid trumpet-calls, with drums beating and colours flying, Malcolm now marches on the scene, demanding what has become of Macduff and Siward's son? When Ross reports that young Siward has 'paid a soldier's debt,' his father, hearing all his wounds were in front, gives thanks publicly, declaring 'had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death.'

A moment later Macduff enters carrying Macbeth's head, and greets Malcolm, King of Scotland—a cry echoed by all present. Thus raised to his ancestral throne, Malcolm names all his thanes earls,—a title hitherto unknown in Scotland,—promises to recall those who have been exiled, bids a contemptuous farewell to 'this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,' declares that 'by the grace of Grace,' he will be a good king to Scotland, and invites all present to his coronation at Scone.

KING LEAR

ACT I. The first act opens in the British palace, where the Earl of Kent, after expressing surprise that the king should favour equally both sons-in-law, is introduced to Gloucester's illegitimate son Edmund. The conversation between these three men is interrupted by the appearance of the royal party, when King Lear appoints Gloucester to attend the Lords of France and Burgundy. While this nobleman goes out with his son, Lear calls for a map, on which his realm is divided into three parts, and announces that, wishing to crawl 'unburthen'd toward death,' he has decided to award to each of his daughters a share of his realm, reserving the choicest division for the one who loves him best.

Then, addressing the eldest, Goneril, wife of the Duke of Albany, he bids her speak first, and listens with pleased vanity while she gushingly declares that all powers of speech fail to express the extent of her great love. On hearing these extravagant professions, Cordelia, the youngest daughter,—feeling naught can really express her greater affection,—murmurs in an aside that she will have to 'love, and be silent.' Gratified by Goneril's fluent public testimony, Lear graciously bestows upon her and her husband one-third of his realm, ere turning to his second daughter, Regan, wife of the Duke of Corn-

wall, he invites her to speak in her turn. With equal volubility, and even greater exaggeration of phrase, Regan asserts she feels no joy in anything save her father's love, whereupon Cordelia whispers to herself that her 'love's more ponderous than her tongue.' In an outburst of paternal pride, King Lear bestows upon Regan a portion fully equal to that of her elder sister, and, then turning to Cordelia, his favourite,—for whom the Lords of France and Burgundy are both suing,—he clearly intimates that he expects more from her than from her sisters, by asking what she can say to draw a still more opulent third? Repelled by so sordid a view of the affair, the disinterested Cordelia has nothing to say, whereupon her disappointed father angrily warns her that 'nothing will come of nothing.' When she calmly states she loves him as far as duty commands, he urges her to mend her 'speech a little lest it mar' her fortunes, a time-serving consideration her noble nature scorns. Hoping, however, to prove her position just, Cordelia explains that although she loves and honours her father as a daughter should, one-half of her love and duty will belong to her husband when she marries.

Thus defrauded of the adulation he expected from his favourite, Lear angrily disowns Cordelia as an unnatural daughter, and in spite of the Earl of Kent's well-meant attempts to dissuade him, says the Lords of France and Burgundy can take her portionless if they will, and divides the lands intended for her between her two sisters. Then he proclaims he will live alternately a month at a time

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with each of these daughters, retaining only the title and pomp of a king, together with a retinue of one hundred knights.

On hearing Lear thus rashly despoil himself of all power, the faithful Kent again ventures to interfere. Under plea that it behooves him to be unmannerly since Lear is mad, he assures his master that Cordelia does not love him less than her sisters, and warns him that the protestations of his elder daughters are false. Irritated by this protest, yet unable to silence Kent otherwise, the king is about to draw his sword, when his sons-in-law interfere. Balked in this purpose, the angry monarch now banishes Kent, setting a price upon his head! With a fidelity unshaken by such injustice, Kent departs, piously commending Cordelia to the gods, imploring the two other princesses to prove their 'large speeches' by their deeds, and bravely declaring he will 'shape his old course in a country new.'

It is while Kent passes out, that Gloucester ushers in the Lords of France and Burgundy, whom Lear now addresses, stating they may have the hand of his youngest daughter, without dowry, and pieced out with his displeasure. Unable to account for so sudden a change in Lear's mood, the pretenders hesitatingly remark a daughter must be guilty of great crimes to be thus disowned by her father, whereupon Cordelia summons Lear to explain to her suitors the cause of his wrath. On hearing his explanation, Burgundy expresses readiness to overlook all the rest, provided a suitable dowry be bestowed with the princess, but sorrowfully with-

draws his proposals when it is refused. The other suitor, however, with truer affection, deems Cordelia 'most rich, being poor,' for he offers her his hand, assuring her she loses 'here, a better where to find.'

Having thus disposed of his youngest daughter without grace, love, or benison, Lear leaves the stage, while the King of France urges his bride to take leave of her sisters. Grimly, Cordelia does so, ironically terming them 'jewels of our father,' and bidding them make good their extravagant professions. These doubts call forth sarcastic rejoinders from her sisters, but when she has gone with the King of France, Goneril and Regan freely comment upon Lear's behaviour, which denotes the 'infirmity of his age,' and foreseeing that 'such unconstant starts,' as Kent's banishment, may frequently occur, propose to meet so as to agree upon some plan whereby they can deprive him of all authority.

In the Earl of Gloucester's castle we next behold his illegitimate son Edmund, holding a letter, and overhear him express sentiments which plainly reveal the baseness of his character, and show he is weaving vile plots to supplant his elder brother. When his parent joins him, therefore, announcing Kent's banishment and the king's abandonment of all his power, Edmund so ostentatiously secretes his letter, that his father enquires what it is? The evasive answers he receives determine Gloucester to read this missive, which Edmund falsely assures him was penned by Edgar to test his virtue. On

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glancing at it, Gloucester sees his eldest son considers he has lived too long, is plotting to put him out of the way, and bespeaks Edmund's aid. Horrified by proposals which seem doubly perfidious when Edmund assures him the missive was secretly cast into his room, Gloucester, whose wrath increases as his younger son apparently tries to mitigate it, declares such unnatural sentiments can only be due to the effect of adverse planets!

When he leaves the apartment, after making this statement, Edmund mocks his delusions, until Edgar comes in enquiring why he is plunged in such serious thought? After premising that all signs point to evil, Edmund enquires when Edgar last saw his father, and on what terms they parted, adding that he has offended Gloucester so seriously that he had better avoid his presence. Touched by brotherly solicitude,—which he considers genuine,—Edgar consents to take refuge in Edmund's apartment, trusting to his good offices, meanwhile, to soothe the parental anger, in regard to which a clear conscience leaves him utterly at a loss. When he has thus gone, Edmund gloats over his success so far, and hopes his villainous plot may result in his supplanting his noble brother!

We next behold the Duke of Albany's palace, where Goneril is questioning her steward in regard to trouble between her own and her father's servants. Before long she exclaims that the present state of affairs is intolerable, that she refuses to see her father on his return from the hunt, and that her servants will please her best by neglecting King



Ad Schmitz

LEAR BANISHES KENT

Lear. "O, vassal! miscreant!

Alf. } "Dear sir, forbear
Corn. }

Kent Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease."

King Lear. Act I, Scene I

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Lear, who can betake himself to her sister's if dissatisfied.

As horns announce the return of the hunters, Goneril disappears, just as Kent enters her hall, dressed like a beggar, yet muttering that if he can only disguise his voice, he may yet be able to serve the master who banished him! His entrance is soon followed by that of Lear, who first calls for dinner, and then enquires what the beggar wishes? After giving a false name, Kent humbly offers to serve the aged monarch; who, pleased with his answers, enrolls him among his followers, ere he repeats his demand for his dinner and his Fool. Goneril's steward, whom Lear addresses, now proves so disrespectful, that the king, who has been trying not to see how sorely he is neglected, can no longer overlook his rudeness. Instead of listening to the strictures of his knights, he again calls for his Fool, until one of his own men rejoins that the poor fellow has been pining since Cordelia's departure. Hearing this, Lear insists upon his immediate presence, and expresses a wish to see Goneril, a request the passing steward receives with such impudence, that Lear strikes him and the beggar trips him up, a deed of valour his new master approves and rewards.

The Fool, entering at this moment, gravely tenders his cap and bells to the disguised Kent, whom he terms an idiot for taking the part of a man who has nothing further to bestow, and who is dependent upon two cruel daughters! Questioned by his master, the Jester returns wisely foolish an-

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swers, interspersed with fragments of song and proverbs, in which are embedded many precious bits of truth, as Kent and the king can readily see. In a riddle, he also clearly exhibits Lear's folly in despoiling himself before death and making his daughters his masters! It is during this conversation between Lear and his Jester that Goneril enters, frowning portentously, although the Fool assures Lear, when he reproves her, that she will not heed his strictures since he has nothing more to give her. Because these remarks are too pertinent to prove palatable, Goneril vehemently reproaches her father for keeping such men in his train, and insists that his attendants continually 'carp and quarrel.' While Lear cannot understand how a child of his can address him in such a tone, the Fool bravely tries to divert Goneril's anger upon his own head; but she roundly declares her father must diminish his train, retaining only such men 'as may besort' his age.

Beside himself with rage and injured parental feelings, Lear, remembering he has another daughter, loudly calls for his horses, while Goneril continues finding fault with him until her husband comes in. Tremulously enquiring whether it is by Albany's consent he is treated thus, yet receiving no immediate answer, Lear denounces Goneril for ingratitude, and vows Cordelia's fault seems naught beside hers. Then he vehemently curses his eldest daughter, hoping her children,—should she ever have any,—will teach her to 'feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!'

Lear, having gone out in a frenzy of grief, Albany

enquires what all this means, only to be contemptuously informed that Lear is in his dotage! Passing through this hall again, Lear, still brooding over Goneril's advice to diminish his train, mutters in regard to it, when Albany again demands what is the matter? Unable to restrain his tears,—although he reviles them for falling,—Lear declares he is going to his other daughter, in whose affection he trusts so implicitly that he threatens Goneril with her vengeance. When he has gone out with his train, Albany shows disapproval of his wife's conduct, while she rudely sends the Fool after his master, and calling for her steward, bids him ride off to Regan, to whom she has just written, and who will feel as little inclined as she to maintain troublesome followers. When the steward has gone, Goneril hotly rebukes her husband for his 'milky gentleness,' paying no heed when he warns her that 'striving to better, oft we mar what's well.'

Meantime, in the court before this castle, Lear is entrusting a letter for his second daughter to the disguised Kent, who is to hasten on ahead to notify her of his coming. This messenger dismissed, the Fool tries to cheer his master with his nonsense, although Lear pays little heed to it, for he fears his sorrows are driving him mad. But, when he learns his horses are ready, he hastens off the scene.

ACT II. The second act opens before Gloucester's castle, where Edmund meets a messenger from Regan, announcing she and her husband will be there that very night. Surprised by this unexpected visit, Edmund wonders what it may mean, and

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learns rumours are afloat of a quarrel between Albany and Cornwall. When the messenger has gone again, Edmund shrewdly arranges to turn this visit to his advantage, his father having decided to imprison the brother he has depicted as a traitor. Calling Edgar, Edmund now bids him flee, declaring his life is in danger; but conscious of innocence, Edgar refuses to obey. Still, when his father draws near, he blindly obeys when Edmund bids him draw his sword, pretend to fight, and then run away. Just as Edgar vanishes, Gloucester comes in, and seeing blood flow from a wound Edmund has inflicted upon himself, believes his statement that Edgar attacked him. In his anger, Gloucester orders the fugitive pursued, and listens eagerly while Edmund accuses his brother of wounding him, simply because he would not help murder his father. Edmund's virtuous pose so thoroughly misleads Gloucester, that he vows Cornwall shall set a price upon Edgar's head, a resolution strengthened by Edmund's circumstantial testimony in regard to the pretended plot.

It is at this juncture that Cornwall and Regan arrive, having already learned of Edgar's so-called criminal attempt, which they can scarcely credit. Still, remembering Edgar has associated with her father's followers, Regan fancies he has become imbued with the riotous spirit her sister so eloquently described in the letter which induced her to leave home, so if her father arrived there, he could not gain admittance. When Cornwall next praises Edmund for the service he has rendered his father, the

villain modestly claims he only did his duty, and tenders faithful service to the Duke.

The next scene is also played before Gloucester's castle, where the steward sent by Goneril to warn Regan meets Kent, who has followed Lear's daughter hither to deliver his master's letter. Recognising the servant who failed in respect to his employer, Kent answers him in so surly a tone that, after some vehement altercation, swords are drawn and they begin to fight. Roars from the steward,—when beaten by the flat of Kent's sword,—summon the inmates of the castle, who enquire what such a brawl can mean? In reply to Cornwall's questions, Kent expresses so unflattering and intemperate an opinion of the steward, that Cornwall, concluding he is in the wrong, sentences him to the stocks, although he protests a royal emissary should not be treated thus! In spite of this fact and of Gloucester's intercession, Kent is placed in the stocks, and all go off save the owner of the castle, who expresses pity for him. By this time, however, Kent is ready to bear his ordeal in a philosophic spirit, and when Gloucester leaves him, draws out a letter,—just received from Cordelia,—and reads it by moonlight, ere falling asleep.

We next behold a wood, where the fugitive Edgar is hiding, and where, having heard himself formally outlawed, he decides to grime his face, blanket his loins, elf his locks, and, assuming the appearance of an escaped bedlamite, call himself 'Poor Tom,' and beg his way to some place of safety.

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We return to Gloucester's castle just as weary King Lear arrives there with his Fool and another attendant, wondering that his daughter Regan should not have been at home, and marvelling at her sudden departure. Hearing himself hailed, Lear turns in the direction of the voice, only to discover his messenger in the stocks! On learning that Regan and Cornwall ordered this punishment, he is so amazed that, after a first outburst of anger, he listens in silence to Kent's fiery description of his encounter with the steward. Meanwhile the Fool chants a weird ditty, which subtly reveals how thoroughly he understands the whole situation.

Feeling his sorrows rise like a tide which threatens to choke him, Lear hoarsely questions where his daughter may be, and learning she is in the castle, hastens thither, leaving Kent to enquire of his master's two followers why a king is so meanly attended? He then learns of the heartless desertion of the royal train, who have forsaken Lear as rats do a sinking ship.

The Fool is just singing another song, when Lear returns with Gloucester, indignant because his daughter and son-in-law refuse to see him. When Gloucester declines to summon them for fear of rousing Cornwall's anger, King Lear bursts into a rage, declaring he has double rights to their obedience as king and father. Then, in the midst of his tirade, becoming aware that his poor servant is still in the stocks, the tender-hearted monarch orders him released, and says the Cornwalls must be summoned or he will batter down their chamber-

door. While Gloucester goes off, asserting he would fain see peace between father and daughter, Lear, who is almost choking with rage, is approached by the Fool, who compassionately seeks to divert him, until the Cornwalls enter escorted by Gloucester and attendants. While greetings are exchanged, Kent is set free; and Lear, no longer troubled about him, turns to Regan, stating he knows she is glad to see him, and pathetically accusing her sister of a 'sharp-tooth'd unkindness' which rends his heart. Paying scant heed to these complaints, Regan coldly rejoins her sister cannot have scanted her duty, insists she was right in diminishing his train, and bids him return and beg her forgiveness.

Such a humiliation is too much for Lear who, ironically acting out the scene, enquires whether she expects him to kneel before his own offspring, asking for 'raiment, bed, and food'? When Regan merely reiterates what she said before, he indignantly refuses to return to Goneril, cursing her so vehemently, that Regan rejoins he will probably revile her next. In tender tones, the heartbroken father protests, vowing he knows *she* would never so far forget what she owes him as to begrudge him his pleasures and diminish his train.

Just then, a noise is heard without, which Regan assures him heralds Goneril; who follows close upon a letter announcing her arrival. Seeing the steward enter, Regan questions him, although Lear bids him be gone, and, reminded by his presence of the insult offered him, again demands who 'stocked' his servant? Before his question can be answered, Goneril

appears, and Lear, after calling upon the heavens to take his part, indignantly demands whether she is not ashamed to look at him, and wonders how Regan can welcome her so cordially. By coolly replying that 'all's not offence that indiscretion finds and dotage terms so,' Regan drives Lear to such a pitch of fury, that unwilling to dwell on this topic longer, he again enquires who put his servant in the stocks?

Because Cornwall admits ordering the punishment, Lear is about to chide him, when Regan, rudely interrupts, bidding him dismiss half his train, and return to her sister's, declining to receive him until he has finished his month with her. This exasperates King Lear, who vows he would rather remain exposed to the inclemency of the weather, or humiliate himself before the King of France! Coldly bidding him suit himself, Goneril turns contemptuously aside, whereupon Lear implores her not to drive him mad, and vows he will henceforth consider her merely as a disease in his flesh, but, when he concludes by stating he and his hundred men are going to take up their abode with Regan, this lady insists her sister is quite right, and notwithstanding Lear's reproaches, vows so large a train as his is sure to breed trouble in a household, and that she can entertain only twenty-five men.

Amazed to hear such talk from those to whom he has given all they own, Lear turns in bewilderment to Goneril, deeming her, after all, the more generous of the two, since she is willing to harbour half his train. She, however, now declares that even five men would be too many, so poor King

Lear prays for patience, and with tears coursing down his aged cheeks, helplessly gasps he will be revenged. Then, leaning on the shoulder of his Fool, he staggers out into the storm, closely followed by Gloucester and Kent.

Meantime, his heartless daughters conclude he must 'taste his folly,' just as Gloucester returns, reporting his master is calling for horses, and is bound he knows not whither, notwithstanding the storm. His words are, however, addressed to unfeeling hearts, for Lear's daughters merely hasten under shelter, and the doors are locked behind them!

ACT III. The third act opens in the midst of this storm on a desolate heath, where Kent, stumbling in the darkness upon one of Lear's men, enquires who is there? This man, in answer to further questions, describes Lear a helpless prey to the elements, with no companion save the Fool, who alone has remained faithful. Believing his interlocutor trustworthy, Kent apprises him that division will soon break out between the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany, and that a force is even now on its way from France to restore Lear to his throne. Then, armed with a token for Cordelia, this gentleman hurries off to Dover, intending, by Kent's advice, to join the invading force and make Lear's pitiful plight known.

In another part of the wind-swept heath we next behold Lear, vying with the storm in his passion of grief, although the Fool adjures him, from time to time, to cease calling down curses, and seek shelter with his daughters. To distract his frantic master,

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this poor wight chants a weird ditty, just as Kent discovers them, vowing pitifully such a night has never yet been seen! Concurring in this opinion, Lear opines that the gods are seeking criminals to punish, but touchingly describes himself as a man 'more sinn'd against than sinning.' It is only, however, to save his Fool from further exposure that he finally yields to Kent's entreaties, and goes in search of shelter to a neighbouring hovel, the Fool chanting his rhymes and uttering a prophecy, which he flatters himself may some day be ascribed to the great wizard Merlin!

We return to Gloucester's castle, where Edmund's father confides to him how he disapproves of the conduct of Lear's daughters, who will have cause to rue what they have done ere long, as papers in his closet prove. He adds that even should he forfeit life thereby, he is going out to seek and relieve his aged master, and has barely gone when Edmund decides to reveal these secrets to Cornwall, thereby furthering his own fortunes, and rising by his father's fall.

Meantime, Lear, Kent, and the Fool have reached the hovel; into which the king refuses to enter, declaring 'the greater malady' of his daughters' ingratitude makes him oblivious of such lesser trials as cold and storm. Still, even in his grief he is not unmindful of others, for he bids the shivering Fool get under shelter, and eloquently prays for all who are homeless and unhappy, accusing himself of having lacked charity in more prosperous times.

.A wail from the inner recesses of the hovel, and

the reappearance of the terrified Fool declaring there is a demon in the hut, paves the way for the appearance of Edgar, so disguised that no one recognises him. Rattling off a rigmarole in the whining tones of a professional beggar, Edgar rouses the compassion of King Lear, who sadly wonders whether his daughters brought him to such a pass, and asks whether he gave them all and reserved naught for his own use? Interrupted by half-wise, half-foolish remarks from his Jester, and pitifully watched by Kent, Lear converses with this madman, whom he considers the only sane person, since he alone owes nothing to any man. Next the mad king begins to strip off his own garments, although his Jester tries to check him, by humorously remarking 'tis a naughty night to swim in!'

It is at this moment that Gloucester, approaching with a torch, is compared by Edgar to a will-o'-the-wisp. Little suspecting that the madman before him is his outlawed son, Gloucester turns to Lear, inviting him,—notwithstanding his daughters' harsh commands,—to a place of shelter, an offer Kent vainly urges his distracted master to accept. Meantime, he whispers to Gloucester that the old man's wits are unsettled by his griefs, a state of affairs which seems natural to Gloucester, who groans Kent only too truly predicted what would happen. He adds that he, too, is almost mad with sorrow, because his son recently sought to slay him! With great difficulty Lear is finally induced to accompany Gloucester, but consents only when allowed to take with him the Fool and the madman, the latter chant-

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ing weirdly the traditional 'Fie, foh, and fum, I smell the blood of a British man.'

We again return to Gloucester's castle, where Edmund has revealed his father's secrets to Cornwall; the latter, after denouncing father and eldest son as traitors, promises Edmund their estates, provided he apprehend Gloucester, who is to be made an example. Knowing he will find his father ministering to King Lear, Edmund hurries off, hypocritically protesting he will persevere in his 'course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.'

The next scene is played in a neighbouring farmhouse, whither Gloucester conveys Lear and his pitiful train, for which deed of charity the disguised Kent warmly thanks him ere he leaves. The remarks of the madman and the Fool,—the latter frantically trying to divert his master's mind from his troubles,—are interrupted from time to time by Lear's haunting speeches in regard to the ingratitude of his daughters, whom he finally arraigns in a heart-rending mock-trial. Only with difficulty, Kent finally induces Lear to rest, as Gloucester returning, draws him aside, to whisper he has just overheard a plot to slay the king. He, therefore, urges Kent to carry him quickly to a waiting litter, which will convey him to Dover and out of reach of harm. Although fearful lest Lear's temporary insanity may become permanent if he is not allowed to rest, Kent summons the Fool to help bear the king away, and all leave the stage, save Edgar, who, no longer compelled to affect madness, mournfully declares

that 'when we our betters see bearing our woes, we scarcely think our miseries our foes.' Then, concluding Lear is 'childed' as he himself is 'father'd,' Edgar hurries away, resuming his rôle of madman, and piously hoping the old king may be safe.

The rising curtain reveals Cornwall, excitedly bidding his sister-in-law hurry home to inform her husband that French forces have landed at Dover. When both sisters clamour that Gloucester should first be punished, he bids them leave that to him, and appoints Edmund to escort Goneril, as it would not be fitting he should witness his father's punishment. At this moment the steward entering to report Gloucester has contrived Lear's escape to Dover, is directed to provide horses for the departing travellers, while other men are sent to apprehend Gloucester.

Pinioned like a thief, Gloucester is soon brought in, only to be welcomed by such venomous speeches from Cornwall and Regan that he ventures to remind them they are his guests! Tortured by too tight bonds, his beard plucked out by the cruel Regan, Gloucester vainly remonstrates, refusing at first to reveal what connection he has with the invaders or whither he has sent the aged king. Finally, however, goaded into speech, he defiantly acknowledges all he has done, thereby so enraging Cornwall, that he bids servants hold the prisoner while he puts out his eyes. Less cruel than their master, the servants seek to interfere, one of them even fighting, and losing his life at Regan's hands, while trying to

defend the poor prisoner. Thus enabled to work his wicked will, Cornwall utterly blinds Gloucester, whose grief reaches its culmination only when ruthlessly informed of Edmund's treachery.

Too late now, Gloucester realises Edgar must have been slandered, and prays he may be forgiven. Then Regan orders him turned out, helpless and penniless, to 'smell his way to Dover.' It is only after her vengeance has thus been sated that she remembers her husband has been hurt in the fray, and goes to his rescue, little suspecting he has received a mortal injury. All having left the scene save the servants, they express deep compassion for Gloucester, whose sufferings they wish to relieve by soothing applications to his eyes, and for whom they propose to hire the madman to act as guide.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens on the heath, where Edgar, the wanderer, suddenly beholds his father, led by an old man who mumbles he has been his tenant fourscore years, and pities him for not being able to see his way. Bitterly, Gloucester comments he 'stumbled' when he saw, and is just wishing he could see Edgar in his 'touch,' when his son becomes aware of his piteous plight. At the same moment, the old man perceives and addresses Poor Tom, whom Gloucester remembers having seen with King Lear, and whom he suddenly decides to use as guide.

Bidding his old tenant charitably supply the mendicant with suitable garments, Gloucester declares this madman will guide him to Dover, a task the pitying Edgar eagerly accepts, while keeping up his

pretended rôle, and indulging in moved asides which show how deeply he is affected by his father's sufferings. While the old man departs in quest of apparel, Gloucester enquires whether Poor Tom knows the way to a beetling cliff near Dover, stating he wishes to be led to its very brink, and pathetically adding 'from that place I shall no leading need.'

The next scene is played before the Duke of Albany's palace, just as Goneril arrives there, bidding her escort welcome. Her steward, who has preceded her with the news of her arrival, of the French invasion, and of Gloucester's punishment, now reports that his master received his tidings in a queer way. In sudden fear for Edmund,—for whom she has conceived a guilty passion,—Goneril now bids him hasten back to Cornwall, and muster his forces, while she collects hers. But, before parting from him, the fond Goneril gives Edmund a favour and kiss, promising her steward shall soon bring him tidings of her.

Edgar gone, Goneril comments upon the difference between him and her husband, until Albany joins her, and truthfully but uncomplimentarily informs her she is 'not worth the dust which the rude wind blows' in her face. Heedless of the just reproaches which he heaps upon her and her sister for their cruelty to King Lear, Goneril reviles him as a 'milk-liver'd man,' and accuses him of doing nothing to defend his kingdom against French aggression. Although recognising she is a fiend, Albany vows her 'woman's shape doth shield' her, just as a breathless messenger reports that Cornwall has died because of

the wound dealt by his servant while he was blinding Gloucester. This is the first intimation Albany has received of Gloucester's torture, and while he comments in horror upon it, his wicked wife mutters she does not like to think Edmund is now alone with the widowed Regan! Because she hastens away to answer her sister's letter, Goneril fails to hear the messenger reveal how basely Edmund betrayed his father, or Albany's oath to avenge Gloucester's lost eyesight!

The curtain next rises on the French camp near Dover, where Kent is enquiring why the French king so suddenly returned to France? He is told that although political exigences demanded his return, his troops have been left behind in good hands, ere he enquires how Cordelia acted on receiving the news of her father's pitiful condition? The courtier's description of that tender daughter's tears and exclamations reveals to Kent how deeply Cordelia feels all that has befallen poor Lear, who, although near by, refuses to see her, his present madness being mainly due to a haunting sense of his injustice toward his favourite child. Questioning his interlocutor also in regard to the movements of Cornwall and Albany, Kent next learns that their forces are afoot, so he proposes the courtier take his place and wait upon King Lear, as important duties demand his temporary absence.

In a tent we next behold Cordelia, who is exclaiming her father has just been met wandering abroad 'as mad as the vex'd sea,' crowned with weeds and singing aloud. After sending out a hun-

dred men in quest of him, Cordelia eagerly enquires of her physician what means can be employed to restore her father's reason? When told sleep and rest may effect a recovery, Cordelia implores the doctor to use his best sedatives, just as a messenger announces the approach of the British troops. Thus forced to bestir herself in her father's behalf, Cordelia hurries out, hoping Lear may soon be restored to his rights and senses, and that she may at last 'hear and see him!'

In Gloucester's castle we behold Regan, closely questioning the steward in regard to Albany's movements, and enquiring whether Edmund saw this nobleman when he escorted Goneril home? She next expresses great curiosity in regard to a letter the steward is bearing from Goneril to Edmund, which he refuses to let her peruse, although she explains that her husband being dead, she intends soon to marry the new Duke of Gloucester. After receiving a letter from her also, the steward hastens off to deliver both missives to this young man, who has been sent in pursuit of his blind father.

Fields near Dover meet our view, through which Edgar patiently guides the blind Gloucester, assuring him they are climbing a steep hill, that a broad horizon lies all around them, and that the waves are pounding the cliffs far below. Unable to detect signs or sound confirming these statements, Gloucester's suspicions are lulled only when his guide assures him that the pain in his eyes has dulled his other senses. When Gloucester suddenly remarks that his voice and manner have strangely altered,

Edgar vainly tries to sink back into a mendicant whine, for love having enabled him to divine his father's purpose, he is determined to save him against his will. Leading the old man cautiously forward as if to the brink of some great abyss, Edgar graphically describes the dizzy height, the birds circling at their feet, the samphire gatherers clinging to the rocks, and in reply to Gloucester's questions, vows that a man leaping from the spot where he stands, would fall straight down and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

After bestowing upon his guide the promised reward, and listening intently to the decreasing sound of his footsteps, the blind Gloucester touchingly prays for forgiveness, blesses his son Edgar, and flings himself madly forward, under the impression he is hurling himself from the top of the cliff. Such is the tension of emotion that he faints away, and Edgar, hurrying forward, picks him up, assuring him, as soon as he recovers consciousness, that he saw him fall from the top of the cliff, and that naught save a miracle preserved his life. Persuaded by such loving deception that this is really so, Gloucester concludes death is not intended for him, and bravely resolves 'henceforth I'll bear affliction till it do cry out itself "enough, enough," and die.'

It is just as this satisfactory point is reached, that Edgar beholds Lear approach, crowned with weeds, and madly proclaiming his right to coin money. This pitiful sight wrings the heart of Edgar, who, amid wild divagations, hears Lear call out against his ungrateful daughters. Detecting something fa-

miliar in the tones of this voice, Gloucester begs permission to kiss Lear's hand, only to be accused of squinting at him from his eyeless sockets! The dialogue between the two afflicted old men proves heartrending to Edgar, so noticing his tears, Lear sighs that men come into the world crying, and preaches a sermon on that theme. There is much 'matter and impertinency' mixed in Lear's divagations, yet he strikes madly around him at imaginary foes, when suddenly surrounded by Cordelia's servants, to whom he refuses to yield and by whom he is hotly pursued as he runs off the stage.

Meantime, answering Edgar, who wishes to know whether a battle is imminent, one of the officers rejoins it can be heard raging, ere he too hurries off. Turning to his blind father, to whom he now describes himself as a man 'made tame to fortune's blows,' Edgar offers to lead him to a place of safety, just as Goneril's steward rushes upon Gloucester, in hopes of killing him and thus winning the promised reward. But, although Gloucester joyfully welcomes any prospect of death, Edgar interposes and fights with the steward, who, falling mortally wounded, gasps a request that the letters he carries may be immediately taken to Edmund, Earl of Gloucester.

Searching the corpse at his feet, Edgar discovers letters, which, as it is lawful 'to know our enemies' minds,' he peruses, thus discovering how Goneril is plotting against Albany's life so as to marry Edmund. Burying these letters in the sand until needed, Edgar leads Gloucester away, promising to

place him in custody of a friend while he takes part in the fray.

In a tent in the French camp we behold Lear asleep, while Cordelia tearfully tries to express her gratitude to Kent, who gravely assures her 'to be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.' From the conversation between Cordelia, Kent, and the doctor, we gather that Lear is now under the influence of a powerful opiate, and that they hope prolonged sleep may restore his senses. Hanging lovingly over the old man, Cordelia mourns over the traces past sufferings have left, although he has been regally clothed and surrounded with every luxury, so that on awakening nothing may remind him of his sorrows.

It is while music is softly playing that Lear awakens, murmuring it is wrong to call him out of his grave. Then, perceiving Cordelia, who tremulously enquires whether he knows her, he takes her for a spirit, and after gazing around him, pathetically confesses he is a 'very foolish fond old man,' for he is labouring under the delusion that she is his child, Cordelia! Even her assurance that he is not mistaken, and the fact that her tears wet his fingers, fail to convince Lear he is not dreaming, since he goes on tremulously protesting he will drink poison if his daughter wishes, for she has cause to hate him although her sisters have not. The doctor augurs hopefully from the patient's mildness, when King Lear meekly goes out with Cordelia, pathetically begging her to bear with him, and to forgive and forget.

When they have vanished, a gentleman informs Kent that Cornwall is dead, and that his troops are now led by Edmund, whose brother and father, he says, have taken refuge in Germany. When this nobleman has gone, exclaiming that 'the arbitrement' of this quarrel 'is like to be bloody,' Kent adds 'my point and period will be thoroughly wrought, or well or ill as this day's battle's fought.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens in the British camp near Dover, where Edmund, after despatching a messenger to ascertain Albany's intentions, agrees with Regan that some misfortune must have befallen her sister's steward. When she jealously accuses him of loving Goneril, he denies it, just as Albany enters with wife and train. Muttering she had rather lose the battle than her lover, Regan receives Albany's greeting and announcement that Lear is now in the French camp. To discuss what had best be done, Albany invites Edmund into his tent, while the sisters, who have been eying each other mistrustfully, go off the stage together. As Albany is about to leave also, Edgar enters in disguise, and delivers a letter which he charges the duke to read before entering into battle, and for whose truth a champion will answer whenever a herald summons him. Before the duke can peruse this missive, Edmund brings him a list of the 'enemy's' forces, which Albany carries away. Meantime, left alone, Edmund comments he is pledged to both sisters, whose keen jealousy is aroused. Aware he cannot enjoy one as long as the other lives, Edmund decides to make what use he can of Albany, leaving to his

wife the care of removing him afterwards out of their way. He also intends to defeat any merciful intentions Albany may cherish in regard to Lear and Cordelia, and leaves the stage exclaiming, 'My state stands on me to defend, not to debate.'

The next scene is played on the battle-field, just as Edgar places Gloucester beneath a tree, bidding him 'pray that the right may thrive.' A few moments later Edgar returns to lead Gloucester away, exclaiming that King Lear and his daughter have been taken! Seeing Gloucester refuse to stir, Edgar prevails upon him to come away only by reminding him that 'men must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither.'

In the British camp, we next hear Edmund ordering Lear and Cordelia to prison, until Albany's pleasure in regard to them be known. As they are led away, Cordelia exclaims they 'are not the first who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst,' and pities her poor father. But he, hearing her ask whether they shall not see her sisters, tremblingly hurries her away to prison, where he assures her they 'will sing like birds i' the cage,' and where he will continually beg her forgiveness, for nothing shall ever part them again.

Calling back the captain in charge of these prisoners, Edmund hands him a paper, bidding him carry out the instructions it contains, and send him word when all is done. In hopes of speedy advancement the captain goes out, promising 'if't be man's work, I'll do it.'

Trumpets next announce the arrival of Goneril,

Regan, and Albany, the latter congratulating Edmund upon the captives he has secured, in regard to whose disposal he intends to decide later. On learning, however, that Edmund has already consigned them both to prison, Albany reproves him so sternly for presumption, that Regan haughtily asserts, as her representative and leader of her forces, Edmund has rights equal to his own! Then, in reply to remarks from Goneril, she intimates she intends to marry Edmund, a statement which rouses Goneril's jealousy to such a pitch that she betrays her infidelity.

The time having come for Albany to act, he orders the arrest of Edmund on the charge of capital treason, grimly tells his sister-in-law she cannot marry this gallant since his wife is pledged to do so, and flings down his glove at the traitor's feet. It is at this moment that Regan is overcome by a sudden illness, which Goneril knows is due to the poison she has secretly administered. Meantime, Edmund flings down his gauntlet, too, offering to prove with his sword he is no traitor. Hearing this, Albany bids a herald sound his trumpet and summon Edmund's accuser, just as Regan, too ill to remain on the stage any longer, is led away. The three trumpet calls resound, and at the herald's third and last summons Edgar appears, fully armed, declaring when questioned that, although nameless at present, he is ready to cope with the man whom he denounces as 'false to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father.' Although Edmund haughtily states he has the privilege of refusing to fight a nameless opponent, he

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accepts this challenge, and the fight begins. Soon Edmund falls, to the horror of Goneril, whose interference her husband effectually checks by producing her letter, which he next hands to the mortally wounded Edmund. Without admitting her guilt, Goneril leaves the stage, and arguing from her expression that she is desperate, Albany orders her watched. Just then, Edmund gasps out, 'what you have charged me with, that have I done; and more, much more; the time will bring it out: 'tis past, and so am I.' Then he demands the name of his victor, and when Edgar makes himself known, Albany embraces him, vowing he never hated him or his father, a fact of which the young man is aware. Albany also eagerly enquires where father and son have been hiding, whereupon Edgar briefly describes how he played the part of blind man's guide, and saved Gloucester from committing suicide, but adds that, when he revealed his identity half an hour ago, Gloucester's 'flaw'd heart,' 'twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief, burst smiling.'

On hearing this, Edmund,—who is still alive,—shows deep emotion, but Edgar, without heeding it, describes how, just as he was summoned, the banished Kent fell upon his father's corpse, moaning out a piteous tale in regard to Lear, whom he had followed and served in disguise. His account is now interrupted by the appearance of a man with a bloody knife, who gasps that Goneril stabbed herself, after poisoning her sister! Just as the dying Edmund adds the information that he was contracted to both sisters, and that all three will 'marry in an instant,'

Albany orders the bodies produced, declaring this is Heaven's judgment upon the wicked. At this juncture Kent enters, begging permission to 'bid my king and master aye good-night.' Thus reminded of Lear's existence, Albany asks Edmund where the king may be, while the bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.

After proudly explaining the cause of their death to Kent, Edmund, seized with tardy repentance, implores Albany to send in haste to the prison, where his writ threatens the life of Lear and Cordelia. Bearing his brother's sword, as 'token of reprieve,' Edgar rushes off, while Edmund gasps that his orders were to hang Cordelia in prison, and give her death the appearance of suicide. Praying the gods may defend her, Albany orders Edmund removed, just as Edgar ushers in King Lear, bearing the dead Cordelia in his arms, and wildly calling upon all to mourn for one who is 'gone for ever!'

The next moment the frantic father tries with mirror and feather to detect traces of life, the others meantime crowding around him, in pity and horror.

All tests, however, prove vain, and when faithful Kent falls at his master's feet, he is impatiently told to go away, Lear having no thought save for the daughter whose 'voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.' The aged king a moment later boasts how he slew, with his own hand, the slave who was hanging Cordelia, a fact confirmed by the captain. Then, suddenly meeting Kent's glance, Lear recognises in the man who served him in adversity, his former faithful vassal.

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It is Kent who breaks to Lear the news of the death of his eldest daughters, tidings he receives without emotion, and which are followed by a captain's report of Edmund's demise. Turning to the bystanders, Albany now proclaims he will restore all Lear's wealth and honours, and reinstate Kent and Edgar in their rights, adding that 'all friends shall taste the wages of their virtue, and all foes the cup of their deservings.' But such consolation as these words might afford fails to reach Lear, who moans his poor Fool has been hanged, and renews his efforts to revive Cordelia, across whose body he finally drops dead! With a heartfelt prayer that his sufferings may at last be over, Kent forbids them to try and recall Lear's departing spirit, assuring them 'he hates him, that would upon the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer.'

All the corpses are finally borne away by Albany's order, who bespeaks the aid of Kent and Edgar, the 'friends of his soul,' to govern the realm wisely. This invitation Kent briefly declines, stating: 'I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; my master calls me, I must not say no.' And, while following the funeral procession off the stage, Edgar sadly exclaims: 'The weight of this sad time we must obey; speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest has borne most: we that are young shall never see so much, nor live so long.'

OTHELLO

ACT I. The first act opens in a street in Venice, where Roderigo is reproaching his friend Iago for having neglected his interests in favour of Othello. Far from doing anything of the sort, however, Iago cherishes a deep-seated grudge against this general, who, instead of granting him the lieutenancy he coveted, awarded this office to his rival Cassio. In his bitterness Iago concludes that 'preferment goes by letter and affection, and not by old gradation,' and explains that, although about to follow Othello to the wars, he does so now merely in hope of wreaking his revenge.

Then Iago slyly adds that since Othello carried off Roderigo's lady-love, Desdemona, he, too, can secure some redress by rousing her father and sending him in pursuit of the elopers. Thus instigated, Roderigo soon pauses before Brabantio's silent house, and attracts his attention by noisy calls. The startled Brabantio, peering out of the window, refuses at first to believe the news brutally conveyed by the disturbers of his peace, for he recognises in Roderigo one of his daughter's rejected suitors. Still, when their circumstantial report is supported by his daughter's absence from home, he realises that their news confirms a bad dream, and eagerly grasps at Roderigo's suggestion to pursue the couple and seek redress.

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While Brabantio retires to dress and collect his servants, Iago proposes to join Othello at the inn, saying that, although he hates him, 'yet for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag in sign of love, which is indeed but sign.' He also advises Roderigo to lead Brabantio and his party thither in quest of the missing Desdemona, and vanishes as Brabantio eagerly emerges from the house, asking whether Roderigo thinks the couple are married, as that alone could mitigate his grief. Then, wailing that Desdemona must have been charmed or drugged by some love-potion, or she would never have left him for the Moor, Brabantio proposes to summon his friends and his kinsmen to his aid and goes off with Roderigo.

The second scene occurs in the street before the inn, where Iago boasts to Othello he was strongly tempted to slay his superior's detractors, although he holds 'it very stuff o' the conscience to do no contrived murder.' After adding that Brabantio threatens revenge, he eagerly enquires whether the marriage has already taken place, warning Othello that Brabantio will do all he can to secure a divorce and hinder his advancement. To all these objections Othello proudly rejoins he is of noble lineage, although a Moor, and that the services he had rendered Venice will force the Republic to respect his marriage. While he is still talking a troop draws near, which Iago at first mistakes for that of Brabantio. This is, however, headed by Cassio, Othello's new lieutenant, who reports the Duke requires his immediate presence in the senate, as

momentous news has just arrived from Cyprus. Promising to follow soon, Othello vanishes into the house, behaviour which seems strange to Cassio until he learns the general's bride lodges there.

Just as Othello reappears to accompany Cassio to the senate, Brabantio's troop arrives, but, although an affray seems imminent, Othello uses his authority to restrain both parties and gravely assures Brabantio he is at his command. The irate father, after accusing him of using charms to lure his daughter to his 'sooty bosom,' suddenly bids his followers arrest him, but Othello rejoins he cannot go to prison since the senate demands his presence. In hope of immediate redress, Brabantio decides to escort him to the senate, where we next behold Duke and senators discussing the news. Although all have received different tidings, there seems no doubt the Turks are about to attack Cyprus,—where reinforcements are needed. While they are talking thus, one sailor reports the Turkish fleet is preparing to attack Cyprus, and another that the governor begs for aid. Measures for relief are therefore being discussed, when Brabantio and Othello enter, the latter to be warmly greeted by the Duke, who proposes to send him against the Turks.

Only after greeting Othello, does the Duke perceive Brabantio, who excitedly demands that they attend to his grievance before these matters of state. When the Duke wonderingly enquires what has happened, Brabantio sobs 'My daughter! O my daughter!' adding,—when asked if she is dead,—that she has been taken from him by magic arts. Hearing

the Duke solemnly promise to punish her beguiler, Brabantio denounces the Moor, Othello, whom he has just escorted into their presence. Because Othello is the only man able to aid Venice in her peril, this accusation proves unwelcome to the Duke, who, turning to the Moor, gravely asks what he can say in his defence? After admitting he carried off Brabantio's daughter and married her, Othello adds, 'I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,' and describes his courtship, proving none but legitimate arts were used to win Desdemona's heart. But seeing Brabantio still doubts him, Othello finally begs the Duke to summon his wife, offering should they find him 'foul in her report,' to forfeit their trust, his office, and his very life!

While Iago hastens to the inn to fetch Desdemona, Othello further describes his visits to Brabantio's house, where he related his 'moving accidents by flood and field,' hair-breadth escapes, visits to strange countries, and other extraordinary tales, all of which proved so interesting to the wondering damsel that they wrung tears from her eyes. He adds when she once exclaimed that if he 'had a friend that loved her' he should teach him how to tell this story and thus win her heart, he could not but seize the hint and speak, seeing she loved him 'for the dangers he had pass'd,' while he loved her because she pitied them. He concludes with the modest, manly statement, 'This only is the witchcraft I have used:—here comes the lady; let her witness it,' just as the Duke admits that tales so told would have won his daughter, too!

Seeing Desdemona enter, Brabantio bids her state to whom she owes obedience, whereupon she promptly yet modestly rejoins she is now in presence of a 'divided duty,' being bound to Brabantio by filial ties, and to her husband for the duty which her mother showed to her father. Hearing this, Brabantio refuses to prosecute Othello any farther, and reluctantly admits the marriage, bitterly adding he would rather 'adopt a child than get it,' and rejoicing that he has no other offspring. Pleased with this result, yet wishing to comfort Brabantio, the Duke emits sundry wise maxims, which Brabantio grimly caps, before the senate is invited to devise measures of relief.

After briefly stating the case in hand, the Duke appoints Othello to defend Cyprus, a charge he promises to fulfil with due energy. But, before leaving Venice, he wishes to provide for his wife's safety, and when the Duke proposes that she return to her father, objects as strongly as she or Brabantio. Before any other plan can be suggested for her custody, Desdemona gently entreats permission to accompany her husband to Cyprus, a request which so delights Othello, that he urges the senate to grant it, promising his wife's presence shall not hinder the faithful discharge of his duties. Although the Duke willingly consents, he urges Othello to depart immediately, leaving a messenger to follow with further orders.

After selecting Iago for this purpose, Othello suggests that he and his wife also convey Desdemona to Cyprus, and is just leaving when Brabantio solemnly

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warns him, 'look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see: she has deceived her father, and may thee.' This warning, however, does not daunt Othello, who loyally declares he is willing to stake his life on his wife's truth, ere he bids her follow him, as they have but one brief hour for leave-taking and final directions.

All the rest having gone, Roderigo grumbles to Iago that he must drown himself, since the lady is lost forever! Instead of agreeing with him, Iago bids Roderigo play the man instead of the fool, and artfully suggests he accompany them to Cyprus, where,—Moors being proverbially fickle,—he may yet succeed in winning Desdemona's favour. To accomplish this, however, Iago insists funds will be necessary, so intersperses all his recommendations with the words 'put money in thy purse.' After making sure Iago will aid him, the credulous Roderigo promises to raise funds and go to Cyprus in hope of undermining Othello in his wife's affections.

After Roderigo has gone, Iago reveals how cunningly he intends to use this fool and his purse to compass his own revenge upon Othello, whom he suspects, without cause, of having alienated his wife's affections. Besides, he is determined to oust Cassio from his lieutenancy, and proposes to reach these double ends by persuading Othello this officer loves his wife. After brooding over his plans for a while, Iago grimly concludes, 'I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.'

ACT II. The second act opens on the quay in

Cyprus, where, in the midst of a hurricane, the governor and his suite watch for sails bringing them succour. While so doing they comment that, although this tempest may wreck the Turkish fleet, it may also damage the expected reinforcements. Their spirits are therefore greatly cheered when word is brought that a Venetian galley in charge of Cassio, Othello's lieutenant, has entered port, and reports witnessing the wreck of the greater part of the Turkish fleet.

After courteously welcoming Cassio, who now appears, the governor expresses great concern for Othello, enquiring how he is shipped, and seems glad to learn he is on a well-steered bark. The cry, 'a sail! a sail!' now causes the crowd to hasten again to the shore, in hopes this time of welcoming the general who is to defend them against Turkish aggressions. Meanwhile the governor enquires of Cassio whether Othello is married, and learns that his wife Desdemona surpasses all other women in attraction, just as some one reports the arriving vessel is that of Iago, who escorts this lovely lady.

A moment later Desdemona enters upon the scene, and after acknowledging Cassio's flattering greeting, anxiously enquires for her husband. Briefly rejoicing he has not yet arrived, Cassio bids all present do homage to Othello's wife, a courtesy Desdemona absent-mindedly acknowledges, owing to her extreme anxiety for her husband. But, before she can suffer further apprehensions, another vessel is sighted, and booming cannon soon proclaim the arrival of a guest of distinction. After sending down to the port for news, Cassio welcomes Iago and his

wife, gallantly kissing the latter, although Iago tartly remarks that should Emilia give him as much 'of her lips as of her tongue she oft bestows on me,' he would soon have more than enough! This discourteous remark grieves Desdemona, who, hoping to change the subject, archly enquires what Iago would say if called upon to praise her? Promptly rejoining he is 'nothing if not critical,' Iago cleverly evades the question by resorting to maxims and to paradoxes, which Desdemona receives and parries with considerable wit.

Then, seeing Cassio offers his hand to conduct Desdemona to the palace, Iago, noting his courteous bows and gallant manner, artfully proposes 'with as little a web as this' to 'ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.' Just as they are about to leave, however, trumpet blasts announce the arrival of Othello, who rapturously greets his wife, in regard to whose safety he has been so anxious. But, when he exclaims his contentment is now at its height, Desdemona tenderly assures him their 'loves and comforts' will increase with their days, a statement to which he ejaculates a fervent 'Amen!'

While the general and his wife are thus exchanging loving speeches, Iago, in an aside, grimly determines to disturb their harmony. Turning at last to the spectators, Othello briefly announces, 'our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd,' ere he bids Iago see to his luggage, and the rest accompany him to the citadel. He is leading Desdemona off the scene, when Iago invites Roderigo to meet him at the port, stating that as Cassio is to mount guard that

night, they must seize this fine chance to undermine him in the general's favour. To induce Roderigo to execute his plans, Iago hints that Desdemona is in love with the lieutenant, news Roderigo refuses at first to believe; still, Iago manages to work him up gradually to the point of challenging Cassio that evening, intending by means of that broil to attain his wicked ends.

Left alone at last, Iago avers Cassio doubtless loves Desdemona and she him; he adds, however, that he too loves her, but that, in order to avenge the injury he fancies Othello has done him, he proposes to deprive the Moor of his wife by making him so jealous he can never enjoy her society again. He also proposes to oust Cassio from office, and leaves the stage determined that Roderigo shall serve as his tool to compass both these ends.

Scarcely has he gone when a herald marches down the street, loudly proclaiming festivities for that evening, in honour of the destruction of the Turkish fleet and of the general's wedding!

The next scene is played in the castle, where Othello charges Cassio to maintain strict order, saying that Iago, who is a 'most honest' man, will loyally help him. Then, turning to his wife, the general invites her to withdraw with him, so they can celebrate their reunion in private.

When they have gone Iago enters, and hearing Cassio propose that they begin their watch, exclaims it is far too early, and that the general has dismissed them merely because he wished to be alone with his wife. Because Cassio terms her a charming

lady, Iago cleverly induces him to add all manner of complimentary phases, all of which he interprets in an evil sense. Then Iago presses Cassio to drink, an invitation the latter declines, frankly stating he is too easily affected by liquor. In spite of this wise refusal, the wily Iago soon induces Othello's lieutenant to join him and a few others in celebrating their victory.

While Cassio goes out in quest of these guests, Iago reveals how he intends to make him drunk, and then play upon his excitable feelings until a brawl ensues. As he concludes, Cassio and his companions enter, and Iago proceeds to entertain them with drinking songs and descriptions of foreign drinking customs. Meantime, he secretly plies the light-headed Cassio with drink until he becomes so intoxicated that he boasts of being perfectly sober! Such remarks greatly divert the other drinkers, who encourage Cassio, until he staggers out to mount guard; but he is no sooner gone than Iago 'damns him with such faint praise' that the governor of Cyprus infers Othello's lieutenant is seldom sober and hence utterly untrustworthy.

A moment later, when Roderigo enters, Iago whispers to him to go and challenge the lieutenant; then, resuming his conversation with the governor, he virtuously exclaims he loves Cassio far too well to betray his weaknesses to Othello! Just then they are interrupted by loud cries for help, and see Cassio drive Roderigo into the room at the point of his sword, abusing him vehemently. Because the governor tries to separate the fighters by exclaiming



F. Piloty

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA

Othel. "Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Othello. Act 5, Scene 2.

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Cassio is drunk, the lieutenant suddenly turns upon him, and Iago seizes this opportunity to send Rodrigo out to give the alarm. Then, pretending to quell the fight he has instigated, he chides the governor and Cassio, until the clanging of the alarm-bell causes him to exclaim in pretended dismay that the town will rise, and the lieutenant be 'shamed for ever,' for having caused such a disturbance!

The cries and bell-ringing soon bring Othello on the scene, sternly demanding what is the matter? When the governor faintly exclaims Cassio has mortally wounded him, Othello sternly reproves his lieutenant for fighting and frightening the islanders whose nerves are still on edge. Then, becoming aware of Cassio's condition, he demands an explanation from Iago, who states the gentlemen were amicable until a moment ago, when, without cause, they suddenly drew swords and began to fight! This statement so rouses Othello's wrath that he then and there dismisses his lieutenant from his service, although he confesses he loves him. He has barely pronounced this sentence when Desdemona appears. Incensed to think her rest has been disturbed, he becomes even more severe to the delinquent, and tries to soothe her and lead her away.

Left alone with Cassio, Iago enquires whether he is hurt, only to hear him moan he has lost his reputation, the 'immortal part of himself!' Callously assuring him such a trifle is not worthy of consideration, Iago palliates his drunkenness, bids him scheme to recover Othello's favour, and offers himself as advocate, slyly suggesting that Desdemona also be

enlisted to plead in his behalf. Thoroughly humiliated, Cassio departs, promising to put Iago's good advice into immediate practice, for he, too, fancies that, if the virtuous Desdemona will only plead his cause, he can yet obtain Othello's forgiveness.

After his dupe has gone, Iago prides himself on the manner in which he has acted the villain's part, adding that, when Desdemona intercedes for Cassio, he will make it appear she is in love with the courteous lieutenant and faithless to her swarthy husband. By such insinuations he proposes to poison Othello's ears until he makes him suspicious of his wife, whose virtue is to be turned 'into pitch,' for it is 'out of her own goodness' that the villain intends to weave 'the net that shall enmesh them all.'

He is just brooding over this fiendish design, when Roderigo re-enters, crossly stating most of his money has been spent on tokens, entrusted to Iago's care, for Desdemona. After this night's experience he knows he will have to leave Cyprus without funds, but Iago heartens him up, assuring him that things will soon take a more favourable turn. Having pacified and dismissed Roderigo, Iago decides to persuade his wife to intercede with Desdemona in Cassio's behalf, and then gradually bring the Moor to suspect his lieutenant of loving his wife. So the act closes with the words, 'Ay, that's the way: dull not device by coldness and delay.'

ACT III. The third act opens before the castle, where Cassio has brought musicians to serenade Othello and Desdemona, in hopes of making his peace. After exchanging witticisms with them, a

clown dismisses the musicians in Othello's name, while Cassio, approaching him, beseeches him to inform Emilia he wishes to speak to her. The clown having departed, Iago appears, and Cassio confides to him he is following his advice and trying to obtain an interview with Desdemona. Under pretence of helping him, Iago goes to summon his wife, promising meanwhile to divert the Moor's attention long enough to enable Cassio to bespeak Desdemona's intercession. This officiousness so touches Cassio that he vows he never saw a kinder or more honest man, before Emilia joins him, reporting that Desdemona has already spoken in his behalf. Because he now humbly sues for an interview with Desdemona, Emilia leads him into the house.

In the next scene we see Othello entrusting letters to Iago, to forward to the senate, before he goes to inspect the fortifications with the Cyprian officers.

Meanwhile, in the garden, Desdemona promises to do her best for Cassio, a promise Emilia approves, adding that the lieutenant's disgrace grieves Iago as sorely as if it were his own. To cheer the dejected officer, Desdemona playfully assures him she will allow Othello no rest until he has reinstated him. Cassio is just taking leave of Desdemona by kissing her hand, when Othello reappears with Iago, whose portentous, 'Ha! I like not that,' causes him to wonder whether it was not Cassio who parted from his wife? Virtuously assuring him Cassio would never steal away at his approach with so guilty a look, Iago watches Desdemona draw near her husband, and begin to plead for Cassio's forgiveness.

When she assures Othello that his former lieutenant departed in so humble a mood that he really should recall and forgive him, the Moor absent-mindedly promises to do so some other time, and tries to dismiss the question. But she coaxes for a more definite answer, murmuring at last that *she* would not hesitate to grant a favour, especially in behalf of a man who so often came wooing with him! These tender reminders and entreaties prove so efficacious that Othello says Cassio can come whenever he likes, and he will deny her nothing. Still, as his tone is constrained, Desdemona does not feel satisfied, and goes off reluctantly when he bids her leave him to himself.

After she has gone, Othello avers he loves her so dearly that chaos will come again when he ceases to believe in her! His loving soliloquy is, however, soon interrupted by Iago's return and insinuating enquiry whether Cassio knew of their love and was present at their wooing? The unsuspecting Othello answers frankly, but Iago artfully refuses to be more definite, until he has succeeded in rousing jealous suspicions. When, turning fiercely upon him, the general finally bids him give the 'worst of thoughts the worst of words,' the villain, still pretending to think the best and shield the guilty, virtuously declares he would not for his 'manhood, honesty, or wisdom,' let Othello know his thoughts! Angrily summoned to explain what this means, the hypocrite insinuates that those who steal his purse steal trash, 'but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.'

Having thus paved the way, Iago warns Othello against 'the green-eyed monster' jealousy, 'which doth mock the meat it feeds on,' until the Moor, who has never before felt its pangs, fervently prays to be delivered from them, adding that he has no cause to entertain any such a feeling, since the fact that his wife is beautiful, loves company, and is admired, does not detract in any way from her virtue. Because Desdemona chose him from a number of suitors, he nobly vows, 'I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove,' a decision Iago apparently approves, although he hints Venetian women are prone to deceive, and that since Desdemona tricked her father she may do the same by her husband. Then, still pretending to urge his master to lay no stress upon remarks which involuntarily escaped him, Iago takes leave of Othello, who proudly reiterates Desdemona is honest, and that he is not troubled by what he has heard. Still, that Iago's crafty lies have not been ineffectual, is proved by Othello's despairing query as soon as alone, why he married, and his bitter comment that honest Iago doubtless knows more than he is willing to reveal!

Othello has barely come to this conclusion when Iago returns, to insinuate that should Desdemona prove importunate in her prayers for Cassio's reinstatement, it would prove she feels deeply interested in him. After he has gone, therefore, Othello again praises Iago's honesty, mournfully adding that should his present suspicions be confirmed, he will have nothing more to do with his wife, his love being based solely on her virtue. This conclusion is

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hardly reached when Desdemona enters with Emilia, and seeing how beautiful and innocent she looks, Othello groans that 'if she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!'

Having come to remind Othello of the banquet pending, and seeing he appears weary, Desdemona tenderly enquires what ails him; then, attributing his headache to lack of sleep, she gently binds her handkerchief about his brow. He, however, angrily tears it off, and dashes it on the floor, where it remains, while the startled Desdemona follows him meekly out of the room. Snatching up the fallen handkerchief, Emilia expresses delight at securing it, for her husband has frequently begged her to steal it for him. Although unaware of his purpose, she is so glad to 'please his fantasy' that, when Iago enters, she playfully informs him she has something for him. Then, after some coquettish delay, she bestows the handkerchief upon her spouse, enquiring what use he wishes to make of it, and warning him that Desdemona will sorely miss her husband's first gift. .

Emilia having left the room, cautioned to keep the matter secret, Iago explains how he intends to drop this handkerchief in Cassio's room, knowing 'trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ.' He thinks he can thereby increase the jealousy of the Moor, who now enters, and in regard to whom he mutters with fiendish glee, 'not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep which thou ownedst yester-

day.' It is plain Othello is still brooding over Iago's words, for suddenly hissing he is on the rack, he demands to know all. The mere thought that Cassio has been making love to his wife so poisons all his pleasures, that he mournfully declares his occupation is gone, and unable to bear further suspense, fiercely demands convincing proof of Desdemona's guilt.

With pretended reluctance Iago now relates how, sleeping with Cassio lately, he overheard him talk about Desdemona in terms which left no doubt concerning their guilty intimacy. This narrative so horrifies Othello that he threatens, 'I'll tear her all to pieces,' and then suggests it was but a dream, for his wife cannot be as guilty as appearances indicate. Artfully, Iago enquires whether she does not own a certain handkerchief, and after Othello has admitted giving it to her, testifies he saw Cassio using it that very day. This seems so conclusive a proof of infidelity, that Othello swears he will avenge himself without mercy, an oath Iago slavishly repeats, devoting himself 'wit, hands, heart, to wrong'd Othello's service!' Such devotion is immediately rewarded by the coveted appointment as lieutenant, in exchange for which boon, Othello bids Iago kill Cassio within three days' time, undertaking meanwhile to dispose of Desdemona, whom he terms a 'fair devil!'

The next scene occurs before the castle, where Desdemona and Emilia bid the clown go and tell Cassio that Othello has been placated and all will soon be well. The clown having disappeared after

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some witticisms, Desdemona questions Emilia in regard to her missing handkerchief, vowing she would sooner have lost a purse full of gold, and adding that were her husband not noble-minded, he might wax jealous or deem her neglectful. When Emilia enquires whether Othello is really not jealous, Desdemona confidently rejoins 'the sun where he was born drew all such humours from him,' and seeing her husband draw near, gladly dismisses her attendant.

She is surprised, however, when her loving greeting is answered in a constrained way, and when Othello groans in an aside that it is hard to dissemble. Suddenly seizing her hand, he exclaims it is a good one, whereupon she gently reminds him it gave her heart into his keeping. Then she recalls his promise in regard to Cassio, although Othello, pretending not to hear her, begs for her handkerchief, as he has a cold. The one she proffers fails to satisfy him for he insists upon her producing the one he gave her, which he describes as endowed with magic powers. His cautions never to lose this treasure disquiet Desdemona, who, after promising to be careful of it, renews her plea in Cassio's behalf. To gain time she coquettishly pretends to consider all his enquiries for the handkerchief artful evasions, until her persistency whets her husband's jealousy to such a pitch that he leaves the room in a fury. This behaviour is so identically that of a jealous man that Emilia comments upon it, while Desdemona admits she never saw anything of the kind in Othello before. She is just wondering where the handker-

chief may be, whose loss is causing her so much trouble, when Cassio reappears.

After answering her greeting, he groans he longs to be reinstated, and when Desdemona sadly volunteers, 'my lord is not my lord,' seems surprised to hear Othello's humour has so strangely altered. While Desdemona feels sure something must have occurred to displease her husband, Iago—who joins them—declares that cannot be, and offers to go and discover what marred the general's equanimity. After he has gone, Desdemona remarks her husband may have had news from Venice, for she feels sure weighty matters only can thus disturb an even mind. She further reproaches herself for lack of sympathy, until Emilia assures her that, if jealousy has not caused her husband's wrath, all will soon be well. Because she has never given Othello the least cause to doubt her love, Desdemona feels certain he cannot be jealous, although Emilia wisely assures her such a feeling requires no cause. Finally, Desdemona leaves the room to seek her spouse once more, bidding Cassio linger in the vicinity, and assuring him that, if Othello is in a favourable mood, she will renew her efforts to obtain his pardon.

While Cassio lingers there alone, the courtesan Bianca steps in to enquire why he has deserted her for the past week? After replying his mind has been too distracted to permit of any dalliance, Cassio hands her the handkerchief Iago dropped in his room, and bids her copy its exquisite design. Believing it a token from some fair lady, Bianca feigns reluctance, until Cassio promises to join her at supper, when she

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goes away, leaving him to wait for the general and be reinstated in office.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens before the castle, where Iago is still trickling vile suspicions into his master's mind, by reiterating his lies in regard to the handkerchief, until Othello fiercely demands what he means? In reply, the villain's revelations assume so base a character that the jealous husband finally falls in a trance. While he is lying there, unconscious, Iago exclaims that his poison is working, for credulous fools are often caught in this way, and 'many worthy and chaste dames even thus, all guiltless, meet reproach.'

He is trying to revive Othello when Cassio comes in, and is told the general has had two fits since yesterday and should never be disturbed when in a lethargic state. Having thus dismissed Cassio, Iago watches until Othello opens his eyes, gasping that he has been wounded in his deepest affections. While apparently trying to comfort him, Iago fiendishly drives the sting still deeper into his tortured soul. Finally, he advises Othello to watch his wife when with Cassio, declaring their conduct will plainly reveal whether they are guilty. Under pretext of aiding his master, he further offers to discuss the matter with Cassio, bidding Othello hide and watch the lieutenant's face while he relates his amours with Desdemona. After agreeing to this, Othello withdraws, while Iago, in a soliloquy, cunningly decides to question Cassio in regard to Bianca, meantime allowing the hidden Othello to think they are discussing Desdemona!

A moment later, seeing Cassio enter, Iago begins to twit him about his passion for Bianca, a woman so little deserving respect that the lieutenant does not hesitate to talk lightly of her, imitating her wiles, and by such pantomime kindling fierce jealousy in the hidden Othello's heart. The watched dialogue continues until the return of Bianca, who pettishly flings the handkerchief at Cassio, vowing he obtained it from some sweetheart. The token, however, is immediately recognised by Othello, who feels convinced Iago has told the truth and his wife has tricked him. Meantime, Bianca flounces out, exclaiming that, unless Cassio sup with her to-night, she will never receive him again! Perceiving her wrathful state, Iago advises Cassio to follow her, lest she denounce him openly in the street, and is delighted to hear him decide to accept her invitation.

When Cassio has gone, Othello steals out of his hiding-place, grimly wondering how to put his rival to death. To add fuel to his wrath Iago cunningly reviews the supposed points of their conversation, enquiring whether his master saw how Cassio laughed, and marked the handkerchief? It is, however, no longer necessary to stimulate Othello's rage, for it has reached such a pitch that he is determined to kill Desdemona, although he does not know what means to employ. First, he bids Iago procure poison, then, dreading its effect on his wife's beauty, he eagerly seizes the suggestion that he strangle her in bed, leaving Iago the care of disposing of Cassio.

At that moment trumpets peal, and when Othello enquires what they mean, he is informed his wife's

uncle is bringing news from Venice, just as he enters the apartment with her. After exchanging greetings with Othello, Desdemona's uncle delivers his letter, which the general respectfully kisses, and while he gravely peruses it, Desdemona welcomes the people in her uncle's train and begs for news. One of the newcomers asking for Cassio, Othello so grimly rejoins 'he is alive' that Desdemona feels compelled to explain her husband and the lieutenant are at present estranged, but she hopes her uncle will soon effect a reconciliation. Although apparently absorbed in his letter, Othello, hearing what she says, mutters comments which finally attract their attention; and when his wife innocently states she would do much 'for the love' she bears Cassio, he suddenly gives vent to so angry an oath that Desdemona gazes anxiously at him, until her uncle whispers that the letter summons him home, and appoints Cassio in his stead. Because this news pleases Desdemona, Othello's fury waxes so violent, that when she steps forward with a gentle remark, he roughly strikes her, an act of cruelty so horrifying to the bystanders that they exclaim it would not be credited in Venice.

Perceiving she has displeased her husband in some mysterious way, the weeping Desdemona offers to withdraw, a humility her uncle approves, although he urges Othello to beg her pardon for his roughness. Scornfully complying, Othello orders Desdemona out of the room, declaring he will hand over the command to Cassio after he has entertained the company at supper. Because he leaves the room in

an unmistakable passion, Desdemona's uncle wonders that so self-contained a man should show such rage merely because his services are no longer needed in Cyprus! Turning to Iago, Lodovico then enquires whether Othello is insane, whereupon the villain pretends it would not be proper for him to speak, urging the Venetian, however, to watch the general's actions, and adding, 'you shall observe him, and his own courses will denote him so that I may save my speech.' Thus the Venetian deputation withdraws, full of regret to have been so mistaken in regard to Othello's character.

In the next scene Othello is cross-questioning Emilia, to discover whether she ever saw anything suspicious between Cassio and her mistress. Invariably present at every interview, Emilia vows she has never seen anything amiss; but, although she is ready to stake her soul on Desdemona's purity, Othello merely concludes she is paid to keep a guilty secret. Bidding Emilia summon his wife, the Moor next forces Desdemona to look him straight in the eyes, and when she quails at his angry brow, orders Emilia to mount guard at the door, and warn them should any one approach. Left alone with her husband, Desdemona sinks on her knees, vowing that while she perceives fury in his words and glances, she cannot guess its cause. In answer to Othello's fierce, breathless questions, she gently assures him of her fidelity, assurances he evidently does not believe, since he furiously terms her 'false as hell.' In her despair, Desdemona implores him to state how that may be, and then, fancying he attributes his

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recall to her father's enmity, begs him not to blame her for that. When Othello passionately rejoins he could have borne any other affliction—shame, poverty, captivity,—but cannot brook becoming ‘a fixed figure for the time of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at,’ she wonderingly enquires whether he can doubt her honesty? This innocent question only causes him to berate her harshly, in spite of her gentle protests, until Emilia returns. After rewarding her for watching, Othello stalks out in wrath, leaving her to assist her fainting mistress. But, on raising Desdemona, Emilia finds her so dazed that she can only moan she has no husband left! Then, her grief being too deep for tears, yet seeking comfort, she bids her attendant deck her bed with her wedding-sheets and summon Iago, orders which Emilia hastens to fulfil, marvelling the while at the sudden change of relations between a once loving couple.

Meantime, Desdemona wonders why Othello has treated her thus, since she has given him no cause for displeasure, and when Iago appears, she brokenly gasps that those who teach babes do it gently. Hearing Emilia explain that Othello has insulted his wife, and pity her mistress for forsaking father, country, and friends, only to be treated thus, Iago bids Desdemona cease weeping, assuring her she must be mistaken. But, when his wife excitedly avers some insinuating rogue has devised this slander, he hypocritically declares it quite impossible, and shows no emotion even when Desdemona brokenly exclaims ‘if any such there be, heaven pardon him.’ His

wife, however, less ready to forgive, grimly declares a halter would be the just reward for baseness which could coin such accusations as this, and that which once roused his jealousy. In dread of exposure, Iago tries to silence his wife, until Desdemona implores him to tell her by what means she can regain Othello's love, averring that, no matter how unkind he may be, she will never show him aught save wifely devotion. She is, therefore, a trifle comforted, when Iago assures her Othello is merely troubled by matters of state.

Hearing trumpets summon them to the banquet, Desdemona and Emilia leave the room, where Roderigo soon appears to demand of his confederate Iago an account of the money and jewels entrusted to his keeping for Desdemona. Of course, none of these tokens have ever reached their destination, and when Roderigo insists upon their return or some sign of favour, Iago realises his thefts will soon be discovered. Nevertheless, he protests he has dealt honestly, and promises a favourable outcome of the whole affair, provided Roderigo will again aid him. Then he informs his dupe of Cassio's appointment, adding that Othello and Desdemona are bound for Mauritania, whence they will never return. This news blasts Roderigo's hopes, until Iago suggests that were Cassio only removed, Othello would have to remain, and urges Roderigo to attack the lieutenant on his way home from supper, promising that between them they will soon dispose of this man whom they have good reasons for slaying.

The Venetian senators are just taking ceremonious

leave, when Othello whispers to Desdemona to retire quickly, so he can find her alone when he returns from escorting their guests. After his departure, Emilia comments he seems gentler than a while ago, and Desdemona is elated because he wishes to see her alone. In her haste she bids Emilia help her disrobe, enquiring whether she has decked her bed with the wedding sheets, one of which is destined to serve as her shroud? While undressing, she is somehow reminded of an insane girl, whose quaint song seems to haunt her, for she softly hums it now and then. Then she queries whether itching eyes forbode weeping, and wonders whether wives ever proved unfaithful? When Emilia sagely avers such things have been, the horrified Desdemona demands whether *she* would commit such a crime for the sake of the whole world, and refuses to credit her when she states she might do it for the sake of bestowing such wealth upon her spouse. When Emilia adds, however, that women have often proved faithless merely to repay their husbands in kind, and that 'the ills we do, their ills instruct us so,' the pure Desdemona finds such reasoning incredible, and goes out praying heaven 'such uses send, not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!'

ACT V. The fifth act opens in a street in Cyprus at night, just as Iago is directing Roderigo to hide behind a wall and deal Cassio a deadly blow, assuring him this deed 'makes us, or mars us!' Thus stationed in ambush, Roderigo adjures his fellow-conspirator to remain close by and finish the work in case he does not complete it; but, after Iago has

retired to some distance, the youth admits he has no desire to commit this crime, notwithstanding Iago's 'satisfying reasons.'

On his part, Iago gleefully murmurs that he has stirred the young soldier to wrath, and that whether he kill Cassio or vice versa, equal gain will redound to him, for he argues that, should Roderigo live, he will be compelled to restore his tokens, and that the 'daily beauty' in Cassio's life, is a tacit rebuke and makes him dread he may yet reveal the plot and thus imperil his life.

This double soliloquy is interrupted by the appearance of Cassio, whom Roderigo attacks, but whose coat of mail protects him so effectively that he turns and deals Roderigo a mortal wound. Stealing up from behind, Iago now slashes Cassio's leg, and flees as he sinks, calling for aid. These loud cries soon attract the attention of Othello, who, recognising Cassio's voice, and feeling sure Iago has disposed of his foe, marches grimly on, praising this doughty deed which nerves him to do his part.

Shortly after Othello follow the Venetian visitors, who, hearing cries, hesitate to approach, lest they fall in an ambush. While they are deliberating, Iago rejoins them with a light, enquiring with pretended innocence what this clamour means? Recognising his voice, Cassio begs for aid, and all present seem amazed at his sorry plight. When he relates how he was attacked by a villain, Iago, who has been prowling around and has found Roderigo still alive, suddenly deals his associate a deadly thrust, to prevent any revelation of

his share in the attack. Sinking beneath this cowardly blow, Roderigo dies cursing Iago, who loudly accuses him of attempting murder. The confusion reaches its height when Bianca, rushing forward, wails over Cassio's injuries, while friends bind up his wound and call for a chair. Although most active in all measures of relief, Iago craftily contrives to draw the attention of the rest to the fact that the courtesan is startlingly pale, and probably had a hand in this affair.

The wounded and dead have barely been removed when Emilia, rushing up with enquiries, learns that Cassio is wounded, and Roderigo, his assailant, slain. While she bewails this death, Iago sanctimoniously ascribes the trouble to Cassio's fast life, and casts such accusations upon Bianca that his wife loudly reviles her. Then he bids Emilia run home and report what has happened, while he attends to Cassio's wounds. No sooner has she gone, however, than the villain mutters 'this is the night that either makes me or fordoes me quite,' before he hurries off.

The next scene is played in Desdemona's dimly-lighted bedroom, where she lies asleep, while Othello murmurs he is about to do what is just, although he has not the courage to shed a drop of her blood or mar the purity of her snow-white skin. Unable to commit a deed of darkness while the light shines, Othello extinguishes it, commenting how easily a candle can be relighted, while no power on earth will ever restore light in his wife's eyes after it is once extinguished. Then, comparing Desdemona to a

rose, he so passionately kisses her that she awakens, sleepily asking whether he is coming to bed? When he replies by an enquiry whether she has said her prayers, muttering he will not kill her unprepared lest he slay her soul as well as her body, he so terrifies her, that she implores him not to kill her, pleading, 'guiltiness I know not.'

Although Othello hoarsely bids her remember her sins, Desdemona truthfully rejoins the greatest consisted in forsaking her father to follow him, and adds that it is unnatural he should slay her for loving him too much. Then, hearing him gasp an accusation in regard to the handkerchief she gave Cassio, she denies it, innocently suggests the lieutenant may have found it, and entreats her husband to question him. Hearing this, Othello mutters that Cassio has confessed, and that his mouth is stopped forever by his order. His sinister expression, even more than his words, so terrifies Desdemona that she wails Cassio has been betrayed and she is undone. This sorrow and her tears soon work Othello up to such a pitch of fury that, without further ado, he stifles her in bed!

Her struggles are just ceasing when Emilia knocks, and Othello, perceiving his wife is not quite dead, gasps he is too merciful to let her linger in pain. It is in the midst of his renewed efforts to smother her that Emilia's cries for admittance are heard, but only when sure his wife is dead does Othello prepare to let her in, knowing she will report Cassio's murder. Lest she should discover the crime he deems black enough to cause 'a huge eclipse of sun and moon,'

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Othello carefully draws the bed curtains, ere he admits her.

Breathlessly, Emilia reports Roderigo's murder and Cassio's wound, news which infuriates Othello, who would fain have heard that Cassio was slain. Just then, a moan from the bed startles Emilia, who, darting forward and discovering her mistress' sad plight, loudly calls for aid, wondering who can have done this terrible deed? Her cries rouse the dying Desdemona, who, in a last attempt to serve her husband, gasps she slew herself, and leaves her love to Othello with the message 'a guiltless death I die.' But, unwilling to profit by such devotion. Othello hisses she is going down to Hades a liar since he killed her! At this confession, Emilia wonders how he could commit so black a deed, and when he tries to justify himself by accusing Desdemona of infidelity, demands how he learned it? Hearing Othello quote Iago, Emilia scorns the accusation and pronounces Desdemona a model of virtue. When Othello exclaims that had she been true he would not have exchanged her for a world 'made of one entire and perfect chrysolite,' Emilia retorts that, if her husband accused Desdemona of infidelity, he is a villain, and calls so frantically for aid that the whole household assembles, including the governor and Venetian ambassadors.

Perceiving her husband among the crowd, Emilia summons him to give the lie to Othello, who avers he accused Desdemona of breaking her marriage vows. When, instead of denying this charge, Iago admits it, his wife vehemently ejaculates, 'you told a

lie, an odious, damned lie; upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie,' wailing that on the strength of such a falsehood her mistress has been slain! These tidings horrify the bystanders, but although Iago terms his wife insane and tries to silence her, she insists he is responsible for it all. Hearing this, the spectators urge her to speak, while Othello, already half convinced of his wife's innocence, falls prone upon the bed, moaning in despair. Unmindful of his evident grief, Emilia accuses him of killing 'the sweetest innocent that e'er did lift up eye,' words which sting him to gasp that Desdemona was false, and he bound to avenge his honour.

This statement causes the uncle to exclaim it is well Brabantio died of sorrow over his daughter's elopement, as such news as this would have caused him cruel suffering. Meanwhile, Othello insists that Iago knew of the guilt of his wife and of Cassio, since he too saw the handkerchief! Although Iago forcibly tries to silence her, Emilia now proclaims how she stole the handkerchief at her husband's request, little suspecting the use he would make of it. Othello no sooner hears these words than seized with revengeful fury, he rushes forward to slay Iago, although the latter brazenly denies Emilia's accusation. While the bystanders seize and disarm Othello, Iago, after stabbing the wife who betrayed him, flees. Emilia now faintly begs to be laid by her mistress' side, while the governor gives orders for Iago's capture, and places a guard to prevent Othello's escape or his commission of further crimes.

Left alone in the death chamber, Othello sees

Emilia softly caress her dead mistress, and hears her repeatedly assure him 'she loved thee, cruel Moor!' This assertion of his wife's innocence finally drives him to such despair that he searches wildly for another weapon, because he does not wish to live any longer.

Entering a moment later, the Venetian is amazed to find Othello armed with a dagger, with which he assures him he could cut his way through a host of foes! He adds, however, that he has no desire to escape, and turning to his dead wife, murmurs that the cold look upon her face will hurl his 'soul from heaven.' Then, in his remorse, he calls down upon his head all manner of torments, and moans over Desdemona's corpse.

At this juncture a number of people bring in the wounded Cassio, and Iago, who has just been captured. At their call Othello slowly rises from the bed, and although they try to restrain him, deals a wound to the villain Iago. Still, he soon declares he is glad this is not mortal, for he would have him live and suffer, and considers death the greatest boon. His wild talk startles the Venetian senators, who cannot understand how so good a man became the tool of a vile slave. They are, however, silenced on learning Iago has confessed his crimes, and on hearing Cassio loyally protest that Othello had no cause for suspicions. After begging his former lieutenant's pardon, Othello grimly enquires why Iago ensnared his soul and body? But the villain refuses to answer, although the bystanders remind him torture may unlock his tight-closed lips. Then a senator

produces letters found in Roderigo's pocket, one of which reveals the plot against Cassio, while the other,—addressed to Iago,—exposes his villainy. Hearing this, Othello demands how Cassio obtained his wife's handkerchief, and is stricken with remorse on learning he merely picked it up in his room, where, as he has just heard, Iago dropped it to compass his evil designs.

On perceiving how sorely he has been fooled and Cassio wronged, Othello gives way to mad grief, until the senators bid him accompany them to Venice where his fate will be decided. Pleading for a moment's grace, Othello bids them testify he served Venice faithfully, adding that, although he sinned, he 'loved not wisely but too well,' and that his jealousy,—not easily roused,—drove him to extremities. He ends his peroration by stating that just as he once slew one of his country's foes, he will now kill himself, and after dealing himself a mortal wound, drags himself to Desdemona's side, moaning, 'I kiss'd thee ere I killed thee: no way but this; killing myself, to die upon a kiss,' and falls lifeless across the bed.

All present are horrified, and Cassio gasps he feared this, knowing Othello's great heart, yet hoped that, having no weapon, he would not be able to compass his death. Turning upon Iago, whom he reviles as 'Spartan dog,' the Venetian ambassador bids him gaze upon the tragic load of that bed; then, placing one of his companions in charge of the house, he orders the Cyprian governor to enforce the law upon Iago, adding that he will return immediately to Venice to relate this 'heavy act with heavy heart.'

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

ACT I. The first act opens on a platform before the castle of Elsinore, just as an officer, on his rounds at night, nervously starts on meeting a sentinel who challenges him. This officer has come to relieve guard, so the sentinel, glad to leave a cold post, reports nothing has occurred to disturb him. The officer dismisses him, bidding him hasten the movements of two of his friends, just as they appear. In reply to the challenge, they give the countersign, and, when the sentinel is gone, one of them,—Marcellus,—mysteriously enquires whether ‘this thing appeared again to-night?’ He adds that, deeming what they saw a mere delusion, Horatio has come to share their watch, determined to address the apparition should it return. Sitting on the parapet, the officer and Marcellus now graphically describe to Horatio what they saw twice running, and while talking perceive the spectre of the dead king!

Urged by his companions, Horatio addresses this apparition, which stalks away without answering, while his friends, more familiar with its appearance, comment upon his trembling limbs and startled looks. Confessing he would not have believed it had he not seen it, Horatio pronounces its resemblance to the deceased king remarkable, and when

his companions repeat this is its third visit, he opines it 'bodes some strange eruption to our state.' Because his friends eagerly enquire the cause for some warlike preparations afoot, Horatio explains that the former king won, from Fortinbras of Norway, lands which his son is trying to recover. This seems cause enough to disturb the spirit of the deceased, especially as Horatio reminds his friends what great portents were seen before Cæsar's death.

He is interrupted by the return of the Ghost, whom he beseeches to speak, promising to do anything 'that may to thee do ease and grace to me.' He adds that if the Ghost knows of any danger to the country, or has buried a secret hoard, he had better speak. Just then the cock crows, and the spectre vanishes, although all three men try to seize and hold it. Still, Marcellus admits it is wrong to offer violence to anything so majestic, while the others declare the Ghost was about to speak when the cock crowed. Horatio, however, claims that spectres can walk only until 'the trumpet to the morn' wakes 'the god of day,' an opinion confirmed by both his friends. Finally Horatio suggests that they impart what they have seen to Hamlet, in whom perchance the spectre will more readily confide, a decision which all three approve ere they depart to seek the prince.

The next scene is played within the castle, where the new monarch declares that although sorrowing for a brother's death, he deemed it best to marry his widow immediately, postponing to some more auspicious moment all mirthful adjuncts of the wed-

ding. He adds that, taking advantage of the change of dynasty, young Fortinbras demands the return of the lands his father lost, and, under cover of his uncle's old age and infirmity, is collecting forces for war. To warn the aged monarch of Norway of the trouble brewing, the king proposes to despatch two courtiers, whom he summons, instructs, and watches out of sight. Then turning to Laertes, the king enquires what suit he wishes to urge, graciously promising to grant it, as 'the head is not more native to the heart, the hand more instrumental to the mouth, than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.'

Thus encouraged, Laertes expresses a desire to return to France, whence he came for the coronation festivities. After ascertaining that Polonius,—Laertes' father,—is willing his son should leave, the king grants this permission, then, turning to his stepson Hamlet, queries what he can do for him, and why he appears so sad? The prince mutters the king is 'a little more than kin, a little less than kind,' but vouchsafes no more explicit reply, whereupon his mother entreats him to doff his mourning, reminding him that 'all lives must die, passing through nature to eternity.' To this Hamlet rejoins that the outward signs of woe,—which he enumerates,—signify little, but that he has 'that within which passeth show.' On hearing this the king, after praising his filial devotion, reminds him that 'to persevere in obstinate condolment is a course of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief; it shows a will most incorrect to heaven.' He bids

the prince henceforth consider him father, but adds that instead of allowing him to return to Wittenberg, he has decided to keep him 'here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye, our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.' His mother adding her entreaties, Hamlet consents to remain; whereupon the king, in token of satisfaction, proclaims a drinking bout, where every time a toast is carried, the cannon shall peal. All follow the regal party off the scene, except Hamlet, who, in a wonderful soliloquy, wishes 'this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd his canon 'gainst self-slaughter!' The world seems 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable' to him, for he cannot conceive how his mother, having been wedded to one he enthusiastically compares to Hyperion, could in the course of one brief month transfer her affections to a satyr. His pessimistic conclusion is 'frailty, thy name is woman!' for the wicked haste with which these second nuptials have been consummated breaks his heart, although he must hold his tongue.

Just then Horatio and the officers enter in quest of him, and converse with him for a while about Wittenberg, whence Horatio came to attend the old king's funeral. With bitter sarcasm, Hamlet wonders whether it was not rather to attend his mother's wedding, and when Horatio admits the two events followed each other very closely, sarcastically adds that, for thrift's sake, the 'funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.' When he adds he thinks he sees his father,

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Horatio,—having so recently beheld the spectre,—questions him eagerly, only to hear him declare it is merely ‘in his mind’s eye.’ After mentioning the apparition, Horatio, in reply to Hamlet’s startled interjections, relates how the Ghost twice visited the men on the watch, how he joined them the third time, and how the spectre was about to speak when a crowing cock summoned him back to the nether world! This account so amazes Hamlet that he plies all three men with close, breathless questions, which they answer most convincingly. The prince, sure at last they really saw his father’s spirit, bids them keep the matter secret, promising to join them on the platform at night; then, his three companions gone, Hamlet resumes his soliloquy, declaring there must have been some crime, for ‘foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o’erwhelms them, to men’s eyes.’

The next scene is played in Polonius’ dwelling, where Laertes informs his sister Ophelia he is about to depart, and begs her often to send him news. Next he cautions her to attach no importance to Hamlet’s attentions, which he attributes to mere fancy, and reminds her that on the prince’s choice ‘depends the safety and health of this whole state.’ For that reason he thinks it is imperative Hamlet should conclude a political alliance, and bids Ophelia not heed his blandishments, warning her that ‘virtue itself ’scapes not calumnious strokes,’ a caution she promises to heed. But, in her turn, she now recommends him ‘do not, as some ungracious pastors do, show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;

whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, and recks not his own rede.'

After assuring Ophelia she need feel no fears for him, Laertes greets his father, who, in a wonderful speech, gives his son a string of worldly precepts,—the epitome of parental good advice,—every clause of which has become a familiar quotation. This speech concludes with the well-known 'to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man,' ere he bestows his blessing upon Laertes, who departs.

The father having overheard part of his children's conversation, now inquisitively asks Ophelia what Laertes said of Hamlet, adding that, although the prince has shown her much attention of late, he would have her consider what she calls 'tenders of affection,' mere politeness. He further pronounces Hamlet too young for his wooing to be serious, and makes his gentle daughter promise to have as little as possible to do with him hereafter.

We now return to the platform, where Hamlet arrives with Horatio and Marcellus, just after twelve has struck. The night silence is broken only by salvoes, which Hamlet attributes to the king's wassail, a custom that gives the Danes an unenviable reputation abroad, and which would be 'more honour'd in the breach than the observance.' It is while he is disserting upon this theme, that his companions suddenly call his attention to the spectre, which reappears. After the involuntary invocation, 'angels and ministers of grace defend us;' Hamlet

addresses the Ghost, imploring him to reveal why he is revisiting the earth and 'making night hideous?' Instead of answering, the Ghost moves on, but Horatio and Marcellus see it beckon Hamlet away, as if to hold a private conference with him. Afraid lest their friend may run into danger, they try to detain him; but, heedless of warnings, Hamlet rushes off, threatening to make a ghost of any one who tries to detain him! When the spectre and Hamlet have vanished in the darkness, both young men decide to follow, for they feel sure 'something is rotten in the state of Denmark.'

In another part of the platform we see again the Ghost and Hamlet, just as the spectre bids the prince note his words, for he has but a short time to linger above ground,—so short that instead of wasting any of it in pity, Hamlet is urged to avenge his father, whose spirit seeks him for this purpose only. In a wonderful speech, the Ghost then avers he 'could a tale unfold,' which would harrow his son's soul, freeze his young blood, make his eyes 'start from their spheres,' and 'each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' Still, as it is not a hearing for his sufferings, but an avenger for his murder, he is anxious to secure, the Ghost states that, although it was published the king was slain by the bite of a venomous snake, while sleeping in his orchard, he was in reality killed by his brother. Then he describes how the present king of Denmark, inflamed with love for Hamlet's mother, poured a deadly poison in his ear, and a month after his decease married his widow. Al-

though calling upon Hamlet to avenge his death, the spectre cautions him 'taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven, and to those thorns that in her bosom lodge, to prick and sting her.' Then, perceiving signs of coming dawn, the Ghost bids Hamlet farewell, and vanishes, crying, 'Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.'

Staggered by what he has seen and heard, the prince wonders body and soul do not dissolve, but vows he will forget all save the task his father imposed, to avenge his murder upon the man who can 'smile, and smile, and be a villain.' To make sure not to forget any item, he notes down the Ghost's words, just as his companions, who have been vainly seeking for him, rush upon the scene. He answers their exclamations and questions in such enigmatical terms that they are sorely mystified; then, deeming it wise all should go about their business, Hamlet adds the request that they keep secret all they have seen and heard. Although his friends readily consent to this, he requires them to take an oath upon his sword, starting nervously when a voice from the depths, bids them in sepulchral tones 'swear.'

Afraid of eavesdroppers, Hamlet makes them change position, until realising they are dealing with a ghost, he exclaims 'there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' and bids the tortured spirit rest. Then he bids the young men take a solemn pledge of secrecy, and parts from them with the despair-

ing cry, 'the time is out of joint: O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!'

ACT II. The second act opens in Polonius' house, just as he is giving money and instructions to a servant bound for Paris to find out how young Laertes is behaving. In the course of conversation, Polonius artfully suggests to the servant to use 'the bait of falsehood' to discover what he wishes, thus initiating him in a secret of diplomacy. The man dismissed, Polonius questions Ophelia, who informs him Hamlet recently sought her in disarray, looking 'as if he had been loosed out of hell to speak of horrors.' When the father wonders whether these are not signs of the madness of love, Ophelia describes how the prince approached her, sighed, wrung her hand, and went away, still gazing mournfully at her. Because such behaviour convinces Polonius Hamlet is suffering from 'the very ecstasy of love,' he bids his daughter come with him to the king, to tell him all about it, assuring her love often 'leads the will to desperate undertakings,' and that her obedience has had greater effect than he anticipated, since it has driven Hamlet mad! Father and daughter leave the room, therefore, to seek the king and impart all they know or suspect in regard to lovelorn Hamlet.

The curtain next rises in the palace, where king and queen welcome Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, his majesty telling them they have doubtless heard of Hamlet's eccentricities, which can only be ascribed to sorrow for his father's death. Knowing they were the prince's fellow-students, he bids them try

and cheer him, and especially discover, if possible, 'whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus, that open'd, lies within our remedy.' The queen adding her entreaties to those of the king, both young men assure their majesties of their readiness to serve them, ere an attendant is summoned to conduct them to Hamlet, to whom they hope their presence and practices may be pleasant and helpful.

A moment after they have gone, Polonius reports to the king that the ambassadors have returned from Norway with good news, and that he has discovered the cause of Hamlet's lunacy. Still, he implores the king to receive the ambassadors first, and when told to introduce them, hastens out in quest of them, while the monarch informs his wife that the source of her son's distemper has been found, although she sagely attributes it to his father's death and their 'o'erhasty marriage.' Before she can add any more, however, the ambassadors enter, reporting that the aged king of Norway not only checked his nephew's plans, but wrung from him a promise to employ his forces against the Polacks and not against the Danes. They are commissioned, however, to request that those forces may pass through Denmark, a permission the king immediately grants.

After they have gone, seeing the king and queen eagerly await his disclosures, Polonius, after a wordy preamble, exclaims that 'since brevity is the soul of wit,' their son is mad! Then, after some digression on insanity, he reveals how Ophelia received verses,—which he produces,—in which Hamlet addresses her as his 'soul's idol.' Sundry poems like

this have been sent to the young lady, who, enjoined by her father, has revealed to him all. When the king enquires whether Ophelia is in favour of the prince, Polonius virtuously rejoins he knows his place too well to covet such an alliance for his daughter, adding that he has instructed Ophelia to meet all the prince's advances with extreme reserve. He fancies it is this very coldness which has unsettled Hamlet's wits, and offers to prove it by hiding with the king and watching the young people meet.

Because Hamlet now approaches in disordered array, reading a paper, Polonius begs the royal couple to leave him alone with the youth, and the rest having gone, begins a dialogue with him. But Hamlet gives such distracted answers to the counsellor's questions, that Polonius is surer than ever he is mad. When Hamlet abruptly mentions his daughter, he takes this as proof his madness is due to unrequited love. Still, some of Hamlet's remarks contain so much sense that Polonius exclaims in an aside, 'though this be madness, yet there is method in't.' After some more conversation, he goes off in quest of his daughter, while Rosencrantz and Guildenstern draw near, and are kindly welcomed by Hamlet, who exchanges playful remarks with them. Then he suddenly asks why they came to Denmark, which he terms a prison. When they intimate they came to visit him, Hamlet realises their majesties have sent them to discover the cause of his melancholy. Although he volubly answers all their remarks, his companions, unable to

find out anything, yet hoping to divert him, inform him players are coming to court. This news greatly interests Hamlet, who asks many questions in regard to these actors before their arrival is announced.

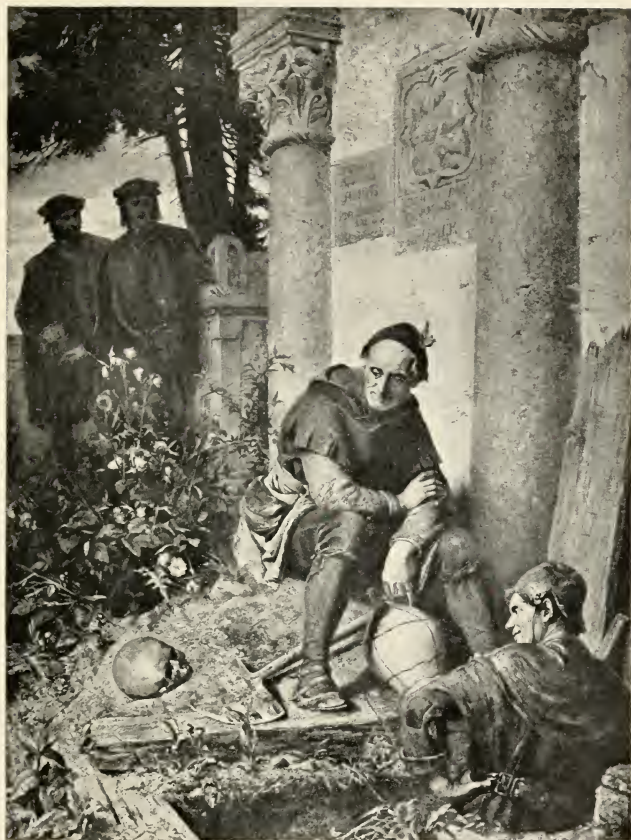
After calling a welcome to the players, Hamlet bitterly informs Guildenstern 'his uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived,' and intimates he is not entirely mad since he can still distinguish the flight of birds, and can even discriminate between 'a hawk and a hand-saw.' Just then Polonius reënters, and Hamlet whispers to Rosencrantz that the 'great baby' they behold, 'not yet out of his swaddling clothes,' has come to tell them of the players' arrival. His prediction is verified, for Polonius immediately launches into a panegyric of the actors' talents, in regard to which Hamlet makes jeering comments which his hearers misinterpret. Then the players reënter, and Hamlet, after greeting them by name, draws one apart, mentioning a speech he once made, which particularly pleased him although 'twas caviare to the general.' By quoting bits of familiar parts, Hamlet so stimulates this actor that he gives an example of the histrionic art of the time, working himself up to the pitch of shedding real tears, like the character he impersonates. When most of the actors follow Polonius out of the room, Hamlet, in a quiet aside, arranges that this man shall interpolate in the play he has chosen, a few extra lines which he promises to furnish for him in good season.

This settled, the actor joins his companions, and Hamlet, after dismissing his friends, muses how

strange it is that a man should so well simulate a passion he did not feel as to weep real tears, while he, who has 'motive and the cue for passion,' is such a coward and villain that he dares not execute his vengeance! He murmurs that in order to make sure a crime has been committed, he intends to have the actors represent the very scene the Ghost narrated (which occurs in an old play) and watch its effect on his guilty uncle, triumphantly concluding 'the play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.'

ACT III. The third act opens in the castle, where their majesties question Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in regard to Hamlet's abstraction, and are disappointed that he did not confide in them, although he treated them with marked courtesy. When asked if they suggested some diversion, these young men joyfully report the arrival of the players, Hamlet's keen interest in them, and the fact they are to give a representation this evening. This news is confirmed by Polonius, bringing their majesties an invitation from the prince, which they joyfully accept, urging the young men to continue cheering Hamlet. When they have gone, the king tenderly begs his wife leave him alone with Polonius, for they wish to watch an encounter between Hamlet and Ophelia, so as to determine whether the prince is love-mad or not. As anxious as they to solve this problem, the queen withdraws, imploring Ophelia to play her part cleverly, and exclaiming that, if love is at fault, Hamlet can soon be cured!

Following paternal direction, the girl now takes

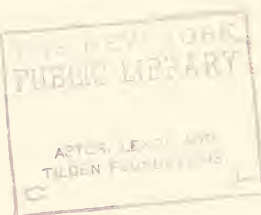


F. Stiele

HAMLET AND THE GRAVE-DIGGERS

Ham. "That skull had a tongue in it,
and could sing once,"

Hamlet. Act 5, Scene 1.



a book and paces up and down the gallery, while the king,—in a guilty aside,—comments upon her father's remarks. When sounds of footsteps are heard, king and counsellor vanish behind the hangings, just a moment before Hamlet appears on the stage, pronouncing his famous soliloquy, 'To be or not to be: that is the question'; wherein he debates a vital matter in lines which are the boast of English literature. At the end of his speech, suddenly becoming aware of Ophelia's presence, he addresses her gently, until she offers to return his tokens and keepsakes, sadly stating 'to the noble mind rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.' In his wrath, Hamlet's talk now becomes very odd. When he exclaims he once loved her, she admits he made her believe it; although he immediately declares she never should have done so! Then he roughly bids her go into a nunnery, depicting himself and all other men as 'arrant knaves.' When, in answer to a question regarding her father, Ophelia replies he is at home, Hamlet exclaims Polonius should be locked up, so he could play the fool nowhere else, adding a speech which seems so insane to Ophelia that she pitifully prays Heaven to restore his senses!

After another enigmatical speech, Hamlet leaves Ophelia, who bewails the overthrow of his noble mind, which reminds her of 'sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.' Just then the king and Polonius emerge from their hiding-place, the former attributing the prince's madness not to love but to melancholy. To cure it, he determines to send the prince to England to demand the tribute, hoping a

sea journey will dispel this cloud. Not only does Polonius approve this plan, but suggests that, after the play, Hamlet's mother try to worm her way into her son's confidence; while she does so, he proposes to listen, so as to report all they say to the king.

The next scene represents the hall of the castle, as Hamlet ushers in the actors, bidding one of them recite the lines he has given him without mouthing them or trying 'to out-herod Herod'—the King of the Jews being at the time the greatest ranter on the stage. These stage directions reveal an intimate knowledge of histrionic art, and for that reason have served as actors' directions ever since. While the players vanish to prepare for their parts, Hamlet is joined by Polonius and the two young men, from whom he enquires whether their majesties are coming to view the play? While the youths hasten off to summon them, and Polonius goes to hurry the players, Hamlet has the opportunity to inform Horatio that, considering him a just man and true friend, he bespeaks his aid. He adds that the play to-night is to represent his father's death, and that he wishes him to watch both king and queen closely so as to detect any signs of guilt which may appear. This scheme appeals to Horatio, who promises to keep his eyes open, as the audience begins to appear.

The formal entrance of king and queen is followed by the courteous exchange of greetings between them and the prince. Then Hamlet addresses Polonius, who plumes himself upon having played the part of Julius Cæsar while at the university. Although the queen invites Hamlet to sit at her feet, he

places himself near Ophelia, remarking to his mother 'here's metal more attractive.' Then he plunges into a very Elizabethan conversation with this young lady, remarking when she comments upon his gay spirits, that he has every cause to be merry, seeing his mother is so joyful although his 'father died within these two hours!' In surprise, Ophelia contradicts this statement, reminding him that event is already two months old, ere the music begins, accompanying a dumb-show presentation of the coming play.

In pantomime a loving royal couple part in a garden, where the sleeping king is soon surprised by a poisoner, who, after stealing his crown, pours venom into his ear. The queen, on returning, finds her spouse dead, but in the midst of her grief, accepts gifts from the poisoner and then his hand. Unable to grasp the meaning of this dumb-show, Ophelia begs an explanation from Hamlet, who mysteriously bids her listen to the prologue. Only three lines however, introduce the play, and as they merely bespeak the audience's patience, Ophelia is not much enlightened.

But the rising curtain, reveals the play-king congratulating himself upon having been happily married thirty years, years which his spouse assures him have been sweet and happy for her. When the king adds that being the elder, he will soon have to leave her a widow, and mentions the fact she may marry again, she indignantly denies all such intention, virtuously declaring 'none wed the second but who kill'd the first,' words whose effect upon their

majesties Hamlet keenly notes. Meantime, the play goes on, the royal actors smoothly acting their parts, and protesting undying affection for each other. Finally the play-queen withdraws, leaving her husband to rest, and Hamlet, turning abruptly, asks his mother how she likes what she has seen. Coldly remarking 'the lady doth protest too much, methinks,' she avoids all further reply, while the king enquires what the plot is, only to be told by his stepson it 'is the image of a murder done in Vienna.'

Just then a new actor appears on the scene, whom Hamlet designates as a nephew of the play-king, adding that the poison he holds is of such potency that a few drops in the monarch's ear will end his life. Even while Hamlet is explaining the action on the stage, his uncle suddenly rises and leaves the room. Deeming him ill, Polonius calls for lights, orders the play suspended, and most of the courtiers leave the hall, but Hamlet idly hums snatches of song, and discusses with Horatio the effect of this representation upon the king. Finally, Hamlet calls aloud for music to end the entertainment, just as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern join him, reporting the king angry and the queen sending for him in 'most great affliction of spirit.' Hamlet sarcastically comments upon their message, while the players produce their instruments. Then, seizing these, he suddenly begins talking about them, explaining glibly that it 'is as easy as lying' for experts to handle the stops, subtly intimating that his friends have not the required skill to play upon his feelings.

This by-play is interrupted by Polonius' repeating the queen's summons to Hamlet, who still pays no heed, but calls the bystanders' attention to the shape of the clouds. To humour what they consider insane fancies, Polonius and the rest agree with all he says, until the prince comments upon his friends' pliancy, shrewdly remarking 'they fool me to the top of my bent.' But, when they have left him, nerved by 'the very witching time of night,' he prepares to join his mother 'and speak daggers to her, but use none.'

In another room in the castle, the king, conversing with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, announces he is about to send Hamlet to England with them, deeming it unsafe to keep a madman so near his person. Both young men again promise to do their best to lure the prince out of his melancholy mood, ere they leave to prepare for the journey.

Joining his master, Polonius now reports Hamlet on his way to visit his mother, adding that he will listen to them from behind the arras. As the king approves of this eavesdropping, Polonius hurries off, while his majesty bewails his offence, which is so 'rank, it smells to heaven.' His sense of guilt, and of the unforgivableness of his crime, so weighs upon him, that longing to be reconciled to Heaven, he retires to pray, although he still has no intention of making atonement.

Meanwhile Hamlet comes in, and seeing the king on his knees, is seized with a desire to avenge his father's death on the spot. But, suddenly remembering his parent had no time to make his peace with

Heaven, he decides to postpone his vengeance until some moment when he can catch the villain reveling in crime. Instead, therefore, of drawing his sword upon the unconscious king, Hamlet steals out again in quest of his mother, while the monarch slowly rises from his knees, ruefully exclaiming, 'my words fly up, my thoughts remain below: words without thoughts never to heaven go.'

The next scene is played in the queen's closet, where Polonius instructs her what to say and do, before vanishing behind the arras. On entering, Hamlet finds his mother apparently alone, and, when she remarks he has offended his father, bluntly retorts she has offended him still more. This rejoinder is resented by the queen, who, finding all her reproofs caught up in the same way, and alarmed by her son's wild looks, suddenly calls for help. This cry being echoed by the hidden Polonius, Hamlet madly stabs him through the arras, under the hysterical impression he is slaying his father's murderer, and thus effecting the promised revenge! When the fall of Polonius causes the queen to exclaim in horror, Hamlet coolly informs her it is no worse to kill a king than marry his brother, and then, raising the hangings and discovering the slain man, he sadly comments, 'I took thee for thy better.' Turning to his mother, Hamlet bids her sit down while he 'wrings her heart,' which, in spite of her protests, he proceeds to do in the coldest-blooded fashion, by setting forth the heinousness of her crime for which she had no shadow of an excuse. So graphically is it brought before her that the queen

cringes before her son, wailing his words have entered her ears like daggers! It is at this moment the spectre reappears, and Hamlet, seeing him, assures him he has not forgotten his injunctions. Meanwhile, his mother, noticing he stares at something she cannot see, deems him insane, a belief which is strengthened by his trying to make her see the Ghost, too; but it vanishes, just as she exclaims, 'This is the very coinage of your brain.'

After imploring his mother to repent, and 'assume a virtue' if she has it not, Hamlet expresses deep regret for Polonius' death; then he bids the queen farewell, saying he must start for England with his comrades, whom he is as little inclined to trust as 'adders fang'd,' and whom he fully intends to 'hoist with their own petar,' for he has discovered they bear sealed orders. The curtain falls just as Hamlet draws away Polonius' corpse to dispose of it.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in the castle, where the king wonders why his wife sighs so deeply. After Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have been dismissed, she says it is because Hamlet is mad, as he has proved by slaying Polonius, who was hiding in her room. More convinced than ever of the danger of leaving Hamlet free, the king exclaims they must place him under restraint, or they will regret it. Then he wonders how he can account for the counsellor's death, which he fears may be laid at his door, and enquires where the unfortunate prince is now? When the queen describes Hamlet, weeping in solitude over his crime, the king decides to ship

him off immediately, and summoning the two young men, bids them convey Polonius' corpse to the chapel, while he and his wife impart to their friends what has occurred, and consult with them how to prevent further misfortunes.

Hamlet is muttering that the corpse is safely stowed away, when the two young men draw near calling his name. On entering, they demand what he has done with the body, and refuse to believe him when he grimly retorts he has "compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin." As he refuses to be more explicit, and dubs them 'sponges' because they 'soak up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities,' they deem him really mad and soon withdraw.

In another room, the king, talking to himself, awaits their return with the corpse. Finally one of them enters empty-handed, reporting the body cannot be found, and that, as the prince will give them no satisfaction, he is now at the door, guarded by his companion. Giving orders to admit Hamlet, the king sternly demands of him where Polonius may be, and is startled to be briefly informed 'at supper,' until Hamlet adds a grim description of the feast the worms are having, and of the mutations' human flesh can undergo! Unable to obtain what he considers a sensible answer from the prince, the king finally orders a search for the corpse, announcing that Hamlet must prepare immediately to sail for England. Unresisting, the prince bids him farewell, terming him 'mother,' a title he considers justifiable since husband and wife are one flesh. When he has

gone, the king charges both young men to watch closely over him, and sail without delay, exclaiming when they have gone, that if England wishes to please him, Hamlet will soon be put to death, and he will thus be able to enjoy the fruits of his crime.

The curtain next rises on a plain in Denmark, where Fortinbras, marching with his troops, sends a captain to secure the king's conveyance across his realm. This force moves out of sight, before Hamlet appears, and, gazing at the vanishing army, enquires of the Captain what it is, and whither bound? The Norse Captain replies that his master is on his way to recover 'a little patch of ground that hath in it no profit but the name,' and Hamlet, shrewdly perceiving the real import of these words, dismisses him. When his companions implore him to follow them, he promises to do so shortly and, left alone, soliloquises that 'all occasions do inform against me, and spur my dull revenge!' Still, with a father slain and a mother dishonoured, he feels it wrong not to act, yet hesitates to do the bloody deed he has been called upon to perform. Hoping to nerve himself for it, he prays 'from this time forth, my thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.'

In a room in the castle we next overhear the queen asked to grant an interview to Ophelia, whose reason has evidently been unsettled by her father's sudden death. Seeing the queen's reluctance, Horatio urges her to speak to the poor girl, lest she 'strew dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.' Thus reminded of appearances, the queen orders

Ophelia admitted, and Horatio hastens out to get her. But, instead of answering her majesty's kindly questions, Ophelia chants snatches of song, looking so distracted that the queen, in pitying horror, points her out to the king when he comes in. He, too, tries to soothe and question the maiden, but receives nothing save chanted or irrelevant replies, until, all at once, Ophelia calls for her coach, and taking ceremonious leave of an imaginary audience, goes away.

Bidding Horatio follow to see no harm befalls her, the king turns to his wife, mournfully declaring, 'when sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions,' and adds that this is one result of Polonius' murder. He is so haunted by fears, that he declares 'this, like to a murdering-piece, in many places gives me superfluous death,' just as a sudden noise startles him, and makes him nervously call for his guards. But, instead, a gentleman bursts in with the tidings that young Laertes, heading some malcontents, is advancing, hailed everywhere by the cry 'Laertes shall be king!' Before their majesties can grasp what this means, a tumult is heard in the palace itself, and Laertes appears with his followers, whom he bids tarry at the door, while he demands his father of the king. When the queen admonishes him to be calm, Laertes hotly declares that is impossible, and looks so threatening that the monarch reminds his wife of the 'divinity doth hedge a king.' Then, hearing Laertes reiterate a demand for his father, the king informs him Polonius is dead. When the queen tremblingly adds that her husband

is not responsible for this death, Laertes accuses them both of trying to deceive him and grimly vows he will be avenged.

The king pronounces these sentiments praiseworthy, and has just repeated he is not to blame for Polonius' death, when their attention is diverted by Ophelia's reëntrance. On beholding his demented sister, Laertes wails aloud that it is strange a young maid's wits should be as easily destroyed as an old man's body! Meanwhile, Ophelia sings snatches of song, her wild actions adding to her brother's fierce longing for revenge. Then she distributes the flowers she has gathered to those around her, with such pretty speeches that her brother wails she turns 'thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,' 'to favour, and to prettiness.' After another weird ditty Ophelia passes out of the room, while Laertes calls God to witness this is a sad sight. The king, however, now prevails upon the excited youth to appoint friends to judge between them, volunteering to forfeit title and estates should he be found guilty of Polonius' death. This offer is accepted by Laertes, who mutters his father's plain funeral is another matter to be accounted for; but, after bidding him 'let the great axe fall,' wherever he 'finds offence,' the king succeeds in leading him away.

Meantime, in another room in the castle, a servant approaches Horatio, announcing that recently landed seafarers wish to deliver letters addressed to him. While the servant goes in quest of these men, Horatio opines the missives can be from Hamlet only

since he has no other friend abroad. A moment later sailors enter, and after exchanging greetings, proffer the letter they received from 'the ambassador bound for England.' Upon opening this missive, Horatio discovers that the messengers bear letters to the king, that two days out at sea Hamlet and his companions were attacked by pirates, and that, having boarded their vessel, the prince was carried off by accident. The pirates have, however, treated him so mercifully that in exchange he proposes to do them a good turn; meanwhile, he implores his friend to join him, for he has matters of such moment to impart that they will strike him dumb. As the letter concludes with the information that Guildenstern and Rosencrantz are continuing their journey to England, Horatio, fancying the king may be glad to have these tidings, leads the sailors away.

Meantime, the king and Laertes have been holding their momentous conference, and the curtain rises just as his majesty concludes that, after hearing all, Laertes can but hold him guiltless. He adds it was impossible to proceed against the real criminal in the manner Laertes suggests, without almost killing Hamlet's mother, and that besides the Danes are so devoted to their prince that any arrow aimed against him would have rebounded on the sender! From all this Laertes sadly concludes he has lost both father and sister, yet must bide his time for the revenge which the king promises shall ultimately be his.

Just then the messenger delivers the letters the sailors have brought for king and queen. On open-

ing them, the king reads aloud how Hamlet has been 'set naked on his kingdom,' and will soon present himself to beg pardon and explain the reason for his return. These tidings sorely displease his majesty, who, with Laertes' help, scans every word, in hope of discovering some hidden meaning. Although unable to account for this news, his majesty persuades Laertes not to seek immediate revenge, but to be guided by him, promising to entice the prince to some exploit, 'under the which he shall not choose but fall,' for, although determined to get rid of Hamlet, he does not wish to seem to have caused his decease.

Having wrung from Laertes the required promise, the king reveals how a skilled fencer recently so praised Laertes' skill that Hamlet became madly jealous. He intends to manipulate matters so cleverly that the prince will accept a challenge to fence with Laertes before the court, when he suggests that Laertes' rapier be unbuttoned. This scheme of revenge suits the youth, who further proposes to poison the point of his weapon, so that the least scratch will prove mortal, promising to play his part so skilfully that his father shall be avenged. The king promises that a poisoned drink shall also be ready to slake Hamlet's thirst, and thus further hasten his departure from this world.

Just as this plan is settled, the queen comes in, pitifully announcing to Laertes that his sister is drowned! Then, gradually she reveals how, leaning upon a willow overhanging a stream (which she was decorating with flowers), the branch broke, hurl-

ing Ophelia and her garlands into the water, where, upheld for a little while by her garments, she finally sank singing into a watery grave.

ACT V. The fifth act opens in the churchyard, where two grave-diggers at work comment upon Ophelia's death. They wonder whether it was due to suicide or accident, quote the coroner and the law, and come to the conclusion that, had Ophelia not been a gentlewoman, she would doubtless have been refused Christian burial. Not only do they extol their calling above all other, but propound conundrums, until finally one goes for liquor as Hamlet and Horatio draw near. Because the sexton hums a tune, Hamlet deems him unfeeling, until Horatio reminds him how custom dulls one's senses. Soon the man throws up a skull with the dirt, and Hamlet pounces upon it, wishing it might speak. He adds that it may have belonged to some courtier, and is dilating on the subject to Horatio, when the man digs up a second skull, which the prince fancies may have belonged to a lawyer. After a while, Hamlet questions the grave-digger, who, after some ambiguous replies, admits he is digging a grave for a woman. Asked how long he has pursued this trade, he rejoins ever since Hamlet was born, adding ruefully that the poor prince has been shipped to England because he was mad, although he deems such a voyage will scarcely benefit him, seeing all Englishmen are insane! When Hamlet questions how long it takes a corpse to resolve into dust, the sexton gives him some gruesome data, and picking up a skull, explains it once belonged to Yorick, the king's

fool. Hamlet, who remembers Yorick as a fellow of 'infinite jest,' with whom he played as a child, comments upon this cranium, and finally asks Horatio whether great Alexander can have looked and smelled like that, setting it aside with disgust. The fact that 'imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away,' serves as epilogue to the homily on death which Hamlet pronounces ere a funeral procession draws near.

To his surprise, Hamlet recognises the royal couple among the mourners, and soon concludes from the maimed rites that the corpse did 'foredo its own life.' Drawing aside with Horatio, he closely observes what's going on, and thus overhears Laertes demanding what other ceremonies can be used? The priest compassionately informs the bereaved brother the utmost has been done in allowing the corpse to rest in sanctified ground, instead of reposing outside, exposed to insult. But the mere mention of insult offered to Ophelia drives Laertes almost mad, and makes him hotly retort his sister will be 'a ministering angel,' while the priest lies howling in Hades! These remarks reveal to Hamlet it is Ophelia they are burying, just as the queen steps forward to strew flowers into her grave. Then, unable to part with such beloved remains without another embrace, Laertes springs down into the hole, wildly bidding them pile earth above them both!

Excited by this example, Hamlet,—whose sense of loss is equally great,—suddenly leaps down into the grave, too, to dispute the possession of the corpse

with Laertes. In his rage at facing his father's murderer and the unconscious cause of his sister's death, Laertes fiercely attacks Hamlet, and both young men wrestle madly until the attendants forcibly separate them by order of the king. Her majesty reproaching Hamlet for this unseemly demonstration, the prince hotly rejoins he loved Ophelia more than 'forty thousand' brothers, and challenges Laertes to outdo him in devotion to her. Softly imploring Laertes to remember the prince is mad and pay no attention to his speeches, their majesties, seeing Hamlet now hurry off, beseech Horatio to follow him. Then, again whispering to Laertes, the king reminds him of their plot, promising to 'put the matter to the present push,' ere he repeats the queen should have her son closely watched, and volunteers to erect a monument over Ophelia's grave.

In a hall in the castle, Hamlet talking to Horatio alone, exclaims 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,' and that, owing to this providence, he discovered while on shipboard that his companions were bearing sealed orders from the king. Having secured the packet from his sleeping fellow-travellers one night, Hamlet discovered it contained the order for his immediate execution, which he hands to Horatio. Having decided to meet treachery with treachery, he next describes how he replaced this letter by another,—ordering the bearers slain,—sealing it with the seal of Denmark which his father had given him, and replacing the packet where he found it, so no one could suspect it had ever been touched. On the very morrow

occurred the piratical raid, in the course of which Hamlet was separated from his companions, whose 'defeat does by their own insinuation grow.' Horrified by all he has learned of the king's crimes, Horatio cries out against him, warning Hamlet, however, that news from England will soon reveal the fact that he tampered with the sealed letter. Still, as the interim is his, Hamlet intends to use it to secure his ends.

The entrance of the steward,—whom Hamlet mystifies by ambiguous remarks,—puts an end to this conversation, and starts another in a more playful vein. By setting this man at ease and inducing him to talk, Hamlet soon learns about the fencer's visit, of his extravagant praise of Laertes' skill, and of the king's wager the latter cannot get the better of Hamlet. When the messenger eagerly enquires whether Hamlet will accept such a match, the prince rejoins if Laertes will meet him in the hall, he will fence with him in presence of the court. Delighted with this satisfactory answer, the man hurries off, but, after he has gone, Hamlet and Horatio comment upon his empty-headedness, until a lord comes in to enquire when the fencing-bout shall take place. Ready to consult the king's pleasure in this matter, Hamlet receives the lord courteously, even when he delivers a message from the queen imploring him to 'use some gentle entertainment to Laertes,' before beginning to fence. Finally, the lord goes off to assemble the spectators, while Horatio warns Hamlet he will lose in this wager, although the prince does not deem defeat possible, see-

ing he has kept in constant practice. Nevertheless, Hamlet further betrays his fatalistic turn of mind, just as their majesties and train enter the hall, followed by servants, bearing foils and a table covered with refreshments.

When the king bids both young men shake hands and be friends, Hamlet publicly declares that, if he wronged Laertes, his madness is to blame. Then both prepare to fence, while a servant hands them the foils, and his majesty mentions the conditions of the bout and the wagers staked upon it. Although Hamlet accepts the first foil offered him without demur, Laertes calls for a lighter one, while the king anxiously superintends the arrangement of the refreshments to be offered to the fencers between bouts.

At a given signal the match begins, both young men showing great skill ere the first breathing spell occurs, when the king reveals his satisfaction by offering a pearl and drink to Hamlet. Not feeling thirsty, the prince pushes the cup aside without tasting it, and continues to fence, until his adversary admits he has been touched. The queen, after pronouncing her son 'fat and scant of breath,' offers him her handkerchief to dry his brow, and, feeling thirsty, catches up the cup he rejected, without heeding her husband, who tries to restrain her and exclaims in an aside that she has quaffed the poisoned drink! While she tenderly mops the perspiration from Hamlet's face, Laertes approaches the king, to whisper he will now touch his antagonist. Stealthily slipping off the button during the next encounter,

he does wound Hamlet; but, in the midst of the scuffle, both fencers drop their weapons, and while hastily recovering them, Hamlet, by accident, seizes Laertes' foil, with which he now wounds him in his turn. Just as he is crying that the champions are incensed and must be parted, the king beholds the queen sink fainting to the ground. While attendants rush to her rescue, Horatio supports Hamlet, and a servant, discovering Laertes is wounded too, solicitously asks how he feels, only to hear him gasp, 'I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.'

Meantime, Hamlet shows deep concern for his mother, who, recovering her senses, gasps she is poisoned by the drink ere she expires! Calling for the doors to be locked until the poisoner is discovered, Hamlet is informed by Laertes that, wounded with a poisoned rapier, he, also, has not an hour to live. But although mortally hurt by the self-same weapon, Laertes still retains energy enough to accuse the king of poisoning the cup out of which the queen drank.

To avenge his mother's death, Hamlet pierces the king with the poisoned rapier, and then, fearing he may yet escape, compels him to drink some of the drugged wine. A moment later the king expires in agony, while the dying Laertes exchanges forgiveness with noble Hamlet. About to follow his former friend into the better world, Hamlet bids farewell to Horatio, charging him 'report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied.' But Horatio, unwilling to survive him, and 'more an antique Roman than a Dane,' tries to drink what is left of

the drugged wine, while Hamlet frantically struggles to prevent his doing so, imploring him to live and tell his story.

Their generous dispute is interrupted by shouts and the sound of an advancing army, which a servant exclaims is that of Fortinbras, coming with the returning ambassadors. Regretting not to live long enough to learn what tidings they bring, Hamlet appoints Fortinbras his successor, and dies exclaiming, 'the rest is silence.'

His friend, opining 'now cracks a noble heart,' hangs speechless over Hamlet's corpse, just as Fortinbras appears. Standing in the midst of the awe-struck court, Fortinbras wonders at the corpses he sees, while the English ambassador regrets not to be able to deliver a message, assuring the Danish monarch Guildenstern and Rosencrantz were executed as prescribed.

Addressing Fortinbras and the ambassador, Horatio solemnly promises to explain all about 'the carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,' which have finally 'fall'n on the inventors' heads.' Meantime, Fortinbras orders that Hamlet receive the honours due a brave soldier, and has the rest of the corpses borne away, while a dead march is played and a salute fired.

ROMEO AND JULIET

THIS play opens with a fine prologue, stating that two noble houses in Verona are at feud, and that in the course of a couple of hours we shall see what befell 'a pair of star-cross'd lovers,' from the time they first met until their tragic death put an end to their parents' strife.

ACT I. The first act opens on a square in Verona, where two Capulet retainers converse in a punning strain about the feud until interrupted by some Montagues, whom they decide to insult. In consequence a fight ensues, in the midst of which Benvolio, a Montague, hastens up and beats down the fighters' swords. While he is doing this Tybalt, a Capulet, approaches and defies him until he fights. This duel naturally occasions a clamour, and attracts spectators, including old Capulet, who fussily calls for his sword, although his wife deems a crutch would be a more appropriate weapon for an infirm man. Montague and his spouse also appear, and the former has just defied his rival, when Prince Escalus comes up with attendants. Not only does he compel the brawlers to throw down their weapons, but declares should further trouble occur, death will be the penalty. Then he disperses the crowd until none remain upon the scene save Montague with his wife, and Benvolio, who graphically relates how the tumult arose.

The account is barely finished when Lady Montague enquires for her son, expressing satisfaction he was not involved in this fray. Benvolio tells her Romeo was seen an hour before sunrise, seeking solitude in a grove. Having noticed such signs of perturbation in his son, old Montague vows he has vainly tried to discover its cause, just as Romeo draws near; so, bidding the parents step aside and let him question the youth, Benvolio engages to discover the root of this melancholy.

The parents gone, Benvolio accosts his cousin, and after a few remarks demands 'what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?' Then, on discovering the youth is a victim of unrequited love, he bids him forget the lady he cannot win, although Romeo declares such a feat impossible. Certain that were he to examine other beauties, he would soon discover his lady-love less charming than he deems her, Benvolio urges him to give 'liberty unto thine eyes.'

In the next scene Capulet informs Paris, a kinsman of the prince, that the houses of Capulet and Montague are subject to equal penalties should they break the peace. Although the elders can easily respect the prince's order, he fancies it will be difficult for the younger members of the families to do so, a fact which fails to interest Paris, who insists upon an answer to his suit for Juliet's hand.

Because his daughter is under fourteen, Capulet tries to temporise, until Paris assures him many women in Verona have married earlier. Rejoining 'my will to her consent is but a part,' Capulet then suggests that Paris woo Juliet at the ball that

evening, where he will have opportunity to compare her with others, 'and like her most whose merit most shall be.' Turning to a servant, Capulet then hands him a list, bidding him notify the people on it to attend the ball that evening, adding 'my house and welcome on their pleasure stay.'

When Capulet has passed off the stage with Paris, the mystified servant stares at the paper, for, not knowing how to read, he is unable to carry out these orders until he finds out what names it contains. While he is in this quandary, Benvolio and Romeo stroll past, still arguing, and Benvolio states 'one fire burns out another's burning, one pain is lessen'd by another anguish,' as the servant accosts them. After an awkward preliminary, the man entreats Romeo to read him the list, so the youth good-naturedly rattles off the names, including that of the very lady he loves. When the man has gone, Benvolio suggests that as Rosaline,—object of Romeo's passion,—will be at the ball, they should go thither in disguise, to compare her with the other beauties in town. The prospect of an evening near his beloved proves too alluring for Romeo to refuse, although he feels sure none can outshine her, since 'the all-seeing sun ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.'

In a room in the Capulet mansion the mistress asks for her daughter. Loudly summoned by her old nurse, Juliet soon appears, submissively greeting her mother, who, to an enquiry whether she is not fourteen, receives a voluble answer which proves the accuracy of the nurse's memory. Silencing this

loquacious woman, Lady Capulet states the time has come to think of Juliet's marriage, although the young lady herself has not dreamt of such an honour; but when Lady Capulet adds that Paris sues for her hand, the nurse expatiates on his charms until rebuked. Her communication made, Lady Capulet leaves the room, bidding her daughter study that evening whether she wishes to accept Paris, and receiving her promise to 'look to like, if looking liking move.'

In a street in Verona strolls Romeo attended by Mercutio, Benvolio, and a troop of gay maskers. When he wonders how they can account for their uninvited presence in the Capulet dwelling, Benvolio assures him they will not even be noticed. In his indifference, Romeo offers to act as torch-bearer, although his companions advise him to join in the dance; but in spite of their joking he remains sad, listening only half-heartedly to Benvolio's description of the way the queen of the fairies haunts mortals' dreams.

Transferred to a hall in the Capulet mansion, we see musicians waiting until their services are required, and servants hurrying to and fro exchanging remarks. All at once Capulet appears, leading his daughter, to welcome the masked guests, playfully stating that any lady refusing to dance will be suspected of suffering from corns! At his signal the music begins and the guests dance, Capulet looking on, for he is too old to take part in the revels, and prefers talking to an aged kinsman. These two are indulging in reminiscences when

Romeo, who has been lurking in a corner, detains a passing servant, to ask who the lady may be who is treading a measure close by? Although this man does not know her, Romeo, enraptured by her beauty, exclaims, 'she hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,' adding that he 'ne'er saw true beauty till this night.' Fancying he recognizes a Montague voice, Tybalt now calls for his rapier, vowing that if one of their hated foes has forced his way in, it is in scorn for their solemnities! Hearing his nephew fume, Capulet demands what it means, and when informed of Romeo's presence, declares he will have no affray, but that as long as the guest behaves properly, he can remain unmolested. This decision so enrages Tybalt, that after some protest he withdraws, exclaiming, 'this intrusion shall now seeming sweet convert to bitterest gall.'

Unaware of the commotion his presence has caused, Romeo approaches Juliet,—the object of his admiration,—and gallantly addresses her in a playful vein to which she readily responds. After some exchange of compliments, he ventures to kiss the maiden, who, far from resenting such familiarity, would gladly have continued the conversation with him, had she not been summoned away by her nurse. In hopes of discovering who his fair interlocutor may be, Romeo detains this woman, who fussily informs him her mistress is the good, wise, and virtuous lady of the house, mother to the young lady, whom she nursed. Learning thus Juliet's origin, the horrified Romeo is about to rush out, when his friend Ben-

volio detains him, saying the sport is at its height. While they are talking Capulet passes through the room, and invites all his guests to partake of the banquet just served.

Watching the maskers file out, Juliet begs her nurse tell her their names, pointing out last of all the man in whom she feels specially interested. On learning he is Romeo, 'the only son of your great enemy,' she wails in despair her 'only love' sprang from her 'only hate! too early seen unknown, and known too late!' before she withdraws with the nurse.

ACT II. In the prologue to the second act we are told that the young people, having fallen in love with each other, 'passion lends them power, time means, to meet, tempering extremities with extreme sweet.'

Immediately after the ball, Romeo strolls down the lane beside the Capulet orchard, unable to go home because his heart lingers in this neighbourhood. He has just climbed over the wall, and leaped down into the Capulet orchard, when his two friends call for him, wondering where he has gone? While Mercutio supposes he is off to bed, Benvolio feels sure he has climbed the orchard wall, so the former conjures his friend by all he holds sacred to answer or appear. Afraid lest Romeo may resent their banter, Benvolio finally draws Mercutio away, sagely declaring, 'Tis in vain to seek him here that means not to be found.'

Overhearing his friends, Romeo murmurs, 'he jests at scars that never felt a wound,' ere he creeps forward until a light appears in a window above, and

affords him a lovely glimpse of the object of his adoration. In his rapture Romeo wishes Juliet were aware of his presence, and noticing how she leans on the window-sill, exclaims, 'O, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!' In the night's silence he finally catches Juliet's sigh and is beside himself with joy to hear her softly breathe his name, regretting he should be a Montague. While he hesitates whether to answer, she dreamily concludes a name is nothing, for 'that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet,' and wishes he would doff his distasteful appellation.

Impetuously, Romeo swears he takes her at her word, and is new baptised, his voice so startling her that she timidly enquires who 'thus bescreen'd in night,' stumbles upon her counsel? Unwilling to pronounce a name hateful to her, Romeo vows he cannot answer, but although she has heard so few words from his lips, Juliet immediately recognises his voice. She wonders how he came thither, since 'orchard walls are high and hard to climb,' but he fervently assures her 'love's light wings' helped him over, for 'stony limits cannot hold love out.' When Juliet exclaims her kinsmen will murder him, Romeo assures her 'there lies more peril in thy eye than twenty of their swords,' adding that he is besides well hidden by 'night's cloak.' Because Juliet wonders how he discovered this place, Romeo reiterates love was his pilot, thus causing such a vivid blush to rise to her cheeks that she is glad he cannot see it. Nevertheless, so eager is Juliet to hear him openly proclaim his affection that 'she

invites him to state his feelings, adding that should he deem her too quickly won, she will 'frown and be perverse and say thee nay, so thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.' She also implores him not to consider her behaviour light, but when he attempts to swear by the moon, hastily checks him, vowing that is inconstant. Nevertheless, believing he truly loves her, she whispers a gentle good-night, although he entreats her not to leave him thus unsatisfied.

The nurse's call interrupts one of the most exquisite love scenes ever penned, and Juliet vanishes still imploring Romeo to be true. In his rapture, the lover blesses the night which has brought him such joy, yet fears this is a dream 'too flattering-sweet to be substantial.'

He is still lingering below, when Juliet reappears above, whispering that should his purpose be marriage, he can send her word on the morrow by the messenger she will despatch, informing her where to meet him to have the wedding rite performed. She has just fervently declared 'all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay and follow thee my lord throughout the world,' when the nurse again interrupts. Then she timorously adds that should Romeo not mean honourably he had better depart and leave her to her grief, and has barely time to hear him protest fidelity ere she goes in.

When she has vanished, Romeo decides that 'love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books, but love from love, toward school with heavy looks.' Just then Juliet reappears a third time at the balcony, comparing herself to a falconer who would

fain lure his bird back again. To her surprise, Romeo softly addresses her and when she enquires at what hour she must send her message, and he appoints nine, she sighs the time will seem long until then. Because she cannot remember what she wished to say, Romeo offers to stand there till her memory return, but Juliet reluctantly dismisses him, admitting, 'parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good-night till it be morrow.' When she has finally gone in, Romeo hastens off to Friar Laurence's cell, 'his help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.'

The curtain next rises on the friar's cell at dawn, just as he enters with the basket of herbs he has culled in the forest. While he is soliloquising on their medicinal properties, Romeo appears, and when the friar wonders at so early a visit, denies having been with Rosaline whom he has almost forgotten. He confesses to have been feasting, instead, with his enemy, where, although mortally hurt, he dealt a similar wound, for which the friar possesses the only remedy in his 'holy physic.' Then, as the friar rejoins 'riddling confession finds but riddling shrift,' Romeo sets forth more explicitly that, having fallen in love with Capulet's only daughter, he has come to beg the friar to marry them to-day. Marvelling at so sudden a transfer of affections, yet hoping 'this alliance may so happy prove, to turn your households' rancour to pure love,' the friar consents, although he prudently admonishes the impetuous lover to go 'wisely and slow.'

In the street we next behold Mercutio asking

Benvolio where Romeo can be? In reply Benvolio rejoins he is not at home, for Tybalt has sent thither a challenge far more serious than the love-bolt with which Mercutio claims Romeo has been slain. In such a punning guise that Benvolio has difficulty in following his meaning, Mercutio relates what has occurred, and has barely finished when Romeo joins them.

Welcomed with the remark that he cleverly gave them the slip, Romeo tries to appease his friends by joking with them. He is still talking when Juliet's nurse draws near in festive array, solemnly escorted by Peter, whom she orders about to the amusement of the three young men. Sailing up to them, the nurse enquires for Romeo, with whom she wishes to have some private talk. This statement amuses his friends, who, after jokes and snatches of song, depart with mocking farewells.

The youths gone, Romeo pacifies the offended old woman by assuring her Mercutio is 'a gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.' Then he implores her to commend him to her mistress, who she avers will be 'a joyful woman.' Next, he bids her tell Juliet to come to the friar's cell that afternoon, under pretext of confession, so they can be married. Forcing the nurse to accept a tip, he adds that his man will presently bring her a rope-ladder, of which she must take charge, and which will enable him to visit his bride at night without being seen. This romantic plan so appeals to the old woman that she volubly pro-

nounces her little mistress the sweetest lady in town, prolonging the scene by her tedious speeches, and sailing off again, with Peter in attendance, only when Romeo has duly impressed upon her the main points of his scheme.

The curtain next rises on the Capulet orchard, where Juliet impatiently awaits the return of her nurse, whom she chides for slowness, so eager is she to learn what message Romeo sends. When nurse and Peter therefore appear, Juliet, after dismissing the man, eagerly questions the old lady, who puffs and blows, complains of her back, and refuses to answer, until she has driven her nursling almost wild. Finally, Juliet learns that Romeo will meet her at the friar's cell, where they will be married, and that her nurse is presently to fetch 'a ladder, by the which your love must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.' This information causes Juliet to part from her nurse, longing for afternoon, when she will 'hie to high fortune!'

We return to the friar's cell, just as the holy man hopes the heavens will so smile 'upon this holy act, that after hours with sorrow chide us not!' He has barely finished this pious hope when Romeo exclaims it will be bliss enough to call Juliet his, although the friar gravely warns him 'violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die.' At this moment the light-footed Juliet draws near, gently greeting her confessor, who declares Romeo must express thanks for them both. The lover's measure of joy is, however, too overflowing to permit ready utterance, a state of affairs from which

Juliet is suffering also; so, perceiving the depth of their mutual passion, the friar invites them in, saying, 'you shall not stay alone till holy church incorporate two in one.'

ACT III. On a public square, Benvolio suggests to Mercutio they had better retire for fear of a broil, an excuse which seems passing strange in one who is 'as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.' The two friends are arguing about the matter when Tybalt and his companions enter, demanding to speak to the representatives of the Montagues. So truculent is Tybalt's manner that he and Mercutio, notwithstanding Benvolio's efforts, soon begin a quarrel. Then Romeo appears, whom Tybalt immediately dubs a villain and challenges; but Romeo,—who has special reasons for keeping the peace,—refuses to fight, declaring Tybalt will soon learn the reason for such forbearance. Enraged by what seems a lame excuse, Mercutio challenges Tybalt, who begins fighting, while Romeo rushes between them, imploring them to cease, and reminding them of the duke's prohibition. Even while he stands thus between the combatants, Tybalt deals Mercutio a treacherous wound and flees. Calling for his page to fetch a surgeon, Mercutio answers Romeo's comforting remarks by grimly assuring him that, although his wound is 'not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door,' he will be dead before the morrow. In his agony he entreats Benvolio to help him into a neighbouring house, while Romeo laments that his dear friend should have received a mortal hurt, and his reputation should be

smirched, by the very man who has been his kinsman one brief hour. He also confesses his forbearance has been exercised merely for love of Juliet, whose 'beauty hath made me effeminate and in my temper soften'd valour's steel!'

A moment later Benvolio reports Mercutio dead and Tybalt coming back in a rage. This news so infuriates Romeo that he attacks the cowardly assassin, bidding him retract his 'villain,' and declaring Mercutio awaits one of them to accompany him to the better world. Because Tybalt is aching for a fight, they close with fury, and fight until Romeo sees his adversary fall. His friend now anxiously urges him to flee, for a crowd is gathering and it is likely the prince will condemn him to death. With the heartrending cry that he is 'fortune's fool,' Romeo dashes off, just as citizens rush in on all sides, clamouring for Mercutio's slayer. While pointing to Tybalt, Benvolio himself is seized as the murderer, just as the prince, Montague, and Capulet appear. When the ruler of Verona enquires how this fray began, Benvolio, with a running accompaniment of exclamations from both factions, accuses Tybalt of murdering Mercutio, describes Romeo's reluctance to fight, and depicts his generous indignation on learning his friend's death. Although he swears to the truth of this tale, the Capulets refuse to believe him, and clamour for Romeo's punishment, while the Montagues insist that the fault lies solely with Tybalt. After hearing both sides, the prince decrees Romeo shall be exiled, adding that should further brawls occur,

neither 'tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.'

The curtain again rises on Capulet's orchard, just as Juliet at her window bids the hours travel apace, so night may soon bring her newly-plighted husband. So deeply is she in love that she exclaims when Romeo dies he should be cut 'in little stars, and he will make the face of heaven so light, that all the world will be in love with night and pay no worship to the garish sun.' She is still soliloquising when her nurse comes in, and flings the rope-ladder at her feet, gasping that 'he is dead,' and they are undone! As the pronoun applies to one man only in Juliet's mind, she is horrified, and when the nurse cries, 'O Romeo, Romeo! who ever would have thought it?' she passionately enquires whether her lover is dead? Instead of answering, the nurse dilates upon the wound and the appearance of the corpse until broken-hearted Juliet feels sure she will fill the same coffin as her lover. Then the foolish old woman wails Tybalt was the best friend she ever had, and Juliet, noting the past tense, wonders whether Romeo and Tybalt are both dead? Only then does the nurse inform her Tybalt is slain and Romeo banished! On hearing her lover killed her kinsman, Juliet despairingly wonders how it all came about, and why Romeo did not spare one so closely related to her? But the nurse pessimistically assures her 'there's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men,' although Juliet pronounces Romeo's brow far too noble for shame to sit upon it. Hearing the wife thus defend her husband, the nurse chides

Juliet for speaking well of Tybalt's murderer, until the girl insists Romeo killed her kinsman in self-defence, and vows she will uphold her beloved at any cost. The word banishment, which the nurse has uttered, now returns to her memory, and she mourns that Romeo should be sent away, and enquires what has become of her parents? When the nurse reports both weeping over Tybalt's corpse, Juliet rejoins her tears will all be for Romeo, from whom, although just wed, she is already parted. Hearing this, the nurse bids her retire to her chamber, promising Romeo shall come there to comfort her, for she knows he is hidden in the friar's cell, whither she now proposes to betake herself, bearing the ring Juliet gives her, and an entreating message to come and bid farewell to his bride.

The next scene reveals the friar, summoning from the dim background of his cell Romeo the 'fearful man,' 'wedded to calamity.' When Romeo emerges from the gloom, dully enquiring what sentence the prince has pronounced, the friar gently informs him he is banished, but not condemned to death. But, as banishment entails parting with Juliet, Romeo deems it even worse than death, although the friar reproaches him, and declares the prince has dealt mercifully. When Romeo describes the pain it costs him to part from his beloved, the friar bids 'adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,' comfort him, although Romeo, sure no philosophy can ever evolve a Juliet, bitterly rejects it, declaring were the friar as young as he, and in love, he might then understand his feelings!

Romeo has just flung himself on the ground, in despair, when a knock impels the friar to urge him to hide. Because Romeo refuses to move, the holy friar only partly opens the door, until he beholds the nurse, who no sooner says she is come in Juliet's name than he describes Romeo's grief. The nurse avers it is the exact counterpart of that of her mistress, and then, perceiving the young lover, addresses him directly. When he eagerly enquires for his beloved, Romeo is told Juliet does nothing but weep and call out alternately his name and Tybalt's. This report adds such poignancy to his remorse that, longing to end his life, Romeo draws his sword, wildly asking in what part of a man's anatomy his name lodges, as he is determined to cut his out. Staying his hand, the friar informs him he has no right to take his own life, and lectures him sternly on duty. Then he bids him take leave of Juliet and retire to Mantua, where he promises him frequent tidings of her, holding forth a hope that soon he can call him 'back with twenty hundred thousand times more joy' than he went forth in lamentation. This hope not only cheers the lover, but fills the nurse with open-mouthed admiration for clerical wisdom, and she goes off, after giving Romeo the ring, to announce his coming to her mistress.

Although the friar approves of this parting interview between the married lovers, he gravely warns his charge to steal to Juliet's side only under cover of darkness, and to leave her before dawn, as it will not be safe for him to linger in Verona. Such is the comfort the friar's words have bestowed that



Wm. Kaulbach

ROMEO AND JULIET

First Watch. "Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet dead before,
Warm and new kill'd."

Romeo and Juliet. Act 5, Scene 3.

Romeo rapturously assures him, 'But that a joy past joy calls out on me, it were a grief, so brief to part with thee.'

In a room in the Capulet mansion, Juliet's parents are talking to Paris, who is renewing his suit for their daughter's hand. The father regrets Juliet should show such extravagant grief for the death of a cousin, and deems it wise to change her ideas by hastening the marriage. He, therefore, declares that, although grand nuptials are now impossible, the marriage can be privately celebrated on Thursday, and urges his wife to prepare their daughter for it. Eager to secure so beautiful a bride, Paris wishes Thursday nearer, while Capulet goes out, repeating his instructions that Juliet is to be immediately notified of her coming wedding.

We again perceive the orchard toward dawn, just as Romeo and Juliet appear at the window. Entreating her husband not to leave her, Juliet assures him it was the nightingale which 'pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,' to which Romeo regretfully rejoins it was 'the herald of the morn,' and points out streaks of light in the east. When Juliet ascribes them to meteoric effects, and implores him to remain with her, Romeo promises to linger, saying he is ready to hail death should Juliet will it. But, trembling for his life, Juliet now feverishly urges him begone, and they are clinging sadly together in farewell, when the nurse warns them to separate as day is breaking, and Lady Capulet is coming to visit her daughter. Hearing this, Romeo springs out of the window, and after a last em-

brace vanishes down the ladder, while Juliet, leaning over the railing, implores him to write, reminding him that 'in a minute there are many days.'

Romeo has barely gone, after a lingering farewell, and Juliet is still hoping fickle fortune will soon bring him back, when Lady Capulet is heard enquiring whether her daughter is still up. A visit at such an hour surprises Juliet, who, in reply to her mother's questions, confesses she is not well. Perceiving tears, which she attributes solely to sorrow for Tybalt's death, Lady Capulet bids her child cease mourning, insisting that 'some grief shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some want of wit.' But, when she proceeds to revile Romeo, Juliet warmly exclaims she wishes none but she might 'venge her cousin's death.' Thinking this betokens a longing for revenge and hoping to comfort her, Lady Capulet suggests sending some one to Mantua to poison Romeo, and Juliet eagerly begs the poison be entrusted to her, promising to temper it so that Romeo will 'soon sleep in quiet.' These remarks entirely blind the mother, who, further to cheer her daughter's downcast spirits, reports how her 'careful father' has fixed her marriage with Paris for Thursday next! The terrified Juliet then protests she has no desire to marry, adding that, although they know she hates Romeo, she would rather espouse him than be married on such a short notice. So passionate a protest merely irritates Lady Capulet, who, seeing her husband approach, coldly bids Juliet repeat this statement in his hearing.

Entering the apartment, Capulet demands why

his daughter is weeping, and whether she has received his message? When Lady Capulet petulantly rejoins their foolish daughter refuses consent, Capulet is surprised she should prove so ungrateful when he has picked out so fine a husband for her. Juliet, trying to speak, is roughly silenced by her father, who decrees she shall either betake herself to church on Thursday next of her own free will, or be dragged thither on a hurdle. Because Juliet now falls at his feet imploring him to listen patiently, he exclaims his fingers itch to strike her, adding bitterly that, whereas he once regretted having only one child, he now finds one too many. When the nurse interferes to defend her charge, she, too, is harshly scolded, and the testy old gentleman finally stalks out, muttering as ultimatum that his daughter shall marry Paris on Thursday, or beg her bread!

Wondering 'is there no pity sitting in the clouds that sees into the bottom of my grief?' Juliet wildly implores her mother to delay the wedding, for a month or week, or lay her in the tomb where Tybalt lies;—frantic entreaties, which Lady Capulet considers so foolish that she merely hastens out to further the wedding preparations.

Turning to her nurse, Juliet now despairingly asks how to prevent this crime, for 'my husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.' But, instead of helping and comforting her, the unscrupulous woman rejoins that since Romeo is banished, and she will never hear of him again, she had better accept Paris and be happy in a second marriage. When Juliet questions whether she can be speaking from her heart,

the nurse replies with such sincerity, that perceiving she can obtain no aid from her, Juliet, dissembling her real feelings, bids her inform Lady Capulet she has gone to the friar's cell, to confess and be absolved for displeasing her father. Then she dismisses the unprincipled attendant, who cordially approves of so pious a course; but, left alone, Juliet reviles the old woman for giving such unscrupulous advice, declaring that she will hasten to the friar, and adding that if he knows no remedy, and 'all else fail, myself have power to die.'

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in Friar Laurence's cell, while he is conversing with Paris, who has come to make arrangements for his wedding, and seems very eager to claim his bride. When the friar asks whether he has ascertained the lady's wishes, Paris rejoins that, while Juliet is still dissolved in tears over Tybalt's murder, their wedding is being hastened purposely to divert her thoughts. The friar has just muttered such nuptials should rather be 'slow'd,' when he sees Juliet coming, and calls Paris' attention to that fact. Greeting his betrothed joyfully, as his lady and his wife, Paris is coldly reminded that title does not yet belong to her; still, gallantly assuring her it will before long, he enquires whether she has come to confess, a question she puts off, until the friar contrives to dismiss him.

When he has gone, Juliet bids Friar Laurence close the door and weep with her, and when he cries he knows the cause of her grief, wildly entreats him to devise some means to prevent this marriage.

She passionately adds that she will stab herself rather than break her vows;—words which suggest to the friar a fine plan whereby she can be saved from bigamy. Because he exclaims desperate circumstances require desperate remedies, Juliet volunteers to do anything, rather than marry Paris, excitedly offering to face all manner of horrors, so as to remain ‘an unstain’d wife to my sweet love.’ Since such are her sentiments, the friar bids her return home pretending joyful assent, and on her wedding eve quaff the drug he gives her, which will induce a sleep so like death that she will be laid away in the family vault. He promises that when she awakens at the end of forty-two hours, Romeo,—warned by him,—will be in the vault, whence he and the friar will bear her off to a place of safety. The prospect of joining her beloved so charms Juliet, that she unhesitatingly accepts this poison, vowing love will give her strength to bear even this ordeal. Then she leaves the friar, who assures her one of the brethren will hasten immediately to Mantua to apprise Romeo of their plan.

In a room in the Capulet mansion, the owner, after bidding his steward invite certain guests, charges him to hire twenty extra cooks, whose efficiency the man proposes to try by observing whether they lick their fingers, a sovereign test for expert cooks. The steward gone, Capulet enquires for his daughter, and is pleased to learn she has gone to the friar’s, because he hopes to see her return in a better frame of mind. Just then the nurse reports her charge coming ‘from shrift with merry

look,' and Juliet on entering immediately begs her father's pardon, promising henceforth to be ruled by him. Such submission gratifies Capulet, as does the news she met Paris and spoke kindly to him. Then, turning to her nurse, Juliet invites her to help her choose her wedding attire, and Capulet sends his wife after them, promising to look after household matters and interview Paris, while she devotes her attention to adorning the bride.

In Juliet's chamber we next overhear the young lady begging her nurse to leave her alone for the night, as she has 'need of many orisons to move the heavens to smile upon my state.' Just then Lady Capulet comes in, and learning all is ready, and Juliet anxious to retire, goes off with the nurse, after bidding her daughter a fond good-night. They have barely gone when Juliet exclaims, 'God knows when we shall meet again,' and shudders with nameless fears. Nevertheless, determined to do her part bravely to escape sin, she not only produces the phial, but prepares a dagger, so, in case the mixture fails to work, she can save herself from perjury. Gazing at the phial, she then wonders whether the friar can have given her poison, and shudders at the thought of waking in the vault before Romeo joins her. But, in spite of all the horrors her lively imagination can conjure, Juliet drinks the dose, exclaiming, 'Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.'

In a hall in the same house we see Lady Capulet and the nurse making final arrangements for the wedding, while Capulet bustles about giving orders.

A moment later he dismisses the women to rest, and after they have gone, examines the dishes carried to and fro, and issues commands. All at once music without announces the arrival of the bridegroom to awaken the bride; so, hastily summoning the nurse, Capulet bids her dress Juliet, while he entertains this early guest.

The curtain next rises on Juliet's chamber as the nurse steals in, and deeming her charge fast asleep, tries to rouse her, first by pet names and then by gentle chiding. Obtaining no reply, she finally draws aside the curtains, only to behold her nursling lying upon the bed fully dressed. Because even then Juliet does not stir, the nurse bends over her, and discovering her inanimate, cries out in such terror that Lady Capulet comes rushing in. She, too, unable to believe her eyes, raises such a commotion that the father arrives, sternly bidding the women hurry, since the bridegroom is waiting. When wife and nurse wail that Juliet is dead, Capulet refuses to believe them until he notes her joints are stiff and cold.

All are loudly lamenting when the friar ushers in the bridegroom, enquiring whether the bride is ready for church? Despairingly exclaiming she will go there never to return, Capulet adds that Paris' bride has wedded death! Although he had longed for a glimpse of Juliet's 'morning face,' Paris is so horrified by the sight which now meets his eyes that he joins with the rest in bewailing this untimely death, until, silencing this wild outburst of grief, the friar declares Heaven had the best right to the

fair maid. To this consolatory speech Capulet bitterly adds the wedding-feast can serve as funeral banquet, and the bridal flowers to deck his daughter's grave! Still, this seems a more reasonable mood to the friar, who bids all prepare to consign the beloved remains to the tomb.

After the parents, Paris, and the friar have sadly passed out of the room, the musicians also decide to depart, a resolution in which the nurse and Peter strengthen them. But, even in the presence of death, these men cannot refrain from exercising their wit upon Peter ere they file out.

ACT V. The fifth act opens on the street of Mantua where Romeo strolls, musing on a dream he has had of Juliet, and declaring some great bliss is surely coming, since his 'bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.' His meditations are interrupted by the arrival of one of his servants, from whom he eagerly craves news of his father, Juliet, and the friar. This man,—who is not sent by the friar, but has heard the news,—now bluntly announces Juliet's death, testifying he saw her laid in the vault before starting to bring the news. Hearing this, Romeo wildly defies the stars; then suddenly calls for pen, ink, and post-horses, declaring he must leave to-night. His pallor and wildness terrify his servant, although Romeo reassures him and bids him hasten to execute the orders received.

His servant gone, Romeo in a wonderful soliloquy, promises to be with Juliet to-night, for, having noticed a poverty-stricken apothecary in Mantua, he intends to purchase from him some drug which

will rid him of life. Talking thus, Romeo reaches the apothecary's shop, where he knocks so loudly that its owner immediately appears. Proffering money, Romeo demands a speedy poison, although the vender insists Mantuan laws will not allow its sale. Nevertheless, he yields after a while to Romeo's prayers, under pretext 'my poverty, but not my will consents,' and, giving Romeo a phial of poison, bids him pour it into any liquid, stating it will instantly kill. With this treasure, Romeo prepares to journey straight to Juliet's grave, where he intends to commit suicide.

The curtain next rises on the friar's cell, as he starts in surprise in beholding the brother he sent to Mantua. In reply to his questions, this monk relates how on the way thither he entered a house, where, as there was a contagious disease, he has been quarantined until now. Instead of delivering the letter to Romeo, therefore, he is bringing it back, to the intense horror of the friar, who wildly bids him fetch a crowbar. Wondering at such an order, the brother shuffles off, while the friar mutters he must hasten to the monument, where, within three hours' time, Juliet will awaken. He realises how she will chide him for not having warned Romeo, and decides to hide her in his own cell until she can rejoin her husband. Thus he leaves the scene, pitying the poor lady 'closed in a dead man's tomb!'

In the churchyard near the Capulet vault Paris appears, having vowed to visit the tomb of his betrothed each night. After taking torch and flowers from his page's hand, Paris bids him watch, whistling

a warning should any one appear. Although afraid to mount guard in a churchyard, the page dares not disobey, and Paris, left alone, murmurs he is about to strew Juliet's bridal-bed with flowers. Just as he enters the vault a shrill whistle resounds, so, knowing some one is near, Paris muffles his light and hides, for he does not wish to be disturbed in his 'true love's rite.'

While he is thus lurking in concealment, Romeo draws near, with a servant bearing a torch and mattock. Bidding the man give him the instrument with which he proposes to break open the tomb, Romeo hands him a letter to deliver to his father on the morrow. Then, explaining he wishes to secure a valuable ring on Juliet's finger, Romeo charges this man not to interrupt him, whatever he sees or hears, threatening to tear him limb from limb should he dare spy upon him. Terrified by such threats, the servant moves off, muttering he fears his master's looks and doubts his intentions.

Left alone, Romeo passionately addresses the 'detestable maw' which has swallowed up his beloved, and bids it unclinch its jaws to receive more food! Then he violently breaks open the vault, on beholding which act Paris fancies this Montague has come 'to do some villainous shame to the dead bodies.' He, therefore, rushes forward, bidding Romeo pause. Warning this antagonist he is a desperate man, Romeo,—as Paris disregards his words,—begins madly fighting with him, to the terror of the page, who rushes off to summon the watch. A moment later Paris falls, mortally

wounded, but using his last breath to beg Romeo to lay him beside Juliet. Bending over this victim, Romeo now recognises with amazement Count Paris, whom he vaguely remembers hearing was to marry Juliet the very day she died. Taking up the corpse, he grimly proceeds to fulfil the dead man's last request, exclaiming as he enters the vault, that Juliet's beauty fills the place with light.

First disposing of Paris, Romeo muses upon the sights he sees, and after addressing his victim Tybalt, approaches Juliet, who is so beautiful and life-like in her immobility that she does not seem dead. After lingering farewells, feeling Juliet has been gone too long without him, Romeo drinks the poison and expires embracing her.

Meanwhile, at the further end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence appears with lantern and spade, praying St. Francis' aid, but starting on meeting Romeo's man. Perceiving at the same time a light in the vault, he breathlessly enquires what it means, whereupon the man informs him that his master entered that place about half an hour ago. Vainly inviting the terrified servant to follow, the friar hurries on into the vault, murmuring he fears some unlucky occurrence, while the man calls after him that, while dozing under a yew tree, he dreamt his master fought with another man and slew him.

Advancing, softly calling Romeo, the friar marks the bloodstained swords and gory soil. Then, on entering, he perceives Romeo, pale as death, and Paris steeped in blood! At this moment Juliet's eyes uncloze, and recognising the friar, she eagerly

asks for Romeo. Hearing some noise without and fearing consequences, the friar whispers they must hasten forth from this 'nest of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep,' where a 'greater power than we can contradict has thwarted our intents.' Then, as Juliet does not stir, he shudderingly adds her husband and Paris lie dead beside her, but that he will take her away and place her in a sisterhood. No sooner is Juliet aware of Romeo's proximity, than oblivious of everything else, she bends over him, bidding the friar depart alone, for she will not go. Fearing to be caught, the priest hurries out, while Juliet, discovering the cup in Romeo's hand, gently chides him for having drunk all its contents without leaving her a share. Then she passionately kisses him, hoping some poison may still cling to his lips. Meanwhile, the watch without have summoned the page to show the way, and Juliet, hearing them approach and fearing their intervention, seizes Romeo's dagger and sheathes it in her breast.

The swords and marks of conflict, first startle the watchmen, who, on entering the vault, discover Paris slain, Romeo dead, and Juliet warm and bleeding, although buried two days before. They, therefore, excitedly bid the page notify the Capulets, Montagues, and prince, and meanwhile seize Romeo's servant, and the friar whose suspicious tools prove he was bent on some strange errand!

When the prince appears, he sternly demands what all this means? But, before his questions can be answered, the Capulets rush in, exclaiming the streets resound with the names of Romeo, Juliet,

and Paris, and crowds are hastening to the monument! Bidding them forbear until he can ascertain what has happened, the prince questions the watchmen, who testify having found Paris slain, Romeo dead, and Juliet,—whom they deemed already lifeless,—breathing her last. They point out the instruments which served to open the vault, while Capulet, bending over his daughter's body, calls his wife's attention to the fact that a Montague dagger is sheathed in her breast! While Lady Capulet bewails this sight, old Montague rushes in, and the prince questioning him, learns he is overwhelmed with sorrow, because his wife has died of grief at her son's exile. Then, suddenly beholding Romeo's corpse, the bereaved father passionately reproaches his son for being so unnatural as to 'press before thy father to a grave.'

Meanwhile, investigating further, the prince hears the friar condemn and excuse himself in a breath, stating how he married Romeo, but how, on their wedding day, Tybalt was slain, and the bridegroom banished! Friar Laurence also reveals how Juliet, to remain true to her beloved, took a powerful drug, and adds that Romeo, summoned to lead her out of the tomb, failed to receive his letter. For that reason he came hither himself, only to discover how Romeo and Paris, visiting the same grave, had crossed swords at its mouth. Next he describes how he found Paris bathed in blood, and Romeo breathing his last beside Juliet, further declaring he was about to lead the poor girl away, when, startled by the approach of the watch, he fled. It,

therefore, becomes evident that, left alone in the vault, Juliet took her own life in despair.

The prince, knowing the friar is a holy man, next questions Romeo's servant, who relates all he knows, and delivers the letter. Then, calling Paris' page, the prince interrogates him, too, and from him learns how his master perished. On opening Romeo's letter, the prince not only perceives the whole truth has been told, but informs all present that Romeo procured from a Mantuan apothecary the poison which enabled him to die beside his Juliet. Then, turning to the life-long foes, the prince solemnly bids them behold 'what a scourge is laid upon your hate,' adding that in punishment for countenancing their feud, he, himself, has lost two kinsmen.

The broken-hearted Capulet now offers his hand and forgiveness to Montague, as his daughter's marriage portion, while the latter volunteers to raise a golden statue to Juliet, so all Verona may know she was 'true and faithful.' Not to be outdone by his quondam foe, Capulet proposes to erect an equally rich effigy of Romeo, ere the prince bids all disperse, decreeing that 'some shall be pardon'd, and some punished: for never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo.'

CORIOLANUS

ACT I. The first act opens in a street in Rome where mutinous citizens, armed with staves and clubs, talk excitedly, being determined to rebel rather than starve. They are loudly yelling that Marcius,—a descendant of their ancient kings,—is the chief foe of the people, that the surplus wasted by the patricians would maintain them all in comfort. Besides, they resent the fact that one class of Roman society revels in luxury while the other is starving. They, therefore, declare that Marcius, although a brave soldier, protects only the rich and cares naught for the poor, and are just proposing to storm the Capitol when checked by the arrival of Menenius, whom,—knowing he is ever ready to befriend them,—they hail with joy.

After a brief parley, Menenius informs them that the patricians have always taken care of them, and that the dearth of which they complain is due to the gods alone. Seeing the mob incredulous, he tries to explain the situation by the fable of the limbs and the stomach, which latter was considered a lazy glutton, for whom the poor limbs were obliged to work. During this narration, there are frequent interruptions, but Menenius finally arouses mirth in his hearers by addressing one of the noisiest among them as the 'Great Toe' of the body politic.

Then he demonstrates how the limbs were at fault, as the stomach was working to make blood to nourish the different parts of the body, and adds that, while the senators of Rome may be likened to the stomach, the common people, like the mutinous limbs, merely injure themselves by rebelling.

He has almost persuaded the plebeians to obey when Marcius joins him, roughly reproving the rioters for insubordination. To his aggressive haughtiness the people reply by ironical remarks, whereupon he shows how little he cares for their good opinion, knowing they always bow down before those least deserving of honour. When he again demands the cause of their outcries, they clamour for corn at low rates, thus giving him a good opportunity to tell them that if they would only use their swords to fight, they could quickly win all they need! But he grudgingly adds that the senate has just appointed tribunes to watch over their interests, a concession which enrages him.

While Menenius is marvelling at it, a messenger breathlessly calls for Marcius, announcing that the Volscians being under arms, his services are required to defend his country. A moment later a deputation of consuls, senators, and tribunes reports an attack imminent, whereupon Marcius exclaims the Volscians are well led by Aufidius, a lion he is 'proud to hunt,' and whom he has frequently met in battle before. Knowing this, the senators bid him accompany their consuls to war, a charge Marcius gladly accepts, because it will give him another chance to distinguish himself in the face

of the foe. His enthusiasm causes Lartius, the second consul, to boast that although wounded, he will enter battle leaning on his crutch!

Marcus is about to accompany the deputation back to the Capitol to take measures for Rome's safety, when an attempt is made to disperse the mob. Because the plebeians hesitate to obey, Marcus ironically invites them to come with him and fight the Volscians, who possess rich granaries, and thus secure all the food they need. The rabble, afraid to fight, melts away, and after a brief time, two of the tribunes remain alone on the scene, to comment upon the taunts and jibes Marcus flung at the people, adding that the coming campaign will only increase his pride. Still, they do not doubt he will, by his bravery, outshine both consuls and reap all the honours, ere they betake themselves to the senate.

The next scene occurs in the senate at Corioli, where all have assembled to receive Aufidius, who announces that although there are no tidings from Rome, he expects a speedy attack. Then he reads aloud a letter, wherein is stated both Roman consuls and Marcus, his old enemy, are coming to meet him. Lastly, he reproaches the senators for not allowing him to strike the first blow, as in his opinion they should have secured a number of towns before the Romans were afoot. Knowing Aufidius' talents as general, the senators implore him to act as he deems best, leaving them meantime to guard the city. This decision pleases the general, who vows should he and Marcus meet, they will strike

'till one can do no more,' ere he takes his leave, accompanied by the good wishes of all the people.

We are now transferred to Rome, where, in Marcius' house, we behold his mother Volumnia, and wife, Virgilia, sewing. Although the wife sighs because her husband has been summoned to war, the mother exults, for he has always returned victorious; she, therefore, dwells upon his triumphs from early boyhood, and answers proudly when Virgilia suggests that instead of conquering he might have been slain. Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, who is shown in while Virgilia is still timorously praying her husband may be protected from Aufidius' blows. This guest, Lady Valeria, after greeting both ladies, enquires for Marcius' son, who, although but a child, bids fair to rival his father in bravery and activity. After a while, however, Volumnia and the caller decide to visit one of their friends, but Virgilia prefers to linger at home, anxiously thinking of her husband, who is besieging Corioli.

We are now granted a glimpse of the siege of this town, before which Marcius and Lartius are making a wager on the issue of the day. Then they summon the Corioli senators, who appear aloft, proclaiming that although Aufidius is not within their walls, they hear his drums summoning the young men to drive away the foe. A moment later a Volscian host issues from the town, whereupon Marcius bids his men make a brave stand, promising them victory provided they do their part. In spite of his eloquence, the Romans are driven back

to their trenches, Marcius swearing hotly at them to turn and fight or incur his lasting wrath. By his rough eloquence he finally encourages them to make a new attempt, which proves so successful that the Volscians flee, Marcius pursuing them to their very gates, which he urges his men to enter boldly. But, at the critical moment, the soldiers hang back, and Marcius rushes alone into Corioli, whose gates slam between him and his forces!

The Romans deem him dead, and Lartius, joining them and hearing Marcius entered the city alone, loudly mourns such a jewel should be lost to his native land. While the Romans are still bewailing his loss, Marcius suddenly reappears, bleeding but alive, and seeing him beset with foes, Lartius flies to his rescue. This time, the Roman force, fighting bravely, penetrates into Corioli, where it soon begins plundering. While the rest are thus occupied, Marcius and Lartius scornfully watch them, until, noticing how freely his companion bleeds, Lartius implores him to have his wounds dressed. The hero, however, scorns to do anything of the sort, vowing he will appear before Aufidius in this bloody guise, and, leaving Lartius to guard Corioli, he hastens off to help the other consul.

In the next scene we behold the camp of Consul Cominius, who bids his men rest after fighting, briefly stating that although forced to retreat, he intends soon to charge again, and will sacrifice to the gods if successful. A breathless messenger now informs him how the citizens of Corioli effected a sortie, driving back the Romans to their trenches;

but, as this happened an hour ago by his own showing, Cominius fancies had a victory since been won, tidings of it would have reached him ere this. The messenger, however, replies no such news could come, as he himself was obliged to take a round-about way to escape the Volscian spies.

While they are still discussing the probabilities, bloodstained Marcius appears, breathlessly enquiring whether he has come too late? On hearing from Cominius that the fight is not yet finished, Marcius rejoices, and when asked how Lartius is thriving, reports he is holding Corioli, condemning some of its citizens to death, and the others to exile or ransom. When asked what gave rise to the report his troops were beaten, Marcius explains how the common file did fall back at first, but how he prevailed in the end, as he will relate at some fitting moment. Meantime, he is eager to learn where the foe is situated, and hearing Aufidius still lingers in the neighbourhood, craves permission to challenge him, vowing he will win if allowed to do so.

Although Cominius suggests it might be better first to attend to his wounds, Marcius considers them mere trifles, and eagerly calls those who love their country to follow him and defend it. Thereupon a number of volunteers brandish their swords and catch him up in their arms, vowing he shall lead them against Aufidius, with whom they are anxious to try issues again. Having thus worked them up to the right pitch of enthusiasm, Marcius leads his men off, promising the rest that all shall share in the booty.

We again behold the gates of Corioli, where Lartius, having posted guards, comes forth with drums and trumpets to rejoin his fellow-consul, bidding his lieutenant meantime hold the town and close the gates behind him.

The battle-field between the Roman and Volscian camps next appears, where trumpets are blowing and drums are beating, as Marcius and Aufidius enter from opposite sides of the stage. Such is their reciprocal hatred that they hurl defiance at one another ere they engage in single combat, their troops meanwhile rushing madly to and fro.

In the next scene the recall brings Marcius back to the Roman camp, his arm tied in a sling, only to be told by the admiring Cominius that were some one to relate to him his feats of that day, he would never believe them! Although pleased with such praise, Marcius seems embarrassed when the general adds he will relate his prowess to the senate, so the patricians can applaud him, the ladies shudder at his dangers, and the plebeians, who have hitherto hated him, thank their gods that Rome possesses such a champion.

It is just as Cominius finishes his laudatory speech that Lartius returns, declaring he was merely an auxiliary to Marcius, who vows their praise embarrasses him as much as that of his mother when she extols him to his face. Good-naturedly retorting his modesty will be spared as much as possible, Cominius, nevertheless, adjures Marcius to bear his honours as gracefully as possible, remarks which make little impression upon the hero, who

growls his wounds are smarting. Besides, he haughtily declines the proffered tenth of the booty, stating he craves no pay for what he has done, but will be content to share as usual with the rest. While the trumpets blow and cheers resound for Marcius, he fervently hopes his companions' voices will never be raised against him, and, vowing he cannot make a speech, begs permission to retire to dress his wounds.

Before allowing him to depart, Cominius publicly crowns him with an oaken garland, gives him his choicest steed, and hails him as 'Coriolanus,' since it is to his efforts the capture of Corioli is due. Although the new name is greeted with renewed demonstrations of joy, Coriolanus, still refusing to make a speech, vows he will have to go and wash his face so people can see his blushes. Then, while Cominius escorts him to his tent, Lartius hastens back to Corioli, after sending word to Rome of their victory. It is just as they are leaving the scene that Coriolanus remembers how an old prisoner implored his aid, and intercedes in his behalf, although he is too faint and weary to recall the man's name.

The curtain next rises on the Volscian camp, whither Aufidius returns announcing the loss of Corioli, and exclaiming he wishes he were a Roman, for the conquered cannot expect good treatment. He next avers that, although he has been beaten five times already by Marcius, he will conquer or die should they ever meet again. When his men exclaim that Marcius is a devil, he vows he is the



Geo. E. Robertson

CORIOLANUS LEAVING ROME

Cor. "Farewell, my wife, my mother:
I'll do well yet. Thou old old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's
And venomous to thine eyes,"

Coriolanus. Act 4. Scene 1.

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boldest man he ever met, adding he hates him so bitterly that he would fain wash his 'fierce hand in's heart.' Then he bids the bystanders find out which Volscians are to be hostages, and promises to await their report in a neighbouring grove.

ACT II. The second act opens on the public square in Rome, where Menenius, talking to two tribunes, tells them good news has been promised by the augurs ere night. Hearing his interlocutors exclaim such tidings will not be welcome to the people, who hate Marcius because of his boastful pride, he justly accuses them of the very fault for which they blame Marcius.

After the tribunes have withdrawn, the three women approach, and Menenius courteously enquires why they are thus abroad? Thereupon Volumnia proudly announces they are going to meet her son, who is returning victor, as a letter has just made known. She then adds that he will probably find a similar missive awaiting him at home, and when Menenius anxiously enquires whether Marcius has been wounded, joyfully exclaims he has indeed, and that these new wounds will bring him further honours. On hearing how Lartius himself wrote the news of Marcius' triumphs and of Aufidius' escape, Menenius rejoices ere he enquires whether the news has also reached the senate? Then, turning to the two tribunes who appear again, he tells them Marcius is coming, interrupting himself in the midst of his recital to find out from Volumnia where her son was wounded, and how many scars he can now boast. A moment later

a blast of trumpets heralds Marcius' arrival, his proud mother exclaiming that, while noise goes before him, he leaves tears behind him, for she knows many foes have fallen beneath his hand.

We now behold the triumphal return of the Roman troops, Coriolanus, crowned with his oaken garland, marching between the consuls, while a herald proclaims that fighting alone before Corioli, he won the name of Coriolanus, by which he is henceforth to be addressed. While all acclaim, Coriolanus deprecatingly implores them not to cheer him, just as Cominius calls his attention to the little group of women by the roadside. Kneeling respectfully before Volumnia, Coriolanus thanks her for her prayers, and then seeing his wife's tears, questions with playful deference whether she would have laughed had he been brought home dead. Next, he receives greetings from Menenius, who vows Rome will ever honour his name,—a statement to which all present subscribe.

Taking leave of his wife and mother, Coriolanus now continues with the procession to the senate, Volumnia exclaiming as he leaves the scene that she covets but one more honour for him,—the consulship,—although he rejoins he would rather be the people's servant in his own way than sway with them in theirs.

After the triumphal procession has swept out of sight, the tribunes comment on the fuss made over Coriolanus, adding that should he ever be elected consul their offices would 'go to sleep,' for no authority would be left in their hands. Their only

hope, therefore, lies in the fact that a consul's election depends upon the votes of the people, and that to obtain them, a candidate must humbly beg for them, exhibiting his wounds on the Forum, and thus bespeaking the favour of the voters. They artfully decide to remind the plebeians how Coriolanus has hated and scorned them, and thus subtly work to defeat his ambitions. Just as they have reached this decision, a messenger summons them to the Capitol, where Coriolanus is to be proposed as consul in reward for his heroic deeds. But, although they obey this summons, the tribunes do so fully determined to use their eyes and ears to direct affairs according to their wishes.

We next behold the Capitol, where two officers are laying cushions for the consular candidates, remarking while doing so that Coriolanus is 'vengeance proud,' and has never shown any regard for the people. Still, as they cannot but agree he has deserved well of his country, they hope his haughtiness will not interfere with his election. A moment later a blast of trumpets announces the arrival of the two consuls, attended by a train of lictors and senators, as well as by the candidates for office. While all the rest take their places, Coriolanus, seeing Cominius about to make a speech in his behalf, begs permission to withdraw, muttering he would rather be wounded again than sit still and hear himself praised. Then Cominius, in a wonderful speech, recalls the great deeds Coriolanus has performed in behalf of his country from the time when he was sixteen. His eulogy is so warmly ap-

proved by all present that on his reappearance the senate select the hero as next consul, adding that he will, however, have to bespeak the votes of the people in the Forum, ere his title is secure. Averse to don the garb of humility and sue for votes, Coriolanus reluctantly yields to his friends' wishes, and betakes himself to the market-place, to display his scars and ask for voices; but, perceiving his ungracious attitude, the tribunes ardently hope he will instead offend the people by addressing them in so haughty a manner.

The curtain next rises on the Roman Forum, where citizens, passing to and fro, discuss the coming election, adding that if Coriolanus humbles himself sufficiently, they will support his election, as they do not wish to appear ungrateful. Still, they feel it so unlikely the hero will try to conciliate them that they are greatly surprised to see him appear in the usual garb of humility, accompanied by Menenius. The latter,—evidently encouraging the reluctant candidate,—urges him to seize this opportunity to win the votes of some men passing by. Stiffly and ungraciously,—for he would rather bid the plebeians keep at a distance and wash their faces,—Coriolanus now bespeaks these men's votes. When asked, as usual, what claim he urges to such a distinction, he haughtily rejoins his 'own deserts,' thereby further antagonising his interlocutors, who feel his election depends solely upon *their* favour. Still, notwithstanding his repellent attitude, Coriolanus succeeds in winning a few votes, although he obstinately refuses to exhibit his wounds, and res-

tively cries, 'Better it is to die, better to starve, than crave the hire which first we do deserve.'

Nevertheless, with a sneer he cannot entirely suppress, Coriolanus concludes that, having gone so far, it is best to continue to the bitter end, and so goes on asking for votes in a surly way. It is at this moment Menenius returns with the tribunes, who sullenly inform Coriolanus, that having stayed in the market-place the customary length of time, and having won a certain number of popular votes, he is entitled to be invested with the emblems of his office. But they angrily frown when he proposes to change his garments ere repairing to the senate with Menenius. When he has gone, they also comment upon his evident irritation, and seeing some of the voters pass by, enquire why they favoured a man who mocks them, until they gradually make them discontented with their choice. Finally they work the people up to the point of exclaiming that Coriolanus, not having asked votes properly or exhibited his wounds, is unworthy of election, and that as he has not yet been installed in office, they will go to the senate and denounce him as their enemy. This decision delights both tribunes, who, after giving the mob explicit directions how they are to proceed, watch the rabble out of sight, ere they, too, hasten to the Capitol, separately, for they do not wish to appear to have had any hand in the coming turmoil.

ACT III. The third act opens in a street in Rome, where Coriolanus, Menenius, and many others are welcoming Lartius, who has just re-

turned, announcing that Aufidius is at Antium gathering new troops to attack Rome. This is startling news; but when Coriolanus hears the Volscian general longs to meet and beat him, he eagerly exclaims, 'I wish I had a cause to meet him there, to oppose his hatred fully.'

Then, seeing the two tribunes arrive, he expresses contempt for 'the voice of the people,' and when they forbid him to advance any further, haughtily demands what this means, only to be told his election is not yet assured, as the people are incensed against him. Although Menenius strives to keep Coriolanus calm in face of this calculated insult, he doesn't succeed, for the hero hotly denounces the tribunes in the most sarcastic way, although they insist they are acting in behalf of the plebeians whom he has scorned and deprived of corn. Such remarks so incense Coriolanus that his contempt for the 'mutable, rank-scented many' becomes more and more apparent. In fact, his remarks finally become so offensive that the tribunes declare they will make them known to the people. Hoping to deter them, Menenius reminds them they are stirring up evil feelings which will have bad results; but in spite of his efforts, Coriolanus denounces the tribunes, declaring the senators were wrong to allow the people such officers,—a statement they consider such rank treason that they call for an ædile to arrest the traitor. But, when this officer appears to lay hands on Coriolanus, he is reviled and beaten off by the hero's friends.

The ensuing commotion attracts a rabble of

plebeians, and although Menenius pleads for moderation on both sides, the tribunes instigate rabid cries against Coriolanus for refusing corn gratis. Thus, before long, the hero is surrounded by a mutinous rabble; for, in spite of the speeches of Menenius and of some of the senators in his behalf, the tribunes persuade the people to take their remarks in bad part, to accuse Coriolanus of trying to destroy the city, to refuse to let him become consul, to call him traitor, and to clamour for his death. Unable to brook the disgrace of arrest by an ædile, Coriolanus finally draws his sword, swearing some of them have already seen him fight and that he will now give the rest a chance to see what he can do. In the midst of the confusion caused by Menenius' cries for peace, and the tribunes' clamours to have Coriolanus arrested, a fight ensues, in which Coriolanus and the patrician party succeed in defeating the plebeians. This being accomplished, Menenius entreats Coriolanus to return home, while some of the other patricians bid him stand fast and hold his own. Although Coriolanus would feel no compunctions were he dealing only with foes, he yields to Menenius and Cominius when they urge him to forbear, and goes off with them, while a patrician sagely concludes he has 'marred his fortunes,' because his nature is too noble to stoop to flattery.

The tribunes soon return, heading a rabble demanding the traitor who spoke ill of the Roman people, as they wish to throw him down from the Tarpeian Rock like a common criminal. Even

Menenius' remonstrances are not heeded, and when he states that Coriolanus,—as consul,—cannot be touched, the cry arises he shall never hold office, as the people won't be governed by him. If he cannot be executed, the tribunes demand his banishment, although Menenius begs them to overlook Coriolanus' hasty words. All his eloquence can obtain is permission to seek the hero, and prevail upon him to apologise in the Forum, in which case the people will consider whether they can forgive him.

The curtain next rises in a room of Coriolanus' house, where, conversing with Menenius and the patricians, he vehemently declares that, although they pull his house down over his head, or hurl him from the Tarpeian Rock, he will never truckle to plebeians again! To his great surprise, however, his mother does not approve of these sentiments, although she fostered this intense pride; in fact, when he asks whether she would see him false to her teachings, she opines he should have held his feelings in check until invested with authority. Next Menenius urges that unless he apologise, their good city will 'cleave in the midst, and perish,' an opinion seconded by the rest, which determines Coriolanus to be influenced by his friends, and humbly accept his mother's suggestions in regard to the style of address he is to make. Thus schooled, the senators and Cominius escort him to the Forum, warning him every step of the way to restrain his wrath and speak 'mildly,' because meanwhile the tribunes have been steeling the people's hearts against him.

We are next transferred to the Forum once more, where the tribunes are eagerly plotting to charge Coriolanus with affecting tyrannical powers, and with not justly distributing the spoil. They are soon joined by an ædile, announcing that Coriolanus is coming, accompanied by the patricians who favour him. He adds that the disaffected people have been assembled and duly instructed, and seems glad when the tribunes state at their mention of fine, banishment, or death, the plebeians will take up the cry, until there will seem no appeal against the popular sentence. These measures settled, the ædile withdraws, while one of the tribunes arranges to irritate Coriolanus by repeated contradictions, thus forcing him to speak out so boldly and intemperately that he will be condemned by his own mouth.

When Coriolanus, therefore, reluctantly appears, the ædile ushers in the citizens, whom the tribunes invite to draw near so as to hear what Coriolanus has to say. Then, in the presence of the mob, the tribunes demand that the consular candidate submit to lawful censure for his behaviour. But while Menenius tries to turn the tide by mentioning Coriolanus' services and wounds, the hero himself unwisely pronounces them trifling matters, and by such bluntness further antagonises the commoners, although Menenius reminds him to keep calm and conciliate them. When openly accused by one of the tribunes of treachery, Coriolanus, unable to restrain his wrath, publicly calls him a liar, which insult the tribune bids the people note. Thereupon cries arise, 'to the rock, to the rock with him!' until the

tribune calls for silence, stating that, although Coriolanus deserves death for opposing the laws, his services in behalf of Rome entitle him to certain consideration.

This statement proves so offensive that Coriolanus declares he would rather be sentenced to death or exiled than have anything more to do with ungrateful people. Whereupon the tribune immediately pronounces the sentence of banishment, and, as prearranged, the people shout Coriolanus shall leave Rome under penalty of death! In spite of all Cominius can do, these shouts become so persistent that the banishment is decreed, while Coriolanus fiercely avers he is glad to leave a place where he is so misunderstood. Ere he departs, however, he reviles both tribunes and people, showing them how he despises them, and reminding them that, when he has turned his back upon the city, they will be defenceless. When Coriolanus has departed with the patricians, the plebeians and ædiles shout for joy, thinking they are rid of a foe, and the tribunes decide it will be well to see Coriolanus safely out of the city. They, therefore, bid the citizens accompany them, a duty these men perform with enthusiasm, calling upon the gods to preserve their noble tribunes!

ACT IV. The fourth act opens before the gates of Rome, where Coriolanus is taking leave of family and friends, urging his mother, Volumnia, to remember her own teaching, for she has always told him that 'extremity was the trier of spirits,' and has striven by wise precepts to steel him against

fate. The tears of his wife, however, almost unman him; still, when his mother curses the Romans, he reminds her she is not acting in a patriotic manner. Then Coriolanus pities Menenius, whose tears are far more bitter than those of a young man, and refuses Cominius' proffered company for a month, although he seems glad to accept his escort a short distance. After exchanging touching farewells with his wife, mother, and friends, Coriolanus departs, saying they shall hear from him often, but 'never of me aught but what is like me formerly.'

A little later the two tribunes and an ædile are seen on the street gloating over the fact that they have seen the last of Coriolanus. But, although triumphant, they deem it best to show humility and bid the ædile dismiss the mob which is no longer needed. Then, seeing the women return from the gate, the tribunes try to avoid them, but are unable to do so. When they come face to face, Volumnia vehemently reviles her son's enemies,—although Menenius tries to restrain her,—and silencing every remark the tribunes try to make, declares her noble son as far exceeds them as the Capitol does the meanest house in Rome.

We next behold a highway between Rome and Antium, where a Roman and Volscian, meeting, begin to converse about public affairs. On hearing the Roman report Coriolanus has been banished, and that the two political parties in Rome are divided, the Volscian expresses great delight, since his general means to take advantage of this unfortunate state of affairs to attack Rome. He predicts that, know-

ing his worst enemy, Coriolanus, has been banished, Aufidius will surely be victorious in this campaign.

The succeeding scene is played in Antium before Aufidius' house, whither Coriolanus arrives disguised as a beggar, and mutters that having made so many widows in this city, it will be best not to make his presence known. Accosting a passing citizen, therefore, Coriolanus merely enquires for Aufidius' house, and is surprised to learn he is standing directly before it, and that the general is entertaining the senators that night. But, when his interlocutor passes on, Coriolanus bitterly muses on the change in his fortunes, for he, who was once Aufidius' greatest foe, has come hither to join forces with him for the sake of revenge!

A moment later he has penetrated into the hall of Aufidius' house, where servants pass to and fro, while music is heard in an inner apartment. Repeatedly dismissed by the servants,—who take him for a beggar, and bid him begone,—Coriolanus, in spite of these orders, presses on to the hearth, whence, not daring to oust him, they call their master to turn him out. A moment later Aufidius, seeing a beggar on his hearth, enquires who he is? Removing the folds of his mantle, Coriolanus, as Aufidius does not recognise him, prepares him for the announcement of his name, by stating it is unmusical to Volscian ears. Then the exile makes himself known, adding he has been driven out of Rome and has come here to seek revenge. When he grimly proposes to join the Volscians and help Aufidius in his present undertaking, the general exclaims in de-

light, and offers him one-half of his command so he may lead a force against his native city. Then he leads him off to introduce him to the senators in the banquet hall, where a warm welcome awaits him.

When Coriolanus and Aufidius have passed off the stage, the servants claim they noticed something imposing in the stranger's bearing, and are delighted not to have followed their first impulse to turn him out of doors. The alliance just concluded between Aufidius and Coriolanus wins their full approval, and they rejoice at the prospect of great victories, when one of their companions reports how gladly the senators are welcoming him.

We are now transferred to the public square in Rome, where the tribunes congratulate themselves upon the peaceful mood of the people, but wonder no news has been heard of Coriolanus. While they are talking, Menenius appears, and when they taunt him, saying his friend is not missed, he warns them they may yet have cause to regret their action, although he admits neither wife nor mother has heard from the banished man. The people around him are showing great adulation to the triumphant tribunes, when an ædile joins them, stating a slave has just been imprisoned for reporting the Volscian armies have entered Roman territory. While Menenius deems Aufidius' forces have been emboldened by Coriolanus' absence, the tribunes discredit these tidings and exclaim the slave should be whipped. But, before measures can be taken to inflict such a punishment, or to question the man as Menenius

suggests, another messenger proclaims that all the senators are hastening to the Capitol, with sober faces, owing to ominous news received.

Although the tribunes ascribe this perturbation to the slave's false report, the messenger affirms it has been ascertained Coriolanus has joined forces with Aufidius, and that both are about to attack Rome. His news is confirmed by another man, who reports the troops are advancing in two columns, one led by Coriolanus in person. After the tribunes have hurried away, Cominius and Menenius vehemently reproach the plebeians for their share in the recent troubles, predicting that if Coriolanus has really joined the Volscians, Rome will be destroyed. Ere dispersing, the terrified citizens blame their tribunes for misleading them, declaring *they* were opposed to Coriolanus' banishment, and would fain have him recalled. For that reason, the tribunes ruefully comment on the variability of popular moods as soon as they leave the stage, but privately admit that the news they have heard is alarming indeed.

The scene is now transferred to a camp near Rome, where Aufidius asks his lieutenant whether people are still flocking to Coriolanus' standard? This man rejoins there must be witchcraft in the Roman, and that Aufidius has obscured his own reputation by accepting so powerful an ally. Although ruefully admitting he has made a mistake, Aufidius cannot change matters now, and tries to excuse Coriolanus' haughty bearing as innate. He adds that their new ally is faithfully doing all he can for the Volscian people, that it is likely he will soon

take Rome and lay down the law there to those who judged him, and that, after this consummation is reached, his former foe and present ally will be wholly in his power.

ACT V. The fifth act opens on the public square in Rome, where two tribunes, Menenius, and Cominius meet with sundry others. All are talking excitedly and we soon gather that Cominius has vainly entreated Coriolanus to spare the city. Although admitting the banished man often termed him 'father,' Menenius refuses to go forth to plead with him in his turn. Instead, he reproaches the tribunes for having stirred up this trouble, and consents to intercede only after repeated entreaties on their part, although he cherishes little hope of success.

Knowing human nature, he decides it will be best to approach Coriolanus after dinner, when he will feel more inclined to mercy. But after Menenius has departed, Cominius sadly avers he doesn't expect him to succeed, as the hero is brooding on revenge, and after listening coldly to him, dismissed him, vowing unless Rome subscribed to his conditions her fate was sealed. The consul adds that Coriolanus' mother and wife are about to go forth to solicit his mercy, and that he trusts their prayers may avail even if all the rest fail.

The next scene occurs in the Volscian camp, where sentinels check Menenius' approach, although he proclaims he is an emissary from Rome to their general. It is only after a lengthy parley, and after angry assurances that they will be punished if they deny him access, that the noise of this discussion

attracts Coriolanus and Aufidius. Boasting that the sentinels will now see in what honour he is held, Menenius approaches Coriolanus, whom he addresses as his son, pleading, with tears, in Rome's behalf. In reply, Coriolanus states he does not know the Romans any longer, and hands Menenius a letter he had intended to send him. Then, turning to Aufidius, Coriolanus bids him note what reply he makes to such attempts to soften his heart and how true he remains to Volscian interests. After this Coriolanus and Aufidius depart, the latter complimenting his ally upon his 'constant temper,' while the sentinels slyly taunt Menenius for having less influence than he supposed with their general, thus calling down upon their heads the vehement curses of the departing senator.

We next behold the interior of Coriolanus' tent, where he is explaining to Aufidius and other commanders the plans he has made, stating that on the morrow they will be before the walls of Rome. At Coriolanus' request, Aufidius bears witness to his fidelity to the Volscians, and to his steadfastness in repelling all intercessions. Just as Coriolanus has vowed he will listen to no further pleading, his wife, mother, and little son are ushered in with their friends, having come hither to implore him to spare his country. On seeing them, Coriolanus realises with a pang that those he loves best are about to besiege his heart. Still he tenderly embraces his wife, assuring her he has not kissed any one else since they parted, and falls on one knee before Volumnia, who bids him stand and let her kneel, since she has

come as a suppliant. Although Coriolanus feels the stars must have fallen from their orbits since positions are so reversed, he courteously greets Valeria at his mother's request, and when his little son is made to kneel before him, perceives how they are trying to soften him by every means in their power. He, therefore, sternly assures them that it will be vain to ask him to dismiss his soldiers or make peace with the plebeians, since he is now an ally of the Volscians and obliged to serve them. Then, seeing Aufidius and the other chiefs draw suspiciously aside, he bids them listen to all that is said, for he wishes them to see he is wholly devoted to their interests.

His mother now describes how they have spent their time since his departure in tears, her eloquent speech being backed by Virgilia's trembling hands raised in entreaty, and by a defiant speech from the child when his grandmother exclaims his father is about to tread on their hearts. Unable to endure longer the torture of such prayers, Coriolanus rises as if to leave, but his mother clings frantically to him, vowing he shall not depart until he has shown mercy. The united eloquence of mother, wife, and child, finally prevails, for, exclaiming his mother doesn't know what she has done in winning this victory for Rome, Coriolanus turns to Aufidius, promising to conclude an honourable peace, and challenging him to act differently in his stead.

Although admitting the women's prayers touched him, Aufidius,—when Coriolanus announces he will never march on to Rome,—mutters in an aside that

since mercy and honour are at difference in his ally, he'll take advantage of this fact to work out his own fortunes. Addressing the women, meantime, Coriolanus promises to give them a treaty to bear back to Rome, adding that they deserve to have a temple built in their honour, for 'all the swords in Italy, and her confederate arms, could not have made this peace.'

The curtain next rises on the Forum in Rome, where Menenius is assuring a tribune it would be easier to displace a corner-stone of the Capitol than to change Coriolanus' heart. When the tribune urges that Coriolanus is devoted to his mother, Menenius retorts 'there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger.' Terrified by this assurance, the tribune starts when a messenger runs in, bidding him flee for his life, for the people have seized his fellow in office, and swear that, unless the women return with news of peace, they will slay the men who devised Coriolanus' banishment! A moment later another messenger joyfully announces the ladies have prevailed,—news the tribune refuses to credit until loud trumpet blasts confirm it. Greatly relieved, Menenius prepares to go and meet the ladies, who have done more for Rome than tribunes, senators, and people put together. Not to remain behind at a time of joy, the tribune accompanies the patricians, who hasten off in a body to meet the bearers of good tidings.

Further on, in a street near the gate, two senators soon appear escorting Volumnia and the other ladies back to the city, calling out to the people as they

pass that the peace is due to these ladies, who are, therefore, entitled to honour and acclamation.

We next behold the public square at Antium, where Aufidius arrives, saying he wishes the lords of the city apprised of his return, as it is his duty to denounce a man who will soon enter the city. Soon after he is joined by a few members of his faction who come with eager offers of assistance. When they suggest that the fall of Coriolanus will leave him sole wielder of the power, Aufidius doubts whether it is advisable to resort to drastic measures, and describes how Coriolanus appealed to him, and how bravely they marched together toward Rome. This was already within their grasp, when, influenced by women's tears, Coriolanus concluded the peace for which he is to die!

The noise of trumpets and cheers now heralds Coriolanus' approach, and the conspirators exclaim that if Aufidius wishes to remain master he must get rid of his rival. While he is trying to silence them, the lords of the city appear, and begin to reproach him for yielding to Coriolanus' desire for peace.

Just then this Roman joins them, vowing he is as true to their interests as ever, and tendering the peace he has concluded with all due regard to Volscian interests. Imploring all present not to read it, Aufidius hotly denounces Coriolanus as a traitor, who has abused the people's confidence and betrayed them at his mother's request!

Such a statement necessarily provokes a quarrel, during which Aufidius treats Coriolanus with such contempt, that the hero proudly rehearses his great

deeds, including the taking of Corioli, and demands whether such are the deeds of a 'boy'? This reminds the Volscians that he has slain many of their kin, and, rousing their passions, makes them clamour for his death. Under pretence of obeying these angry people, the conspirators now rush forward, and repeatedly stab Coriolanus, who falls lifeless at Aufidius' feet, while the Volscian lords stand by appalled.

Standing on the corpse of his fallen foe, Aufidius promises an explanation which will cause all to rejoice that a threatening danger has been averted. Then the Lords of Corioli order the body removed with all honour, Aufidius adding: 'Though in this city he hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, which to this hour bewail the injury, yet he shall have a noble memory.'

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I. In a street in Rome, two tribunes are urging some bystanders to hasten off to their work, for a Roman law prohibits workmen being seen abroad, save on feast days, without the implements of their trade. Challenged in regard to his occupations, a witty cobbler replies ambiguously, ere explaining that he and his companions have come hither to witness Cæsar's triumphal entry into Rome. Because they are partisans of Pompey, whom Cæsar has conquered, the tribunes, after reminding these men of former triumphs, order them to leave the scene; then they remove all festive tokens from the images, for they wish to deprive the hated victor of as much honour as possible.

We next behold a public square, where Cæsar bids his wife, Calpurnia, stand close beside the course of the Lupercalian runners, as their touch is supposed to have a special potency upon barren women. Then he adjures Antony not to forget her, before a flourish of trumpets warns the contestants to take their places. Just then a soothsayer loudly cries 'Cæsar!' and, although bystanders try to silence him, utters the portentous warning: 'Beware the ides of March.' Startled by these words, Cæsar has the soothsayer summoned into his presence, but as the man only repeats his oracular say-

ing, soon dismisses him with scorn. While he and the rest depart to view the races, Brutus and Cassius, left alone upon the stage, begin a conversation, wherein, after reproaching Brutus for being less friendly of late, Cassius learns he is at war with himself, but flatteringly assures him that were he to see himself as others see him, he would realise he was the most respected man in Rome!

At this juncture loud cheers are heard, and Brutus nervously exclaims he fears they are choosing Cæsar for their king,—a thought abhorrent to a namesake of the man who drove the Tarquins from Rome, and established a republic nearly three centuries before. This remark gives artful Cassius a clue to his interlocutor's feelings of which he takes immediate advantage, assuring Brutus,—who insists that, although he loves Cæsar, he is ready to sacrifice everything to the general good,—that they were 'born free as Cæsar,' whose inferior physical strength he derides, having saved him from drowning during a swimming match, and nursed him during a fever in Spain. He is just wondering that 'a man of such a feeble temper' should so 'get the start of the majestic world, and bear the palm alone,' when the cheers are renewed, thus forcing these two interlocutors to conclude new honours have been awarded to the man whom they fear because he 'doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus.'

Urging that, as 'men are masters of their fates,' it rests with them alone whether they shall be underlings, Cassius artfully increases Brutus' dissatisfaction by enquiring why Cæsar's name should be

sounded more than his? He uses, besides, clever flattery to induce Brutus to admit by degrees that having pondered deeply the matters in regard to which hints have been dropped, he will not be averse to hear more about them at a fitting time, although he swears he had 'rather be a villager than to repute himself a son of Rome under these hard conditions as this time is likely to lay upon' them.

Satisfied with the progress he has made in winning Brutus to join the plot he is meditating, Cassius next suggests he 'pluck Casca by the sleeve,' when he passes by, to find out the cause of the cheers which have thrice been heard. When Cæsar and his train reappear, Brutus shrewdly concludes from Cæsar's frown, Calpurnia's pallor, and Cicero's ferret-like glance, that matters of moment have occurred. Full of curiosity, therefore, he detains Casca, the sycophant, while Cæsar, summoning Antony, remarks meaningly that he likes about him men 'that are fat; sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;' adding that he considers Cassius, who 'has a lean and hungry look,' most dangerous. He thereby reveals that he has detected with unerring glance the real head of the coming conspiracy. When Antony good-naturedly assures him Cassius is not to be feared, he declares the man reads too much, indulges in no pleasures, and smiles too seldom, ere he passes on, bidding Antony come to his other side for he is deaf in one ear, and thus cannot hear easily in a crowd.

All having gone save Brutus, Cassius, and Casca, the latter, in reply to his companions' eager ques-

tions, relates how Antony thrice offered a crown to Cæsar, which was thrice refused by him, amid such cheers from the populace that the air, vitiated by their breath, caused Cæsar to swoon and froth at the mouth, symptoms of disease Brutus has often noted. But although Casca has hitherto acted as flatterer to Cæsar, it soon becomes evident he does not really like him, for he boasts that on Cæsar's recovering and plucking open his garments,—offering his throat to be cut as pledge of his good faith toward the Roman people,—he would gladly have availed himself of the opportunity to kill him. When asked whether Cicero made any comments upon this scene, Casca replies he did so in Greek, which was all 'Greek to him,' ere adding the information that the tribunes have been punished for tearing down the trophies erected in Cæsar's honour! Then, declining an invitation to supper that evening, Casca pledges himself to meet Cassius on the morrow and departs.

While Brutus comments upon Casca's blunt ways, Cassius remarks he is quick to execute any bold or noble plan, his very rudeness being the 'sauce to his good wit.' Then, after appointing a meeting with Brutus for the morrow, Cassius watches him out of sight, shrewdly soliloquising that however noble his friend may be, he is not proof against flattery! Still, because Cæsar loves Brutus, Cassius is determined to win this man's support in his scheme. He, therefore, plans to throw in at his window and place along his path anonymous writings, all tending to warn him against Cæsar's 'vaulting' ambition.

The curtain next rises upon the streets of Rome,

in the midst of a violent electric storm, which fills all hearts with superstitious fears. Rushing along with drawn sword, Casca encounters Cicero, who is returning after escorting Cæsar home, and assures him that nothing short of 'civil strife in heaven,' or some great coming evil, can account for such a display of lightning, or for sundry extraordinary portents which he enumerates. Then, asked whether Cæsar will visit the Capitol on the morrow in spite of all this, Casca reports that the great man bade Antony meet him there when they parted a while ago.

No sooner has Cicero gone to seek shelter, than Cassius comes up, and recognises Casca by his voice. They, too, comment upon the unusual phenomena, Casca vowing it is 'the part of men to fear and tremble' under such circumstances, while Cassius exclaims they are being divinely warned to arm against the man who most resembles this awful night! This hint makes Casca eagerly enquire whether he means Cæsar, but, unwilling to put his accusations into more definite words, Cassius merely dilates on the old Roman spirit. He listens attentively, however, to Casca's report that the senators propose to make Cæsar king on the morrow, allowing him to wear a crown everywhere save in Rome, and grimly swears in that case Cassius will deliver himself from bondage by using his dagger! But, when he hears that Casca, too, hates the idea of a tyrant, he confides to him that a number of the noblest-minded Romans are meeting to plan 'an enterprise of honourable-dangerous consequence,' and

are even now awaiting his coming in Pompey's porch.

It is at this moment Cinna joins them, and after reminding Cassius that his friends expect him, begs him to urge Brutus to join their ranks. In return, Cassius gives him sundry papers, to place on Old Brutus' statue, on the prætor's chair, and on Brutus' window-sill, before he rejoins them in Pompey's porch. Then, taking Casca with him to enlighten him further in regard to their plans, Cassius departs, exclaiming that Brutus being already three-fourths won, will be wholly theirs ere long. This assurance delights Casca, who fervently exclaims: 'O, he sits high in all the people's hearts,' adding that what might seem presumption in them alone, will, if Brutus favour it, 'change to virtue and to worthiness.'

ACT II. The second act opens in Brutus' garden, where, unable to sleep, he is walking at night. Summoning a drowsy servant, he bids him place a light in his study, musing, after the lad has gone, that, although devoid of personal grudge against Cæsar, he can kill him for the public good. Once crowned, he deems Cæsar's nature may undergo a complete change, and that, having reached the top of ambition's ladder, he may scorn 'the base degrees by which he did ascend.' For that reason, Brutus deems it best to treat him 'like a serpent's egg,' and crush him ere he can become a menace to the Roman Republic!

The return of his servant, announcing that his lamp is lighted, and that a letter addressed to him



A. Zick

MARK ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION

Ant. "Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see,"

Julius Cæsar, Act 3, Scene 2.

lay on his window-sill, checks further meditation. Bidding the lad find out whether the ides of March occur on the morrow, Brutus takes advantage of the heat-lightning to peruse the mysterious missive, which consists of sentences purposely unfinished, but which imagination can easily piece out. They repeatedly admonish him to 'speak, strike, redress,' in the name of his famous ancestor, and for the sake of the glorious republic he founded! Brutus has barely sworn Rome shall not have appealed to him in vain, when his servant reports the ides fall on the morrow, just as a loud knock startles them both. While the lad hastens to the door, Brutus ejaculates he has not been able to sleep 'since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,' adding that 'between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.'

In reply to the announcement that Cassius and others—whom the servant cannot name because their faces are hidden by folds of their togas—beg admittance, Brutus orders them shown into his presence, muttering after his man has gone, that this must be the faction which dares not show its 'dangerous brow by night,' and for which no darkness can be too dense. Then the conspirators are ushered in, Cassius, the spokesman, after a scant apology, introducing his companions. Next, he draws Brutus aside for a brief private conference, while his companions,—not to seem to listen,—indulge in irrelevant conversation, to which Casca gives a significant turn just as Brutus again joins them. But, when

Casca proposes that all present bind themselves by an oath of secrecy, Brutus urges Romans need no spur save their own cause 'to prick them to redress,' adding that oaths are intended to bind cowards, and that any man who failed to carry out this pact would be beneath contempt. Hearing Cassius enquire whether Cicero should be invited to join them, Brutus, after listening to the opinions of the rest, suggests that Cicero is too accustomed to lead to follow any one else. All, therefore, decide to leave him out of their conspiracy, which is to be directed against Cæsar only, although Cassius suggests removing Antony also.

Arguing that a double murder would make their course appear too bloody, and that Antony will be harmless when Cæsar is no more, Brutus expresses regret that even one dangerous Roman should have to be sacrificed. He then advises the conspirators to proceed boldly, declaring all Antony can do is to die for Cæsar, a sacrifice hardly to be expected from such a pleasure-loving nature. The striking of the third hour warns the conspirators to part, just as Cassius suggests that superstitious Cæsar may be deterred from going to the senate by the night's fearful presages, and by the soothsayer's warning in regard to the ides of March. To prevent his lingering at home, Decius, one of the conspirators, undertakes to persuade him, and all agree to meet and escort the great man to the senate, showing themselves true Romans when the decisive moment comes.

All having gone, Brutus, after pledging himself to secure another ally, marvels at his servant's sound

sleep. Then his wife, Portia, joins him, having purposely left her bed to enquire what has so troubled him of late that he cannot rest? When Brutus assures her he is not ill, Portia implores him, by all he holds sacred, to disclose what is on his mind, and why six or seven men stole through the darkness to hold secret conference with him? Although determined to resist her persistent entreaties to share his anxieties as a loyal wife should, Brutus seems conquered when she shows him with what fortitude she has endured a self-inflicted wound, and has just promised to tell her all when loud knocking warns them to part.

Having watched Portia out of sight, and roused his servant to open the door, Brutus is next called upon to receive a man who pretends to be ill, but who, in reality, is a new member of the conspiracy, ready to risk even the impossible for Rome. Sure of his loyalty, Brutus promises to unfold to him the details of their plot, and both leave the scene together, the conspirator promising to follow wherever Brutus leads!

We next behold Cæsar's house, just as he emerges from his bedroom, exclaiming that the storm and his wife's restless, thrice-repeated cries of 'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' have not permitted him to rest. Prompted by his superstitious inclinations, he directs a servant to bid the priests offer a sacrifice, sending him immediate word what omens they find.

When the man has gone, Cæsar is joined by Calpurnia, who vows he shall not leave the house that

day. Although he haughtily rejoins that 'the things that threaten'd me ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see the face of Cæsar, they are vanished,' his confidence fails to reassure her, for she excitedly enumerates the extraordinary portents of the night as so many warnings. She is, however, contemptuously told 'cowards die many times before their deaths;' just as the servant brings word that the priests, too, bid him remain at home. In her anxiety, Calpurnia now falls at her husband's feet, and has barely wrung from him a promise to tarry with her, when the conspirators appear to escort him to the senate.

Decius, who promised to determine Cæsar to go thither, is haughtily told to inform the senate 'Cæsar will not come,' a bald excuse which causes so much comment that Cæsar condescendingly explains he is lingering at home to please his wife. Whereas his first excuse was discourteous, this one seems so puerile, that Decius spurns it, declaring the senate will doubtless think better of their intention to offer him a crown, should he not appear. Equally afraid of seeming afraid, or too ready to yield to his wife's foolish fancies, Cæsar finally decides to go, notwithstanding Calpurnia's dreams, and graciously greets the rest of the conspirators, when they arrive together with Antony, who is rallied on early rising. Leaving his house with them, Cæsar bids one of their number keep close beside him, whereupon this man utters the grim aside, 'so near will I be, that your best friends shall wish I had been further.'

The next scene occurs in a narrow street, leading up to the Capitol, where Artemidorus, a rhetorician, is reading a paper, warning Cæsar to guard against the conspirators, who are duly named, and among whom but one mind reigns and that 'bent against Cæsar.' This paper he intends to hand to the great man, for he murmurs, 'if thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live; if not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.'

In another part of the same street Portia issues from her house, excitedly bidding her servant run to the senate for news. As the man pauses to await further orders, she chides him for delay, vowing she could have gone there and back while he deliberates! But, when asked to give more definite orders, Portia,—who merely suspects what is about to take place,—lamely bids the servant find out how his master looks, what Cæsar is doing, and which senators approach him. Such is her nervous tension that, imagining she hears a tumult in the direction of the Capitol, she eagerly questions the rhetorician, on his way to entreat Cæsar to 'befriend himself.' Being old, however, this man is bent upon seeking some more open place, lest he be crushed to death in this narrow street. Artemidorus having gone, Portia retires into her house to pray for the success of Brutus' suit, which he informs her servant 'Cæsar will not grant.'

ACT III. The third act opens before the Capitol, where all are waiting for Cæsar, who, perceiving the soothsayer in the crowd, triumphantly tells him: 'the ides of March are come!' only to receive

in reply the oracular, 'Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.' A moment later he is surrounded by petitioners, each urging his claim to special attention. Although these petitions thrust at him should have been presented in the senate, Cæsar accepts them all, paying little heed to the one tendered by Artemidorus, although he is impressively told it concerns him closely. This very plea, however, defeats the rhetorician's ends, for Cæsar cries for the benefit of the crowd: 'What touches us ourself shall be last served,' ere he passes on. Arrived in the Capitol, Cassius starts when a man whispers to him, 'I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.' Terrified to think their plan is discovered and may yet be disclosed to Cæsar, Brutus and Cassius closely watch this man, and are relieved when after a mere greeting to Cæsar, he draws Antony aside. According to a prearranged plan, and so as to have some excuse for approaching and attacking Cæsar, the conspirators now crowd around him, each pleading in turn for the pardon of an offender the senate has banished. This pardon,—which he cannot legally grant,—Cæsar sternly refuses, until Casca,—who has been reminded he is to strike first,—deals the great man a blow, immediately followed by a score of others, against which he vainly defends himself. But, when Brutus' hand strikes him, too, Cæsar exclaims, 'Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar!' and sinks lifeless at the foot of the statue of his rival Pompey.

Seeing him dead, the conspirators brandish aloft their bloody daggers, crying: 'Liberty! Freedom!

Tyranny is dead!’ until Brutus remarks it ‘is time to inform the people that ‘ambition’s debt is paid.’ The conspirators thereupon suggest that both Cassius and Brutus address the people from the public pulpits, and are about to escort them thither, when they learn that Antony has fled and that men, women, and children are rushing through the streets in a panic. Arguing themselves into the belief that by cutting Cæsar’s life short they have saved him from the fear of death and other woes, the conspirators wash their hands in the noble blood they have shed, Cassius dramatically exclaiming how in future ages, this scene will be reënacted on the stage, where Cæsar shall again be made to ‘bleed in sport,’ and adding that as often as this is done people will be reminded of ‘the men that gave their country Liberty.’

They are just starting for the Forum, Brutus leading the way, when Antony’s servant kneels before him, saying his master sent him humbly to ask Brutus,—whom he honours and loves,—why Cæsar, whom he honoured and feared, has been put to death? He adds his master will be glad to hear Brutus’ reason and will immediately join him if assured of safety. In reply to so flattering a speech, Brutus bids the man tell his master to come without fear and promises they will satisfy him. Then, while awaiting Antony’s coming, Brutus assures Cassius,—still full of misgivings,—that they will soon win his adherence.

A moment later Antony appears and pauses fascinated by the sight of ‘mighty Cæsar’ lying low;

then, quite heedless of Brutus' greeting, he muses how the hero's conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, can have 'shrunk to this little measure?' Only after a solemn farewell to the corpse, does he turn to the conspirators, saying that, although he does not know why they have done this, nor whether they have designs against his life, no place or means of death could please him better than those which cut short 'the master spirit of this age.'

In reply, Brutus assures him that however bloody and cruel they appear, they have slain Cæsar only out of love of Rome, and cherish no evil designs against him. Then knowing how highly Antony values wealth and power, Cassius shrewdly adds he shall have as much influence as they in distributing new dignities, a promise which Brutus confirms, although he begs to postpone all explanation until they have satisfied the people. Pretending confidence in, and friendship for, all present, Antony shakes hands with them all, vowing that, although he loved Cæsar and mourns his death, he trusts them as true patriots. Then, overcome by his feelings, he praises Cæsar so eloquently that Cassius wonderingly enquires whether he will side with them or not? With renewed protestations of fidelity, Antony again promises to await their explanations, begging permission, meanwhile, to pronounce Cæsar's funeral oration on the Forum. The unsuspecting Brutus immediately subscribes to this request, although Cassius warns him it may prove dangerous, for they do not know what Antony may say or do to move the people. Seeing he is to ad-

dress the people first, and confident he can make them judge this matter rightly, Brutus does not heed these objections; but bids Antony take up the body, and pronounce the oration, saying all the good of Cæsar he can, but plainly stating he has been authorised to speak by the conspirators, whom he is, however, not to blame for what they have done.

All having left the scene save Antony, he addresses the corpse in a wonderful speech, imploring the wounds to speak, so that the man who looms up greatest in the history of Rome can be honoured by a fitting funeral oration. He adds that this murder is but the prelude of wars and bloodshed which will devastate all Italy, until it will seem as if Cæsar's great spirit were 'ranging for revenge.' His soliloquy ended, Antony is informed by Octavius' servant that his master is near, and has received Cæsar's letters. Then, suddenly beholding the august corpse, this servant bursts into tears which almost unman Antony, who, seeing this, bespeaks his aid to carry the remains to the Forum, ere he sends him back to warn Octavius that as yet there is no safety for him in Rome.

We next behold the Roman Forum, where the citizens greet the conspirators with loud clamours for an explanation, whereupon Brutus suggests that Cassius take a part of them with him, while he addresses the rest. The crowds follow either orator as they list, and when silence has been secured, Brutus begins a speech to 'Romans, countrymen, and lovers!' But, although he entreats all present to

believe him for his honour's sake, and explains how he loved Rome even more than Cæsar, and although he demands whether they prefer slavery to freedom, he gives no adequate explanation for what has just been done. Nevertheless, his eloquence so impresses the mobile mob that, when he enquires whether they are offended, all fervently assure him they are not.

It is just as his speech concludes that Antony and others bring in Cæsar's body, whereupon Brutus announces that Antony,—who had no share in the hero's death,—will pronounce his funeral oration, by permission of the conspirators, and winds up his peroration with the assurance that, should Rome ever require it, he will kill himself with the same dagger that slew Cæsar! This parting burst of eloquence carries away the spectators, who, while crowding around Antony, loudly express their admiration, and mutter that no one shall speak ill of Brutus under penalty of their wrath.

Silence being restored, Antony, in his turn, addresses them as 'Friends, Romans, countrymen,' announcing he has come 'to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.' In his magnificent speech, he repeatedly assures his hearers that Brutus and the other conspirators,—who are 'all honourable men,'—declare that Cæsar was ambitious, and then gradually, but artfully, wins the mob's sympathy by reminding them of all Cæsar has done for the Commonwealth.

His emotional breaks, his allusions, and veiled sarcasms, soon produce a complete revulsion in popular opinion, and after he has mentioned the fact that the

dead hero made a will in their favour, the listeners demand its purport. Instead of immediately gratifying this curiosity, Antony feigns reluctance to comply, while further inflaming their anger against 'the honourable men whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar!'

Discovering by his hints that they are Cæsar's heirs, the plebeians now clamour so loudly for more information, that Antony comes down from the rostrum and bids them cluster around the august corpse, where he pathetically points out rents in its cloak, designating that of Brutus, Cæsar's friend, as the 'most unkindest cut of all.' His description of Cæsar's death, after this visible proof of ingratitude, and his assurance that in that fall they all fell, 'whilst bloody treason flourish'd over' them, wrings groans and tears from the fickle populace, who, permitted at last to gaze upon the remains, become so excited that they clamour for revenge. While pretending to use every effort to quiet and restrain them by speaking in favour of Brutus and of his friends, Antony really adds fuel to the fire of their wrath, until, to prove how dearly Cæsar loved them, he mentions how he left a sum of money to each citizen and bequeathed his chief estates as pleasure grounds for the people. This munificent donation, coming on top of all the rest, provokes a mad burst of enthusiasm among the spectators, who, without listening any longer, take possession of the corpse to burn it in the holy place, vowing they will set fire to the traitors' houses with brands from Cæsar's pyre!

Meantime, Antony watches the raging of the popular tempest he has stirred up, muttering: 'Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt!' When he is left alone on the scene of this tumult, Octavius' servant reports that his master and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house, where Antony promises soon to join them, for he deems 'Fortune is merry, and in this mood will give us anything.' As they leave together, the servant also relates how he saw Brutus and Cassius ride 'like madmen through the gates of Rome,' tidings which prove to Antony they have already learned the effect produced by his stirring funeral address.

We next behold a Roman street, where a poet is wondering why a strange dream should have lured him out, just as the excited mob pounce upon him. Deeming him on account of his name one of the conspirators, they propose to slay him in spite of his protests, ere they rush off to burn down the conspirators' houses.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in a house in Rome, where the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, making out their proscription lists, sacrifice sundry relatives to each other's wrath. Next Lepidus is directed to fetch Cæsar's will so they can determine how to reduce the legacies as much as possible, and when he has gone to execute this order, Antony contemptuously terms him 'a slight, unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands,' and openly regrets that one-third of the Roman world should be his to rule, the second triumvirate having

thus divided it. Still, he comforts himself with the thought that for the present they can use Lepidus, and that when his services are no longer needed, they can turn him off, 'like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, and graze in commons.' Next, Antony remarks that as Brutus and Cassius are raising forces in Asia Minor, it behooves them to consult speedily with their friends how best to oppose them.

We are now transferred to a camp near Sardis, where Brutus halts before his tent, eagerly enquiring from the man on guard whether Cassius is near at hand? In reply a messenger from Cassius steps forward to deliver his master's greetings, to whom Brutus states he will be glad to see his fellow-conspirator, although the latter has given him 'cause to wish things done, undone.' On learning from his own man that Cassius received him courteously, but far less familiarly than of old, Brutus shrewdly deems this an accurate description of, 'a hot friend cooling,' and eagerly enquires whether Cassius will soon arrive with his force? His question is answered by a blast of trumpets, heralding Cassius at the head of his troops, which halt at his command, while he steps forward to exchange greetings with Brutus and reproach him for wronging him. Protesting that having never wronged his enemies he would be incapable of injuring a brother, Brutus checks Cassius' further remarks by inviting him into his tent, where they can confer unobserved. Orders are therefore given for the disposal of the soldiers, who are led off by sub-

ordinate officers, while Brutus and Cassius enter the tent, before which Brutus' servants mount guard.

The next scene consists in the famous interview between the two ex-conspirators, wherein Cassius reproaches Brutus for having punished one of his men for accepting bribes from the Sardians, while Brutus rejoins that people justly accuse Cassius of having 'an itching palm,' and of being ready to sell offices even to undeservers. Hearing Cassius resent this accusation, Brutus reminds him it was not for their advantage, but 'for justice's sake' that they cut down Cæsar, 'the foremost man of all this world,' and virtuously declares that rather than contaminate his fingers with bribes, he would 'be a dog, and bay at the moon!'

There is so much truth in his remarks that Cassius, goaded to anger, bids him cease baiting him, and reminds him he is the better soldier. Gradually their quarrel grows more bitter, but when Brutus contemptuously exclaims, 'Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?' Cassius grudgingly retracts his former remarks, crying that even Cæsar would not have dared to move him thus to anger! After a few more taunts, Brutus returning to the matter in hand, hotly reproaches Cassius for not sending him funds to pay his troops, thus showing that, although unable to wring money 'from the hard hands of peasants' himself, he is not averse to make use of ill-gotten goods. When Cassius denies having refused such an appeal, Brutus proves so incredulous that Cassius calls for Octavius and Antony to end his life, since, having forfeited Brutus'

love, he is 'awearied of the world.' His tender of his dagger,—so his former friend may plunge it into his heart,—finally disarms the anger of Brutus, who bids him sheathe it, adding he is 'yoked with a lamb,' who, although he shows fire at times, immediately cools down again. This quarrel, which threatened their alliance, ends with a half-proffered apology on the part of both, just as a poet forces his way into their presence, to adjure them to cease disputing. After turning him out ignominiously, the generals call for wine to drink to their reconciliation, Brutus excusing his recent irritability, under plea of grief at his wife Portia's violent death, news which appals Cassius.

Immediately after they have pledged each other, Messala and Titinius, Brutus' officers, enter, and letters recently received from Rome are canvassed. Not aware that Brutus had already heard of Portia's death, Messala gently breaks it to him, and admires the fortitude he displays. Then all three decide that since Octavius and Antony,—after ridding themselves of many Romans, including Cicero,—are wending their way toward Philippi, it will be well to meet them there. This decision is reached only after a lively dispute between Brutus and Cassius, the former prevailing by an able speech, wherein occurs the famous simile, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'

This decision reached, seeing the night already far advanced, Cassius withdraws, leaving Brutus to call for his slumber robe and bid his attendant sum-

mon two soldiers, who are told to sleep in his tent, so he can rouse them when he needs them. These soldiers comfortably disposed of, Brutus prepares to while away part of the night by reading, bidding his servant play for him a little while. The lad is, however, soon overcome by sleep, so Brutus, after removing the instrument to a place of safety, lets him enjoy his well-earned rest. While all is quiet around him, the light grows dim and Brutus, looking up, is confronted by Cæsar's ghost! Feeling his blood run cold and his hair rise on end, Brutus commands the apparition to speak, only to hear that his evil spirit has come to warn him they will meet again at Philippi. Then the ghost disappears, just as Brutus' loud calls awaken his sleeping attendants, none of whom has seen or heard anything unusual. Having thus roused his men, Brutus bids them go and tell Cassius to set out early in the morning, leaving him to follow at his pleasure.

ACT V. The fifth act opens on the plains of Philippi, where Octavius and Antony are encamped, and where the former rejoices to think his companion was mistaken in declaring the foe would not meet them in battle. Just as Antony rejoins they have done so to give the impression of courage, a messenger announces the enemy is drawing near. After a brief dispute in regard to the positions they are to occupy, Octavius gains his way, just as their opponents appear to parley. Unable to restrain their wrath, the four principals exchange uncomplimentary remarks, Antony taunting Brutus with

dealing base strokes,—as the hole his dagger made in Cæsar's heart bears witness,—and reviling Cassius for his share in the murder. Then Octavius vows that having drawn his sword against the conspirators, it shall never be sheathed again 'till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds be well avenged.' To these contemptuous speeches Brutus haughtily rejoins that Octavius could die no more honourable death than by his sword, ere both parties separate, still hurling defiance at each other.

Octavius and Antony having gone to rejoin their forces, Brutus converses apart with his servant, while Cassius informs Messala that he regrets having to stake all his chances on the issue of the coming battle on his birthday, for bad omens have occurred. His conversation with his man finished, Brutus rejoins Cassius, who fervently hopes the gods will allow them to end their lives in peace together. Still, in case they lose, he wishes to know what Brutus intends to do? His philosophy teaching it is cowardly to anticipate death, Brutus replies that arming himself 'with patience,' he means 'to stay the providence of some high powers that govern us below.' But, when Cassius demands whether he could stand being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, Brutus' philosophy suddenly deserts him, for he passionately declares 'he bears too great a mind' to brook such disgrace, and adds that this day 'must end that work the ides of March begun.' Then, solemn farewells exchanged, these two separate, Brutus exclaiming, 'O, that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it come! But it

sufficeth that the day will end, and then the end is known.'

The next scene occurs on the battle-field, where Brutus is despatching Messala with written orders for the legions on the other side to charge and thus defeat Octavius. In another part of the field, Cassius tells Titinius how he has just slain, with his own hand, a cowardly ensign who was beating a retreat, and how Brutus has lost his temporary advantage over the foe by allowing his troops to pillage ere victory was assured. The result is that, surrounded by Antony's forces, Cassius now takes refuge upon a neighbouring height, from whence, discerning fire near his tents, he bids Titinius ride thither in haste and ascertain whether they are in the hands of friends or foes. Meantime, another officer, Pindarus, directed to report from a higher point all he sees, exclaims that Titinius is surrounded by troops, whose joyful shouts reach Cassius' ear. Bidding his man come down, Cassius reviles himself for living to see his best friend a prisoner, and then reminds Pindarus how, having taken him captive in war, he granted him life on condition of implicit obedience. When he, therefore, bids Pindarus slay him, this man feels bound to obey, and Cassius dies exclaiming, 'Cæsar, thou art revenged, even with the sword that kill'd thee.' Freed from further obligations by this death, Pindarus flees, just as Titinius returns with Messala, who joyously announces Cassius and Brutus have triumphed. Feeling sure such tidings will be welcome, they eagerly seek for Cassius, and are horrified to discover him

weltering in his blood. Sure some misunderstanding caused this awful catastrophe, Messala hastens off to warn Brutus, while Titinius sorrowfully decks the corpse with the crown of victory which the enthusiastic troops had entrusted to him for Cassius. Then, having paid his last respects to his master, this faithful officer kills himself with Cassius' sword.

Trumpet peals next usher on the scene Brutus and Messala, who at first imagine Titinius is mourning over his master's body. When they discover, however, that he too is dead, Brutus exclaims: 'O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords in our own proper entrails,' ere he marks that Titinius' last act was to crown his master. Having no leisure at present to pay these corpses a fitting tribute of tears, Brutus, after giving orders for the disposal of Cassius' body, hastens back to the battle-field, where, ere night, he means to 'try fortune in a second fight.'

In another part of the field, where a mad struggle is raging, Brutus is heard encouraging his friends, who are making desperate efforts to die since they cannot win. While Cato falls, Brutus rushes deeper into the fray, just as his opponents seize his faithful servant, who, to enable his master to escape, personates him for a few minutes. But, when Antony appears and the pious fraud is discovered, Brutus' man proudly proclaims no enemy will ever take his master alive. Bidding his men continue their quest, yet closely guard this prisoner

whom he would rather have as friend than foe, Antony departs.

Meanwhile, Brutus and his last remaining companions have retreated to a rocky height, where, after counting heads, they bewail their companions' loss. Still, death now seems so far preferable to life that Brutus tries, in a whisper, to induce his companions one after another to slay him. But even his old schoolfellow,—to whom he confides how Cæsar's ghost has twice appeared to him,—refuses to hold his sword so he can run upon it. A new alarm finally causes these few survivors to exchange hasty farewells, Brutus assuring them, 'Countrymen, my heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me,' ere they disperse. He and Strato, his last friend, remain on the stage alone, where, unable to refuse Brutus' last request, this man, after obtaining his pardon, holds his sword while he falls upon it, exclaiming: 'Cæsar, now be still: I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.'

A moment later Octavius and Antony enter with Messala, who, on perceiving Strato, eagerly enquires for Brutus, only to hear he is 'free from the bondage you are in, Messala!' Then Strato proudly adds that 'Brutus only overcame himself, and no man else hath honour by his death,' and that all the conquerors can do is to burn his body. Happy to think his master justified his proud boast, Brutus' attendant now consents to serve Octavius, as does Strato also, who is praised for rendering the last service to his master. Then Antony solemnly

pronounces Brutus 'the noblest Roman of them all,' adding that 'all the conspirators save only he did that they did in envy of great Cæsar.' Because Brutus acted from patriotic motives only, Antony claims he deserved to be held up to the world as 'a man,' while Octavius orders his remains treated with due respect, ere he departs with Antony 'to part the glories of this happy day.'

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT I. The first act opens in the palace at Alexandria, where two Romans discuss Mark Antony's infatuation for Cleopatra until a flourish of trumpets ushers in this couple and their train. While one Roman whispers that 'the triple pillar of the world' is transformed 'into a strumpet's fool,' Cleopatra implores Antony to say how much he loves her, until he fervently rejoins 'there's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.' Their amorous talk is interrupted by a message from Rome, which Cleopatra sarcastically bids Antony heed as his wife, Fulvia, may be angry, or 'the scarce-bearded Cæsar,' may be sending him mandates. Such taunts cause Antony to declare Rome is naught and the universe represented solely by Cleopatra, whom he embraces. When she inquires why he married Fulvia, he proposes that instead of wasting the day in vain recriminations they devote it to pleasure, and when she urges him to receive the messengers, declines to have anything to do with Rome. As both leave the hall, the Roman spectators marvel at Antony's contempt for Cæsar, gravely admitting that 'sometimes, when he is not Antony, he comes too short of that great property which still should go with Antony.'

In another room in the same palace, the queen's

women and eunuch are consulting a soothsayer, who predicts their fortunes according to the lines on their hands. But, when he states the women's end is near, and that they will die together after the lady they serve, both coquettishly protest against such gruesome predictions, amid bantering remarks from the eunuch.

Just then Cleopatra enters demanding her lord, who left her abruptly, 'a Roman thought' having evidently struck him. She is just sending for Antony when she sees him draw near, and artfully decides not to look at him, but pass him by. Without heeding this, Antony continues to question the messenger, who describes how Fulvia and his brother, foes at first, joined forces against Cæsar. He adds that a large part of the lands Antony conquered is already lost, and that Rome reviles Cleopatra for beguiling him into idleness. Sadly admitting that 'when our quick minds lie still,' they bring forth weeds, Antony dismisses this messenger and calls for the next.

He is muttering 'these strong Egyptian fetters I must break, or lose myself in dotage,' when the next messenger announces Fulvia's death, and delivers a letter giving further particulars. While he passes out, Antony musingly avers 'there's a great spirit gone!' adding that he did not desire this, and is more than ever determined to break away 'from this enchanting queen,' for he realises his idleness is hatching many ills. Calling his officer Enobarbus, Antony therefore informs him they must leave, a move Enobarbus opines 'will kill all our women.'

Seeing Antony does not heed this objection, this officer describes how 'Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly'; adding that he has seen her die twenty times on lesser provocation. When Antony admits she is 'cunning past man's thought,' Enobarbus urges the great strength of her passions, until Antony exclaims he wishes he had never seen her; but his man assures him he 'had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work.'

When he learns Fulvia is dead, Enobarbus philosophically rejoins the deities take a man's wife from him, only to comfort him with a new love, and because Antony remarks the business his wife began 'cannot endure his absence,' he suggests Cleopatra cannot endure it either. This answer the general dismisses as light, stating he will break 'the cause of our expedience to the queen,' for now that Pompey has 'given the dare to Cæsar,' and is master of the seas, Antony foresees that, unless something is done immediately, they may yet have to reckon with another master of the world. He therefore bids Enobarbus announce to the court his imminent removal while he arranges for departure.

In another room Cleopatra enquires of her women and eunuch where Antony may be, and bids one of them go in quest of him, reporting her dancing in case he is sad, but if mirthful to describe her as ill. The eunuch having gone, Charmian, the maid, remarks if Cleopatra really loved Antony, she would not act thus, whereupon the queen sagely informs her that to give way to a man in everything and cross him in nothing is the best way to lose him.

A moment later Antony enters to inform the pouting Cleopatra there is bad news. Although she petulantly vows she will not listen, he coaxes until she jealously demands 'what says the married woman?' Antony, therefore, tries to impart to her Fulvia's death, but it is only after some time that he can sufficiently quiet her suspicions to make her understand his wife is gone, Italy a prey to civil war, Pompey threatening Rome, and he obliged to go there and fight. As Cleopatra refuses to believe him, Antony bids her read his letters, whereat she petulantly rejoins she now perceives how coldly he will welcome the news of her demise! Entreating her not to quarrel with him and promising fidelity, Antony is about to depart, when Cleopatra threatens to faint and thus detains him by her side. Then, after having taunted and teased him to the verge of endurance, she suddenly melts and confesses she loves him, begs his forgiveness for detaining him, and finally sends him off with wishes for victory and success. This softness overcomes Antony, who passionately assures her, 'thou, residing here go'st yet with me, and I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.'

We now remove to a house in Rome, where Cæsar, after reading a letter, informs Lepidus how news from Alexandria reports Antony fishing, drinking, and revelling with Cleopatra, but paying no heed to state affairs. When Lepidus opines Antony's faults are hereditary, Octavius considers he is too indulgent, for Antony should know better than to become Cleopatra's lover, reel through the

streets, and buffet with knaves! This dialogue is interrupted by a messenger, reporting Pompey strong at sea and constantly joined by malcontents, tidings which do not surprise Octavius, for he considers 'this common body, like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide, to rot itself with motion.' When the messenger adds that pirates are making inroads into Italy which Pompey alone can check, Octavius fervently wishes Antony would leave his 'lascivious wassails' and come and fight, for he remembers what hardships this general formerly endured and the feats he performed when merely a dauntless soldier. This reminder of Antony's previous prowess causes Lepidus to wail their companion is no longer the same, while Octavius exclaims it is time to show themselves in the field, since 'Pompey thrives in our idleness.' Promising to furnish on the morrow a full account of the forces he can muster, Lepidus departs, after farewells which show both are determined to turn all their energies against the foe.

In Alexandria Cleopatra implores her maids and eunuch to give her a sedative, so she can 'sleep out this great gap of time' during which her Antony is away. When her attendants assure her she thinks too much of him, Cleopatra reviles them for talking treason, and bids one of her men sing to her. Still, she pays no heed to his music, but keeps wondering what Antony is doing or saying, and whether he is thinking of her and of the extravagant compliments he once used to lavish on his 'serpent of old Nile'? While she is thus



A. Grolleau

FESTIVAL AT THE COURT OF CLEOPATRA

Ant. "Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night."

Antony and Cleopatra. Act 3. Scene 13.

musings, Alexas delivers a jewel and letter from Antony, vowing his master kissed them many times before forwarding them to her. Because Cleopatra eagerly enquires whether Antony was sad or merry, he rejoins neither, a mood she interprets most favourably, ere she enquires whether Alexas met her posts? Although he reports crossing twenty different messengers, she calls for ink and paper to forward another missive, questioning meanwhile whether she ever loved Cæsar so fervently, and threatening to strike Charmian when this maid attempts to paragon with Cæsar her 'man of men'! When the maid humbly objects she was merely repeating her mistress' words, Cleopatra rejoins she was then in her 'salad days,' and 'green in judgment,' before she again calls for writing materials, vowing Antony shall have 'every day a several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.'

ACT II. The second act opens in Pompey's house in Messina, just as he enters exclaiming, 'if the great gods be just, they shall assist the deeds of justest men.' His friends rejoin that, although the gods delay they do not deny, ere Pompey admits his powers are increasing, and he hopes to triumph, for Antony is feasting in Egypt, Cæsar alienating his followers by his avarice, and Lepidus weakening his cause by flattery. When one of his followers rejoins that Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field with mighty forces, Pompey refuses to believe him, for he fancies they must be still in Rome, waiting for Antony, who, bewitched by Cleopatra, proves oblivious to everything else.

Just then an officer reports Antony has already left Egypt and is hourly expected in Rome; news unwelcome to Pompey, who wonders Antony should have donned his helmet for such a petty war, and should have consented to forsake Cleopatra. When one of his followers suggests Cæsar and Antony cannot remain friends owing to Fulvia's machinations, Pompey shrewdly opines 'lesser enmities may give way to greater,' and that, through fear of him and his party, their petty divisions may be healed.

The next scene is played in the house of Lepidus, who cautions Enobarbus to entreat Antony to be gentle, an office the confidant haughtily refuses, declaring should Cæsar irritate Antony, the latter will doubtless 'speak as loud as Mars.' Just as Lepidus reminds him this is no time for private quarrels, and that 'small to greater matters must give way,' Antony and Cæsar enter with friends. The former remarks, if they succeed here they can soon pass on to Parthia, while the latter refers some question to Agrippa. Lepidus now reminds those assembled that it behooves them to cease debating private differences and think only of the public weal. All present having taken seats, Antony opens the council by remarking his fellow-triumvirs have 'taken things ill which are not so.' When Cæsar retorts it would be strange were he not offended, Antony haughtily demands what difference it made whether he lingered in Egypt? To this Cæsar rejoins that, during his absence, his wife and brother made war against him, a move Antony never upheld, as he declares his letters prove. Assuming he is

trying to patch up excuses, Cæsar answers so coldly that Antony hotly wishes he, too, had a spirited wife, for, owning one-third of the world, he needs such a companion. Nevertheless, Cæsar insists Antony is to blame for all the trouble stirred up by his wife, as well as for the riots in Alexandria, and taxes him with scorning his letters and gibing at him publicly. Imperiously, Antony explains these letters came when he had been feasting and was not himself, adding that the next day he made due atonement. But, when Cæsar accuses him of having broken the article of his oath, Lepidus interferes, although Antony insists Cæsar speak out since he has attacked his honour, which is sacred. Because Cæsar states Antony denied him the arms and aid he requested, Antony exclaims that, fancying his wife was making war merely to force him to leave Egypt, he naturally refused to budge. This excuse seems pertinent to Lepidus and the others, who try to reconcile Cæsar and Antony by suggesting that they wrangle 'when they have nothing else to do.' Thus admonished, Cæsar reluctantly admits he doesn't so 'much dislike the matter, but the manner' of Antony's speech, yet is willing to overlook all and make friends, a concession which Agrippa tries to make binding by suggesting that Octavius' sister be given in marriage to Antony. When Cæsar bitterly remarks Cleopatra may not admit Antony is a widower, the general haughtily returns he is not married, but ready to consider Agrippa's proposal. In detail, this man now sets forth the advantages of such an alliance, his arguments convincing both

parties, who agree to the alliance and shake hands on the strength of this contract. The third triumvir seems equally delighted with this suggestion, and when it has been duly settled, all three amicably discuss how best to oppose Pompey, whose forces have been increasing every day. But because they have decided to conclude the marriage before arming, Cæsar invites Antony to come immediately and view his beloved sister.

Amid a flourish of trumpets the three generals march out, while their friends begin to talk of Egypt, Enobarbus describing for the benefit of the rest the feasting and merriment, and especially the beauty of Cleopatra, when she first met Antony on the Cydnus River. His enthusiastic description of the state barge's silken and perfumed sails, of the queen's attire and attendants, accounts for the deep impression she produced upon Antony, who not only joyfully accepted her invitation to supper, but prepared for it as a bridegroom for his wedding. When Agrippa admits Cleopatra is 'such a royal wench' that she conquered the great Cæsar, Enobarbus adds there is little prospect of his master really forsaking her, since 'age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety: other women cloy the appetites they feed: but she makes hungry where most she satisfies.' Although convinced of all this, Mecænas concludes that if beauty, wisdom, and majesty can make a lasting impression, Octavia will soon fetter Antony for good, and all agree to sup together ere they separate and leave the house.

The next scene occurs in Cæsar's dwelling, after Antony's first momentous interview with Octavia, for he enters walking on one side of her while Cæsar escorts her on the other. When Antony gravely explains to his newly betrothed that 'the world and my great office will sometimes divide me from your bosom,' she graciously rejoins that during such times she will pray for his success. Fascinated by such gentleness, Antony begs her not to believe the world's report in regard to him, and promises to live squarely hereafter, ere he bids her good-night. Cæsar and his sister having retired, a soothsayer joins Antony, who, remembering having seen him in Egypt, begins talking to him. Not only does the soothsayer wish he had never left that country, but advises Antony to hasten back there, warning him Cæsar's fortunes are fated to rise highest. This prediction displeases Antony, who refuses to listen when the soothsayer warns him that in playing with Cæsar he will lose the game. After dismissing this bird of ill omen, Antony calls for Ventidius, whom he intends to send to Parthia, while he returns to Egypt, for although he has concluded a marriage with Octavia for peace's sake, he owns it is in the East his pleasure lies. When Ventidius joins him, therefore, Antony bids him start immediately for Parthia, and soon leaves with him to complete arrangements.

Meantime Lepidus bids his friends Mécænas and Agrippa escort him no further, but hasten back to their general, who, they rejoin, is taking leave of Octavia. They playfully predict they will reach the

tryst before Lepidus, who admits such may be the case, as he is coming by a roundabout way.

In Egypt Cleopatra capriciously refuses to listen to the singer she summons, or to play billiards with her eunuch, with whom she indulges in a dubious play of wit. But all at once she proposes to go fishing, and her mention of angling reminds Charmian of the day when her mistress had a diver fasten salt fish to Antony's hook! This reminder pleases Cleopatra, who exclaims she laughed Antony out of patience that day, but laughed him into it again before night.

Just then a messenger arrives, from whom she eagerly demands news. Because he hesitates to answer, Cleopatra wails Antony is dead, adding that should he confirm her fears he will kill his mistress, but if he assure her of the contrary, he may kiss her hand. When the messenger gasps Antony is well, Cleopatra effusively rewards him, only to interrupt him incredulously when he adds Antony and Cæsar are friends. Because even this statement concludes with a timorous 'but,' Cleopatra waxes so impatient that he finally blurts out the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia! In her rage Cleopatra strikes the messenger, although her attendants try to check her fury, and hales him up and down by the hair, the man meantime feebly protesting the match is not his fault. When the jealous queen bids him take back his words, he regrets not being able to do so, and thus so exasperates her that she is about to slay him, when he saves himself by flight. Drawing near her mistress, Charmian now implores her to exer-

cise some self-control, and Cleopatra, after raging for a while longer, recalls the man, from whom she wishes to extract further information. When Charmian reports him afraid to appear, Cleopatra promises not to hurt him, murmuring her hands lacked 'nobility' in striking a meaner than herself. When the maid reushers in the poor messenger, therefore, Cleopatra tells him it is an ungrateful task to bear bad news, yet makes him repeat Antony has married Octavia, although she interrupts him frequently by exclamations of rage. Dismissing him finally, Cleopatra gives way to a paroxysm of fury which Charmian vainly tries to soothe, until turning finally to her, Cleopatra enquires whether in praising Antony she did not often dispraise Julius Cæsar? When her attendant assures her such was the case, she bitterly rejoins she is 'paid for't now.' Then, feeling faint, Cleopatra asks to be led to her apartment; but ere leaving, charges Alexas to make the messenger report Octavia's features, her age, the colour of her hair, and her inclinations, for the Egyptian queen is madly jealous of the person who now receives Antony's attentions.

The next scene is played near Cape Misenum, where Pompey enters with his forces on one side, and the triumvirs on the other. Haughtily addressing his foes, Pompey declares that having exchanged hostages, they can confer before fighting; a move Cæsar approves, for he remarks they sent written statements for Pompey to consider, and that unless he tie up 'his discontented sword' many will perish on the field of battle. In return Pompey, al-

luding to the conspiracy which drenched the Capitol with blood and caused the battle of Philippi, claims to be his father's avenger. Although assured that Cæsar and Antony are not afraid to meet him, even at sea where his forces are greatest, Pompey taunts them, until Lepidus enquires whether he will accept Sicily and Sardinia, rid the sea of pirates, send wheat to Rome, and cease to make war against the triumvirs? This proposal Pompey says he was on the point of accepting when Antony's truculent speeches angered him. He is, however, ready to make friends, as he proves by shaking hands with Cæsar, who notices a great change in him, which Pompey ascribes to the harsh fortunes he has recently endured. To cement this alliance feasts are suggested, Antony entertaining the rest with the famed Egyptian cooking, which it is reported made even Julius Cæsar grow fat!

In the course of the ensuing playful conversation, Pompey asks Enobarbus whether Cleopatra really was carried to Cæsar in a mattress, and after genially conversing with the rest, invites them on board his galley. All follow him thither, save Menas and Enobarbus, who discuss this meeting, and wonder that Pompey should conclude such a treaty. They also mention the marriage of Antony and Octavia, in reference to which Enobarbus shrewdly predicts that, 'the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity,' for he feels certain Antony will 'to his Egyptian dish again,' and foresees that Octavia will then stir up Cæsar's wrath.

Amid music, servants pass to and fro on Pompey's galley, commenting on the fact that their generals are drinking so freely that they are no longer responsible. After a while trumpets usher in the generals, Antony gravely stating that in Egypt the height of the Nile waters serves to gauge the prosperity which will visit the country at harvest time. When Lepidus enquires whether strange serpents are bred there from the mud, Antony gives a fantastic description of the crocodile, to which the others listen, while one of Pompey's men draws him aside. It is clear Pompey does not approve of this man's suggestion, since he indignantly terms him mad; still, the man insists if Pompey wishes to be master of the world, he need but have the cables of his galley cut, and convey these drunken world-conquerors out to sea, where, after disposing of them, he need fear no rivals! Rejoining this would be villainy on his own part, Pompey hints had his friend only known how to serve him, he would have executed this plan without consulting him. This remark so enrages the officer that he goes off, muttering he will no longer follow the fortunes of a man 'who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered,' a chance he feels he shall never find again. Meantime, turning to his companions, Pompey proposes healths, until Lepidus, overcome by potations, has to be carried off the ship, whereupon the servants sarcastically comment that a third part of the world is very drunk!

Meanwhile Pompey enquires whether this approaches an Alexandrian feast, only to be told by

Antony it is gradually nearing one; so the drinking continues, until the music entices the generals to dance. After this Cæsar prepares to retire, declaring his tongue is splitting, and as they land, Enobarbus warns both Antony and Cæsar to be careful lest they fall, while Menas proposes going down into the cabin to talk sundry matters over with him.

ACT III. The third act opens in a plain in Syria, where Ventidius, having avenged Crassus' death, returns in triumph with the body of the prince of Parthia. Although his followers urge him to pursue the fugitives through Media, Ventidius deposes a lieutenant to finish this work, lest Antony wax jealous of his successes. Meantime, he proposes to send word of what he has done in Antony's name to Athens, following these tidings in person as soon as possible.

We now witness a scene in Cæsar's antechamber, where Agrippa asks Enobarbus whether the brothers have parted? He learns in return that Pompey has gone, and the rest are about departing, Octavia weeping because she must leave Rome. Hearing Enobarbus profess devotion to Cæsar, his master, Agrippa returns the compliment by saying he adores Mark Antony; and both conclude Lepidus is only the tool of these great men. They have barely departed together when Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia come in, Antony begging his host not to escort them any further, while Cæsar reminds him he is bearing away a 'piece of virtue,' which has been set betwixt them 'as the cement' of their love.

When he urges Antony to take good care of his wife, the latter begs him not to offend him by mistrust, and takes leave, praying the gods to keep Cæsar during his absence. While bidding Octavia farewell, Cæsar notes 'the April's in her eyes,' for she weeps at parting from him, while smiling upon her new husband. After some whispered words Cæsar reluctantly lets her go, his followers meanwhile wondering whether he will weep, and mentioning the tears in Antony's eyes when Julius Cæsar died, and when Brutus was slain. After embracing both sister and brother-in-law, Cæsar watches Antony depart with his wife, while trumpets sound the farewell note.

We return to Cleopatra's palace to find her lying on a lounge, wondering why the messenger does not appear? Her attendants rejoin the man is afraid, a fact proved by his timid mode of approach, and by his remark that even 'Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you but when you are well pleased.' Bidding him fear naught, the queen cross-questions him about Octavia, rejoicing when he describes her as a widow of thirty, with poor complexion and undignified gait. Not only does she reward him for this information with gold, but bids him prepare to carry a letter to Rome, complacently informing her attendants after he has gone, 'I repent me much that I so harried him.' When they flatteringly remark the man is a judge of beauty since he has had the opportunity of seeing *her*, she goes off in a fine humour to write her letter, saying she will question him further later on.

The curtain next rises in Athens, where Antony informs his wife her brother is not treating him properly, and complains so bitterly that Octavia sighs it is hard to stand between two men for both of whom she is inclined to pray, knowing while she entreats heaven to favour one, she is praying against the other. To this Antony retorts she will have to mediate between them, while he raises an army to eclipse her brother's in case of war. Pleased to be selected as peacemaker, Octavia prepares to set out for Rome, her husband speeding her departure.

In another room of the same house, Enobarbus asks Eros what news he has heard? The report that Cæsar and Lepidus have triumphed over Pompey causes Enobarbus to predict 'they'll grind the one the other,' ere he wonders what has become of his master. Eros describes Antony pacing up and down the garden, denouncing Lepidus and threatening those who murdered Pompey. When Enobarbus asks why the vessels are rigged, Eros rejoins they are bound for Italy, ere he hastens off to join his master.

The rising curtain reveals Cæsar exclaiming Antony has gone back to Egypt, where he and Cleopatra have been seen enthroned, with their offspring at their feet! Not only has Antony bestowed upon Cleopatra all his recent conquests, but has proclaimed his Egyptian son 'king of kings.' These tidings shock Agrippa, who vows Antony is getting too insolent, while Cæsar claims the Romans can plainly see he is unworthy of respect. He adds,

besides, that they will not credit the accusations that he has despoiled Pompey, deposed Lepidus, and detained part of Antony's revenues,—charges which Agrippa thinks it would be well to answer, although Cæsar asserts he has done so by proving Lepidus cruel and by giving Antony Armenia. Nevertheless Agrippa and Mecænas deem Antony will not be satisfied, just as Octavia arrives, affectionately greeting the brother who hails her as 'a castaway.' After denying this, she explains she has come hither of her own free will to make peace between her husband and brother. Hearing her remark that Antony granted her leave of absence, Cæsar sarcastically retorts he was only too ready to let her go, and questions whether she knows where he is at present. When Octavia innocently rejoins 'in Athens,' Cæsar grimly informs his 'most wronged sister' that her spouse has gone back to Egypt, where he is again subject to Cleopatra's wiles, news which Octavia refuses to credit until it is confirmed by Mecænas.

The next scene occurs near Actium, in Antony's camp, where Cleopatra threatens Enobarbus, because he pronounces her unfit for war, although she has decided to take part in the coming encounter. In an aside, Enobarbus comments upon the unwisdom of such a decision, and when Cleopatra enquires what he is muttering, declares her presence 'needs must puzzle' Antony, who, having been 'traduced for levity,' requires all his strength to oppose Cæsar. He adds it is rumoured in Rome her eunuchs and maids are managing this war, an accusation which

causes her charitably to hope Rome may sink and the tongues of her detractors rot!

Just then Antony enters with his general Canidius, discussing the news received and wondering that the fight should be so near at hand. When Cleopatra exclaims 'celerity is never more admired than by the negligent,' Antony declares it is a fitting rebuke, and decides the battle shall be by sea. This decision is opposed by Cleopatra and by the general; but Antony insists upon accepting Cæsar's challenge, although Enobarbus reminds him his vessels are but poorly manned.

While Canidius is vainly trying to make Antony change his mind, a messenger reports Cæsar's force in view. This man, too, implores Antony not to trust to rotten vessels, but to settle this quarrel by land. Notwithstanding these warnings, Antony embarks with Cleopatra and Enobarbus, leaving a soldier and the general to conclude sadly, 'our leader's led, and we are women's men.'

In the next scene Cæsar reviews his army on a plain near Actium, and bids his general Taurus keep these forces in reserve until he has triumphed at sea, warning him that 'our fortune lies upon this jump.'

In another part of the same plain Antony points out to Enobarbus where his squadrons are to be stationed, ere he goes off to count the ships of his foe. Then forces march to and fro on the scene, while a naval battle is being waged, at the end of which Enobarbus cries all is over, and Antony's fleet of sixty sail in full flight! While he is be-

wailing this defeat, the soldier, Scarus, joins him exclaiming 'we have kiss'd away kingdoms and provinces,' and describing how in the midst of the fray Cleopatra fled, and how Antony clapped on 'his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,' followed her. This soldier avers he 'never saw an action of such shame,' just as Canidius enters, declaring if Antony had not fled all would now be well. Asked in what direction the fleet has gone, he designates the Peloponnesus, bitterly adding that he will surrender to Cæsar, six kings having already given him this example. But Scarus and Enobarbus decide to follow Antony's fortunes, although 'reason sits in the wind against' them.

After the battle of Actium, Antony enters Cleopatra's palace, exclaiming the earth is ashamed to bear him, and bidding his followers divide his treasures and join Cæsar. When they refuse to desert him, he vows he set them a cowardly example for which he blushes. In his humiliation he longs to be alone, and has just sunk into dejected revery, when Cleopatra comes in, supported by her women and Eros. These attendants beseech the queen to comfort Antony, who shudders at her sight, and hides his face when they urge him to make the first advances. Bitterly, Antony recalls the part he played at Philippi, where his rival proved an inglorious spectator, and heaves a regretful sigh; so, seeing he will not make any advances, Cleopatra draws near him in a suppliant attitude, and when he reproachfully states he is trying to 'convey his shame' out of her eyes, entreats his pardon for fleeing. Hearing her

stammer she little thought he would follow her, Antony rejoins she knew his heart was to her 'rudder tied by the strings,' so it was inevitable she should tow him after her. But, because she humbly sues for pardon, he finally kisses away her tears, vowing 'one of them rates all that is won and lost,' and adding that he will see what answer his schoolmaster will bring from Cæsar. This scene closes with his assurance that 'Fortune knows we scorn her most when most she offers blows.'

The next scene is played in camp, where Cæsar receives Antony's messenger, his lieutenant commenting upon the fact that the defeated general, who once had 'superfluous kings' at his command, now has to use humble emissaries. After transmitting Antony's greeting, the schoolmaster requests he may continue to live in Egypt, or retire to Athens, while Cleopatra and her children continue to reign over Egypt. Although Cæsar haughtily refuses to treat with Antony, he declares if Cleopatra will drive away or kill 'her all-disgraced friend,' 'she shall not sue unheard.' It is as bearer of this message that the schoolmaster departs, while Cæsar enjoins upon Thyreus to go and win Cleopatra away from Antony, noting, besides, how the latter 'becomes his flaw, and what thou think'st his very action speaks in every power that moves.'

In the palace Cleopatra consults Enobarbus, who deems they have no alternative save to 'think, and die.' Still, he blames Antony only, considering the queen justified by her sex for showing fear. He can-

not conceive, however, how Antony could forfeit half the world to follow her, and is discussing this knotty point with Cleopatra, when Antony enters with the schoolmaster, whose report he can hardly credit. When told again the queen will be courteously treated provided she yield him up, Antony grimly bids her send his grizzled head 'to the boy Cæsar.' Hearing these bitter words, Cleopatra tries to pacify him, but he hastens out to challenge Cæsar 'sword against sword,' although Enobarbus feels sure the conqueror will not accept, and shrewdly adds, 'I see men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes.'

At that moment an attendant announces a messenger from Cæsar, his abrupt manner proving some of Cleopatra's power is already gone. She bewails this, while Enobarbus comments that 'loyalty well held to fools does make our faith mere folly.' Still he realises those who follow a fallen lord, 'conquer him that did his master conquer,' and earn 'a place i' the story.' Thyreus is now ushered in, and craves a private interview with Cleopatra, who assures him 'none but friends' are present. When Thyreus objects they may be friends of Antony as well, Enobarbus retorts his master needs them just as much as Cæsar! Turning to the queen, Thyreus explains that, knowing she clung to Antony through fear more than love, Cæsar is inclined to pity rather than blame her. When Cleopatra hypocritically concedes she was conquered rather than won, Enobarbus questions this statement beneath his breath, and concludes that as his master, like a sinking ship,

is being deserted, he had better follow the general example. He, therefore, slips out, while Thyreus enquires what reply he is to convey to Cæsar, who offers to be Cleopatra's 'staff,' provided she will forsake Antony and place herself wholly under his protection. After enquiring the messenger's name, the subtle Cleopatra bids him report she lays her crown at Cæsar's feet, and awaits the doom of Egypt 'from his all-obeying breath.' Pleased to bear so satisfactory a message, Thyreus begs permission to kiss her hand, a favour she grants with the remark that 'your Cæsar's father oft . . . bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, as it rain'd kisses.'

Even while Thyreus is receiving this token of favour Antony appears, and driven mad by jealousy, orders the ambassador whipped. Then, while the culprit is hurried off to his doom, he reviles Cleopatra, angrily mentioning all the lovers she had before him, and accusing her of trying to win every man she sees. He is still raging when the chastened Thyreus is brought back by his order, and told to return to Cæsar bearing Antony's challenge. After he has gone, Cleopatra cleverly soothes her irate lover, and so restores his confidence in himself that he proposes to celebrate her birthday by another 'gaudy night.' After that he will go forth to fight, and swears: 'I'll make death love me; for I will contend even with his pestilent scythe.' As Antony and Cleopatra leave the room, Enobarbus sagely comments, 'when valour preys on reason, it eats the sword it fights with,' and feels more than ever inclined to desert so rash a master.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in the Roman camp, where Cæsar, after reading Antony's challenge, contemptuously bids his friends 'let the old ruffian know I have many other ways to die.' Then, after deciding he will on the morrow fight 'the last of many battles,' he gives orders that his army be feasted. Meantime, on receiving Cæsar's refusal to meet him in single encounter, Antony boasts 'by sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, or bathe my dying honour in the blood shall make it live again.' This settled he, too, orders a feast, and, to Cleopatra's surprise, shakes hands with all his servants, thanking them for having served him faithfully. Then he bids them wait upon him once more, assuring them their services won't be required any longer, and seeing tears in their eyes, tries to cheer them by saying, 'I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you where rather I'll expect victorious life than death and honour.'

While the revelry of Antony's 'gaudy night' is at its height, the soldiers on guard without the palace exchange remarks, commenting upon the coming battle, and strange noises heard in the streets. Suddenly their attention is attracted by mysterious music in the air, which gradually seems to pass out of the city, whence they superstitiously conclude the god Hercules is forsaking Antony and going over to the enemy.

At dawn, Antony calls for his armour, although Cleopatra tries to beguile him to rest a little longer. When Eros produces the weapons, Cleopatra insists upon helping her lover don his armour, thereby

winning his praise and the gallant assurance that 'he that unbuckles this, till we do please to daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.' He is wishing Cleopatra could see him fight, proudly assuring her she would see 'a workman in't,' when soldiers enter, whom he jovially greets; then, kissing Cleopatra good-bye he leaves her, 'a man of steel,' bidding all who wish to fight follow him closely.

After he has gone, Cleopatra is tenderly led back to her chamber by Charmian, murmuring Antony has departed gallantly, and that she wishes 'he and Cæsar might determine this great war in single fight!'

Arriving at camp, Antony is greeted by good wishes from the soldier who, at Actium, tried to make him stake his fortunes on a land battle rather than trust to rotten ships. Since then the soldier has noted many desertions, reporting as the latest the departure of Enobarbus, who has just gone over to Cæsar's camp. Hearing this man left his treasures behind him, Antony generously orders them sent after him, with a letter containing 'gentle adieus and greetings,' together with the hope he will 'never find more cause to change a master.' Then he groans to himself that his 'fortunes have corrupted honest men!'

Meantime, in Cæsar's camp preparations are being made for the coming battle, where Antony is to be taken alive, if possible, and where Cæsar predicts 'the time of universal peace is near. Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world shall bear the olive freely.'

Just then a messenger reports Antony is in the field, so Cæsar orders those who have deserted him to fight first. While he hurries out to see his orders executed, Enobarbus remarks that Alexas, who deserted Antony, has been hanged, that none of the deserters enjoy 'honourable trust,' and concludes he did ill to forsake his master and can 'joy no more.' While he is talking to himself a soldier informs him Antony has sent his treasures, but when Enobarbus bids him take them all, the soldier, deeming he is joking, enjoins upon him to see the messenger safely out of camp, adding admiringly, 'your emperor continues still a Jove.' Pierced to the quick by Antony's generosity, Enobarbus declares it has so broken his heart, that he will seek 'some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits my latter part of life.'

On the battle-field between both camps Agrippa retreats with his forces, exclaiming their 'oppression exceeds what we expected.' He is closely followed by Antony and Scarus; and the latter, although wounded, enthusiastically exclaims that had they fought thus before, they would surely have conquered. When Antony urges him to go and have his wounds dressed, Scarus jocosely rejoins there is room on his person for many more gashes. They are still talking when Eros appears to report they are triumphing, news which puts new ardour into both Antony and Scarus.

Beneath the walls of Alexandria Antony arrives in triumph, having beaten the foe back to their tents, and decided to postpone the rest of the victory

until the morrow. He is shaking hands with Scarus when Cleopatra appears, whom he rapturously clasps to his heart, bidding her 'ride on the pants triumphing!' When she exults that he has come 'smiling, from the great world's snare uncaught,' he dubs her his nightingale, and relates the day's feats, bidding her allow brave Scarus to kiss her hand. Not only does Cleopatra grant this favour, but she promises the man a golden armour, ere Antony leads her off to the city, where music heralds their triumphant return.

Night has come, and sentinels in Cæsar's camp watch the stars, discussing the coming battle, and declaring the one just waged proved very unkind to their party. While they are talking, Enobarbus strolls on the scene, talking to himself, and his actions seem so suspicious that the sentinels hide to watch him, commenting softly on all he says and does. They thus overhear him confess to the moon how sorely he repents his treachery, and wail that the world will register him as 'master-leaver.' His grief is so heartrending that the sentinels are about to address him, when he falls in what they take for a swoon. But, when they emerge from their hiding place and try to revive him, they discover he is lifeless, and bear away his corpse.

Between the two camps Antony and Scarus appear, the former exclaiming Cæsar is about to try his fortunes by sea. Undismayed, he calmly awaits the result of this battle, which he has come to watch from a neighbouring height. Meantime, in another part of the field, Cæsar informs his army

that as all Antony's best forces man the ships, he proposes to attack him by land.

Unable to see as much as he wishes from the point he has chosen, Antony climbs higher still, while Scarus comments that 'swallows have built in Cleopatra's sails their nests,' that the augurs refuse to speak, and that Antony's spirits are so fluctuating that the result of the day seems very doubtful. Great noise of a battle at sea is heard, and before long Antony rushes in exclaiming all is lost, since the Egyptian fleet has surrendered! In his wrath he curses Cleopatra, bids his men save themselves, and declares that 'when I am revenged upon my charm, I have done all.' Scarus, having hastened off to warn the army of the fleet's defeat, Antony bids farewell to the sun, whose rising he never expects to see again, bitterly adding that the people who once fawned upon him will now pay court to Cæsar. He realises he has been beguiled into this war by 'this false soul of Egypt,' and is just calling for Eros when Cleopatra enters. Recoiling from her in horror, Antony bids her not approach lest he mar her beauty, and thus detract from Cæsar's triumph! His allusions to her progress through Rome behind the conqueror's chariot, where patient Octavia will plough her visage 'with her prepared nails,' so horrify Cleopatra, that she flees in dismay, while Antony compares himself to the tortured and dying Hercules. Still he is determined Cleopatra shall perish, too, for having betrayed him, and loudly calls for Eros to execute his revenge.

Having fled from Antony's enraged presence to

her own apartment, Cleopatra hysterically sobs he is mad; then eagerly adopts Charmian's suggestion that she take refuge in the monument, where she can guard against every attack, since 'the soul and body rive not more in parting than greatness going off.' She, therefore, bids her eunuch report to Antony she died breathing his name, and send word after her how this news is received.

Meantime, Antony asks Eros whether he was ever mocked by mirage, and vows he does not at present behold Antony the conqueror, but one whom Cleopatra has betrayed. His man is weeping over his sorrows when the eunuch enters, to inform Antony his mistress has just expired with his name on her lips! These tidings are received with uncanny calmness by Antony, who, after dismissing the eunuch, bids Eros unarm him, for 'the long day's task is done, and we must sleep.' While his man removes the battered gear Antony never expects to don again, he mutters he will soon overtake Cleopatra and sue her pardon for having misjudged her. Then, left alone, he ardently pictures their entrance, hand in hand, to the land of shades, 'where souls do couch on flowers,' and where they'll enter 'hand in hand, and with our sprightly port' will 'make the ghosts gaze.'

Summoning Eros, who has carried away his discarded weapons, Antony next states it is a disgrace to live since Cleopatra has gone, and reminds his man of the promise once given to slay his master when the latter bade him do so. Seeing Eros shrink from this task, Antony fiercely demands

whether he wishes to see him grace Cæsar's triumph, and urges him to keep his oath. At first, all Antony's eloquence proves vain, but finally Eros gasps he may gain courage to do it if his master will only assure him of his forgiveness, bid him farewell, and turn aside his noble countenance. But, when all this has been done, Eros stabs himself, exclaiming 'thus do I escape the sorrow of Antony's death.' Pronouncing his man 'thrice-nobler' than himself, and vowing Eros and Cleopatra have set him such an example that it behooves him to act as a bridegroom and run to his death 'as to a lover's bed,' Antony falls upon his sword, inflicting so painful a wound that he groans for his guards to despatch him. These men, rushing in, refuse this humane office; but one of them, picking up Antony's bloody sword, darts off with it to Cæsar. Meantime, pleading for death, Antony addresses a newcomer, whose remark that Cleopatra sent him, reveals she is not dead as was supposed. On discovering his charmer has taken refuge with her treasures in the monument, Antony, anxious to die in her presence, implores the guards to carry him thither; so, although fearing he may expire on the way, they gently raise and bear away the general who so often led them on to victory.

In the interior of the monument, Cleopatra moans she will 'never go from hence,' and insists, in spite of all proffered consolations that 'our size of sorrow, proportion'd to our cause, must be as great as that which makes it.' While she is moralising thus, a messenger bids her look out and see the dying An-

tony brought to her by his guards. A moment later Antony appears upon the scene, and perceiving his plight Cleopatra's heart melts. To reassure her, Antony himself exclaims, 'Peace! not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony, but Antony's hath triumph'd on itself,' a state of affairs she deems fitting though passing sad. When Antony adds he is dying fast, and wishes to exhale his last breath in a kiss, she refuses to come down lest she fall into Cæsar's hands. But she and her maids laboriously draw him up into the monument, where she strains him to her heart. Collecting his last strength, Antony then warns beloved 'Egypt,' as he calls her, not to trust any of Cæsar's followers save Proculeius, and bids her remember him only as he was in his prime, rejoicing that he dies 'a Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquish'd.' Then, as his eyes close in death, Cleopatra wails 'the crown of the earth doth melt,' and that 'there is nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon.' In the midst of her lament she sinks into a swoon, so that her maids fancy she is dead, too; but, after a while, Cleopatra comes to life again, only to bewail her lot, and question whether 'it is sin to rush into the secret house of death, ere death dare come to us?' Then, perceiving her women's grief, Cleopatra rouses herself sufficiently to say they will bury Antony, 'and then, what's brave, what's noble, let's do it after the high Roman fashion, and make death proud to take us.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens in Cæsar's camp just as he is directing an officer to go and demand Antony's surrender. This man has barely departed

when a guard bursts in, accounting for his unmannerly intrusion by gasping Antony was his master while he lived. When he reveals Antony's suicide, Cæsar, at first, can scarcely credit it, although he eloquently praises the man whose faults he deprecates while lauding his great deeds, and concludes his panegyric with the statement that they 'could not stall together in the whole world,' because their stars were unreconcilable.

The arrival of a messenger from Cleopatra, asking his intentions, so she 'preparedly may frame herself to the way she's forced to,' interrupts this scene. Bidding the man rejoin that Cleopatra may be of good heart 'for Cæsar cannot live to be ungentle,' he dismisses this messenger, sending Proculeius after him to comfort the queen, 'lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke she do defeat us; for her life in Rome would be eternal in our triumph.' Then Cæsar invites the rest to his tent, where he offers to prove to them 'how hardly' he was drawn into this war, and how calmly and gently *he* proceeded in all his writings.

In the interior of the monument Cleopatra is musing how even a Cæsar is only 'Fortune's knave,' when Proculeius delivers the conqueror's greetings and request that she 'study on what fair demands' she wishes him to grant her. Ascertaining that this is the very man Antony bade her trust, Cleopatra rejoins that when a queen turns beggar she can sue only for a kingdom, and that hence she entreats her son may have Egypt, promising all gratitude in return. All Proculeius can rejoin is the assurance she

has fallen 'into a princely hand,' together with a promise to convey her request to see Cæsar face to face.

The hollowness of this exchange of courtesies is proved by the fact that, having forced their way into the monument as ambassadors, the Romans now treacherously take possession of it, and make Cleopatra their prisoner, deftly disarming her when she draws a dagger to slay herself. Then they sternly warn her not to abuse their master's bounty by undoing of herself, whereupon she calls for death, vehemently declaring she will neither eat nor drink if she cannot save herself otherwise from being stared at in Rome. To pacify her, Proculeius assures her 'you do extend these thoughts of horror further than you shall find cause in Cæsar.' Then, summoned to his master, he entrusts her keeping to his comrade Dolabella, and departs, promising to do his best for the captive queen.

When he has gone, Dolabella vainly tries to rouse Cleopatra, who finally gasps she dreamt there was a man called Antony, whose 'legs bestrid the ocean,' and whose 'voice was propertied as all the tuned spheres.' It is only when her enthusiastic description of Antony is finished, that she becomes conscious of Dolabella, from whom she wrings the admission that she is, indeed, destined to figure in Cæsar's triumph.

Just then trumpets proclaim the arrival of Cæsar, before whom Cleopatra sinks on her knees as a suppliant, only to be told to rise since her injuries are forgotten, and assured if she prove amenable to

reason she will find 'a benefit in this change.' Cæsar adds the stern warning, however, that if she resorts to 'Antony's course' she will jeopardise her children's future. Hearing this, Cleopatra humbly proffers the inventory of her treasures, assuring Cæsar she reserves naught, as her treasurer can bear witness. But, instead of confirming these words, her treasurer reveals she has reserved more than half her fortune for her own use, a thrift Cæsar admires, while Cleopatra hotly reviles the man for betraying her. Hoping to give a favourable colour to this unexpected revelation, Cleopatra next pretends she reserved these things as propitiatory gifts for Cæsar's wife and sister, and after dismissing her treasurer philosophically remarks, 'Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought for things that others do; and, when we fall, we answer others' merits in our name, are therefore to be pitied.'

After assuring her she can retain her treasures, and that he will do nothing without consulting her, Cæsar leaves, while Cleopatra watches him depart, murmuring he is trying to prevent her from being 'noble' to herself. Then she whispers a few words in Charmian's ear, whence Iras gloomily concludes 'the bright day is done, and we are for the dark.' Just then Dolabella reënters and curtly informs the captive queen that Cæsar is about to leave for Syria, where she and her children are ordered to precede him.

Grateful for this warning, Cleopatra watches Dolabella retire, and then asks Iras how they could

endure to be exposed to the stares of the vulgar in Rome, where their Alexandrian revels will be staged, and 'some squeaking Cleopatra' will 'boy my greatness.' Rather than undergo such humiliation, Iras is ready to scratch out her own eyes; a way to 'fool their preparation' that Cleopatra approves. But, when Charmian reënters, she surprises both maids by bidding them attire her as when she met Antony on the Cydnus, assuring them that, that duty fulfilled, she will give them 'leave to play till doomsday.'

While the women are preparing this elaborate toilet, a guard reports that 'a rural fellow' insists upon being admitted, so Cleopatra bids him usher the man in, whispering 'he brings me liberty. My resolution's placed, and I have nothing of woman in me: now from head to foot I am marble-constant.' As this soliloquy ends, the peasant enters, and when sure the guard cannot overhear them, Cleopatra eagerly enquires, 'Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, that kills and pains not?' She seems gratified when she learns the basket contains figs and deadly asps, whose bite the man volubly assures her is mortal. Bidding him set the basket down, Cleopatra dismisses him, so he reluctantly leaves, wishing her 'all joy of the worm.' After he has gone, the women bring in Cleopatra's regal attire, wherein she urges them to hurry and array her, for Antony is calling her, and will surely praise her noble act. When duly decked out, Cleopatra kisses both maids farewell and as her lips touch Iras, the girl, overcome by her emotions, falls dead, while

her mistress dully wonders whether she can have the aspic in her lips?

While Charmian weeps, Cleopatra reiterates she must hurry or Iras will be first to meet Antony, who will 'make demand of her, and spend that kiss which is my heaven to have.' Saying this, Cleopatra takes an asp from the basket and applies it to her breast, exclaiming, 'with thy sharp teeth this knot intricate of life at once untie.' Because Charmian laments at the sight, Cleopatra murmurs it is her babe feeding at her breast, and rouses herself from her lethargy, only to apply a second asp to her arm, such is her eagerness to rejoin Antony. She has just breathed her last, and Charmian is tenderly adjusting her crown and robes, when guards rush in. Muttering Cæsar has sent too slow a messenger, Charmian deftly applies an asp to her own arm, just as the guards become aware there is something strange in the queen's attitude. While some loudly call for Dolabella, one reproachfully asks Charmian whether this is well, whereat she triumphantly rejoins 'It is well done, and fitting for a princess descended of so many royal kings,' ere she, too, sinks down lifeless.

When Dolabella enters, therefore, he finds three corpses, and exclaims Cæsar himself is coming only to 'see perform'd the dreaded act' which he sought to hinder. These words are scarcely uttered when Cæsar marches in, only to be greeted by the remark, 'O sir, you are too sure an augurer, that you did fear is done.' Exclaiming 'bravest at the last, she levell'd at our purposes, and being royal, took her

own way,' Cæsar bends over the bodies to investigate the mode of death employed; while Dolabella questions the guards and hears of the rustic's visit. The basket of figs is still in evidence, while the guard describes how Charmian was alive when he came in, and how suddenly she died. Sure if they had taken poison their beauty would be marred, —whereas now Cleopatra 'looks like sleep, as she would catch another Antony in her strong toil of grace,'—Cæsar continues to search. Just then Dolabella discovers a slight puncture on the queen's arm and breast, and one of the guards perceives the slimy trail of an asp on the fig leaves. The mystery being thus solved, Cæsar explains he has just learned from Cleopatra's physician, that his mistress 'pursued conclusions infinite of easy ways to die.' After ordering her body removed, and decreeing 'she shall be buried by her Antony: no grave upon earth shall clip in it a pair so famous,' Cæsar adds that after the funeral he will return to Rome, but bids Dolabella 'see high order in this great solemnity.'

TITUS ANDRONICUS¹

ACT I. The rising curtain reveals a square in Rome,—from whence the Capitol and the tomb of the Andronici are visible,—just as the two sons of the late emperor, Saturninus and Bassianus, appear with their followers, each urging his claim to the imperial crown, and bespeaking the people's votes.

Their speeches are barely finished when Marcus Andronicus appears above, holding the disputed crown, and saying the people wish to elect his brother Titus in reward for his successful ten years' struggle against the Goths. In this war Titus has lost many brave sons, some of whose remains he is again bringing home.

Although this speech is answered by an ironical remark from Saturninus, Bassianus, who is in love with Lavinia, Titus' daughter, openly declares his willingness to abandon his claims and abide by the people's choice, ere he departs. Turning to his partisans, Saturninus now dismisses them also, announcing he will follow his brother's example, trusting Rome will prove gracious to him in the end.

Both imperial candidates having gone, a captain enters, proclaiming the arrival of Titus, whose titles

¹This tragedy and those which follow are seldom, if ever played. Besides, many critics claim that only parts of them can be attributed to the master-poet.

to glory he enumerates in a loud tone. After his peroration and some trumpet blasts, the victors of the Gothic campaign enter with their prisoners, bearing spoils and a coffin containing the remains of the general's brave sons. The centre of attraction is, however, Titus himself, who pauses at the family tomb to address his native city and countrymen, saying that, although he returns weighed down with laurels, he grieves to think that of his five-and-twenty stalwart sons only four now remain, the rest having all fallen in the Gothic campaign! Four times already his ancestral tomb has opened to receive his offspring, and he now intends to consign to its keeping the latest victims.

While this is being done, Lucius, his eldest living son, steps forward to demand in the name of his brothers that the most exalted among the Gothic prisoners be sacrificed to appease the manes of the dead. In reply to this request, Titus grants him the eldest son of Tamora, Queen of the Goths, one of the prisoners in his train. On hearing this decree, Tamora frantically begs for her son's life, pleading it is enough to have lost her crown, to see her people conquered, and to be a captive, without also losing her first-born. But, although she implores Titus to show mercy, he calmly informs her she will have to submit to the sacrifice demanded, and allows the victim to be hurried away by his four sons, who fiercely vow that they will hew him limb from limb!

While the Gothic queen and one of her remaining sons are exclaiming in horror over this cruelty, another prince assures them his brother will soon be

free from earthly ills, but hopes the time will come when it will be in their power to avenge his death. Just then Titus' sons return with bloody swords, announcing that, the victim having been sacrificed, it only remains to place the dead in their tomb. At Titus' signal, trumpets resound, and after he has pronounced the usual funeral oration, the coffin is placed in the vault. Then Lavinia, who welcomes the living with tears of joy, strews flowers on the dead, her evident affection deeply touching Titus, who hopes this daughter may live to console his old age.

A moment later Marcus Andronicus also greets his victorious brother and nephews, hailing living and dead as heroes, and offering Titus the imperial candidacy in the people's name. Such honours gratify Titus, who replies, however, that having been a soldier for forty years and buried twenty-one valiant sons, he has done enough for Rome without assuming the task of governing it. Instead, he urges all present to support the claims of Saturninus, thus checking the quarrel which threatens to break out between the opposing political factions. His rough eloquence wins the day, and when he bids all those who would fain vote for him transfer their allegiance to Saturninus, whom he hails emperor, he carries their votes. Amid deafening trumpet-peals, Saturninus therefore becomes emperor of Rome.

Realising his elevation is due to Titus, Saturninus thanks him, and proposes to make Lavinia his empress,—an honour Titus so appreciates that he then and there dedicates his sword, his prisoners, and all

he owns to the service of his new sovereign! Turning to the Gothic queen, Titus next informs her that she is now prisoner of an emperor, who will treat her with due consideration; a promise which Saturninus immediately echoes, for he falls in love with her at first sight. After courteously begging Lavinia's permission to set this august prisoner free without ransom, he entirely forgets the presence of his betrothed and begins to court Tamora with glances, although not in words.

Seizing this first opportunity to speak, Bassianus cries that Lavinia already belongs to him, a claim Titus denies, but which his brother and sons uphold, because it is consistent with Roman law. Seeing them lead Lavinia away, Titus not only protests, but drawing his sword, slays one of his sons, who is covering his sister's retreat. Under the pretext that their lives are in danger, Saturninus now leads Tamora away, only to reappear by her side in the Capitol, out of reach of harm.

One of Titus' sons now reproaches his father for his fury, vowing that Lavinia shall never marry the emperor, whereupon Saturninus, overhearing this speech, gladly seizes this pretext to be rid of an unwelcome bride. He, therefore, insultingly informs Titus that he has no further need of him or of the daughter he is trying to palm off upon him, a sudden change of manner which seems incomprehensible to Titus. He is further amazed to hear the emperor add that, instead, he is going to marry Tamora, who accepts his suit. Then Saturninus invites all present to his marriage, and when all have gone, Titus



Thos Kirk

THE BOY'S TERROR

Young Luc. "Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why :—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean."

Titus Andronicus. Act 4, Scene 1,

marvels to find himself deserted and publicly disgraced!

He is soon joined by his brother and three surviving sons, who reproach him for killing the fourth, thus partly rousing him at last from his abstraction. But, when they propose to put the youth just slain into the same tomb as his brothers, Titus angrily refuses to allow a brawler to rest beside heroes. After some vain argument, his sons and brother kneel before him to obtain this boon, which he reluctantly grants. The tomb is, therefore, reopened to receive another inmate, and the funeral rites over, Marcus enquires how the captive Queen of the Goths so suddenly became empress of Rome? Although at a loss to account for her elevation, Titus assures them that Tamora, whom he claims he has always treated with special consideration, will remember all she owes him.

Two wedding processions now appear from opposite ends of the stage, that of the imperial couple crossing the pathway of Bassianus and Lavinia, who have also just been united. Unable to restrain his anger, Saturninus reviles his brother as a kidnapper, an accusation which Bassianus denies, testifying that Titus is misjudged, and that he actually slew one of his sons in a vain attempt to defend the emperor's rights.

But, although Bassianus pleads, Titus humbly begs to be restored to favour, and Tamora seems to intercede in his behalf, Saturninus does not yield until his bride bids him, in a whisper, to dissemble and not further anger the patricians and people, who

are already accusing him of ingratitude, a heinous sin in the eyes of the Romans! She adds the comforting, secret assurance that she will aid him to find the right moment to slay Titus and his sons, whom she hates since they sacrificed her eldest offspring. Yielding to her intercession, therefore, Saturninus forgives Titus, who gratefully thanks the imperial couple, and begs that his family and Bassianus may be included in the imperial pardon. This, too, being granted at Tamora's intercession, all present are invited to attend the nuptial feast at the palace that day, and a hunting party in Titus' forest on the morrow.

ACT II. The second act opens before the palace in Rome, where Aaron, Tamora's Moorish lover, comments upon her elevation to a power she has coveted, so as to avenge her son's death and her own captivity. Sure that the queen loves him only and feels no affection for her imperial spouse, he determines, while humbly attending her, to maintain his position and privileges by helping her to wreck the emperor and the Roman commonwealth.

Sounds of a quarrel interrupt his meditations, making him aware that Tamora's sons are disputing about Lavinia, both having fallen in love with her, and being determined to possess her. From taunts, these undisciplined Gothic princes soon come to blows, only to be separated by Aaron, who sternly warns them such conduct will shame their mother. At first, the youths refuse to listen to his arguments, vowing they are ready to brave all to win Lavinia, who, being but a woman, can be wooed and won,

although she is already the wife of Bassianus. Loving the empress, a married woman, Aaron sees no objection to Lavinia having lovers, too; so, overhearing one of the young princes state that many a deer has been stricken down and carried off under the keeper's nose, he suggests that during the coming hunt, Lavinia be decoyed to a spot in the forest, where she can become their victim in turn, evil advice eagerly accepted by the vicious princes, who propose to carry it out with their mother's aid.

The scene is now transferred to a forest near Rome where hunting horns herald the arrival of Titus Andronicus, his brother, and sons. All exult in the fine weather, ere they welcome the approaching emperor and his train. But, although the imperial couple deem they have been roused too early, Lavinia claims to have been awake for some time; and, while Titus and Marcus boast of their horses and dogs, Tamora's sons, lurking in the background, gloat upon the charming quarry they propose to run down.

In a remote part of the same forest, Aaron is next seen hastily burying a bag of gold under a tree, while muttering that this is part of their stratagem. As he finishes his task, Tamora joins him, inviting him to enjoy a brief interlude of love with her; but Aaron replies that his heart, instead of being attuned to love, is bent on revenge. So, after designating a letter she is to pick up and give the emperor, he informs her how her sons, having executed their vile plans, intend to cut out Lavinia's tongue, so she can never betray them. They also

plan to slay Bassianus, and to contrive by means of the buried gold and forged letter to cast all blame upon innocent victims.

A moment later, while still clasped in each other's arms, the guilty pair are surprised by Bassianus and Lavinia, who reproach the empress for deceiving her new-made husband, whose eyes they threaten to open. It is while this dispute is still raging that Tamora's sons join her, and when she exclaims that Lavinia and Bassianus have lured her to this lonely place to murder her, they promptly draw their daggers and slay Bassianus! But, although Tamora seems eager to kill Lavinia with her own hand, both youths soon compel her to abandon her to their tender mercies. Instead of heeding desolate Lavinia's piteous entreaties, Tamora, remembering only how deaf Titus was to her prayers, cruelly bids her sons lead their victim away. Casting Bassianus' body into a neighbouring pit covered with brush, the princes bear the struggling Lavinia off to a remote cave, while Tamora rejoins her swarthy lover.

The stage now remains deserted until Aaron guides thither two of Titus' sons, under plea he has discovered a panther fast asleep in the thicket. Led by him, the youths near the hidden pit, into which one of them falls, and where, groping about in the darkness, he discovers murdered Bassianus. This discovery so unmans him that no strength remains to him to climb out of the pit, into which he drags the brother who tries to help him, while Aaron hastens away to summon Saturninus.

Both young men are, therefore, found in this place by the emperor, who, learning his brother lies there murdered, believes them guilty of the crime. This suspicion is confirmed by the letter Tamora hands him, wherein he reads of a plot to murder Bassianus, in exchange for a bag of gold buried beneath a certain tree. The letter, the gold, and the dead body, all seem to fasten the guilt upon Titus' sons, although their father, who has joined the emperor, begs they may be duly tried ere sentenced. Too angry to yield to this entreaty, Saturninus orders the youths apprehended and forbidden to speak, while Tamora pretends to comfort their father by promising to intercede in their behalf.

Meantime, in another part of the forest, reappear Tamora's sons, who, having sated their lust, have cut off poor Lavinia's hands and tongue, so she can never reveal either by word or writing what has befallen her. After mocking this mutilated victim, these cruel youths abandon her in a remote part of the forest, where her uncle Marcus meets her. Enquiring, in surprise, where is her husband, and why she is alone, he suddenly discovers her horrible plight, of which he remembers a similar example in the classic story of Philomel. Then, full of compassion both for what he sees and what he suspects, Marcus conducts his unfortunate niece to her father, whom this sad sight will craze with grief.

ACT III. The third act opens in a street in Rome, where the authorities are leading to execution Titus' sons, while their father pleads in broken-

hearted accents, saying he never mourned for the twenty-two youths who fell for their country, but is ready to abase himself in the dust in order to obtain the pardon of these. Deaf to his eloquent pleas, the tribunes pass on, and his last remaining son Lucius, finding him still there, bids him rise, explaining,—when asked why he is armed,—that after vainly trying to rescue his brothers, he has been banished forever from Rome. Such a sentence seems enviable to Titus, who vows Rome is now ‘but a wilderness of tigers,’—a belief in which he is strengthened when he beholds Marcus and the unhappy Lavinia.

When both father and son vehemently question the unfortunate girl, she is able to vouchsafe them no reply; so Marcus explains how he found her, his description wringing tears and words of compassion from his hearers. He adds that, when he informed Lavinia her brothers were accused of slaying her husband, her tears flowed faster still. But when Titus exclaims that they must by this time have paid the penalty of their crime, if they did commit it, Lavinia’s grief increases. Seeing the tears course down her cheeks, the three men clumsily try to wipe them away, as she is unable to perform that task herself.

It is while they are thus occupied, that Aaron enters, bringing word that if either Marcus, Titus, or Lucius will chop off his right hand, and send it to the emperor in token of submission, he promises to pardon the youths, who have not yet been executed. On hearing this Titus joyfully volunteers to sacrifice his hand, a sacrifice his son and brother

try to forestall by the proffer of their own. Because the three Andronici generously dispute which shall suffer such a loss, Aaron sternly bids them make haste. While the others go off in quest of an axe, wherewith to do the deed when the victim has been selected, Titus easily persuades Aaron to lop off his right hand with his sword, the cruel wretch muttering, while doing so, that Titus will soon find out how he has been deceived! When his brother and son return, therefore, Titus proudly exhibits his bleeding stump, urging Aaron to hasten with his severed hand to the emperor and redeem the life of his children, 'jewels purchased at an easy price.' Although Aaron departs, promising his sons will soon be with him, he gloats beneath his breath over the fact that Titus shall never again behold them alive.

Bidding Lavinia kneel beside him to implore Heaven's aid to avenge his woes, Titus now proceeds to characterise them with great eloquence. He has barely finished when a messenger brings him his own hand and his sons' heads, indignantly exclaiming great services are ill-requited by cruel mockery! While Titus stands speechless with grief and horror, his brother and son pour out their wrath, and Lavinia, by tears and kisses tries to show the compassion she cannot otherwise express. This horrible scene closes with the lament of uncle and son, and an outburst of mad laughter from Titus, who, having no further tears to shed, vows he, Lavinia, and Marcus will piously bury his sons' heads and his own severed hand, while Lucius hur-

ries off to raise a Gothic army and attack Rome. Left alone on the stage, when the mourners have departed, this youth breathes a touching farewell to Titus, whom he rightfully terms 'the wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome,' and to his poor mutilated sister, swearing, if he lives, to avenge their wrongs ere long.

In the next scene we behold a room in Titus' house, where a banquet is spread, to which the host invites his brother, Lavinia, and a little grandson, to preserve strength enough to obtain revenge. The sight of his unhappy daughter, however, fills him with such a rage of pity that Marcus rebukes him, although both show tender compassion for Lavinia, feeding her and giving her to drink. Besides, Titus vows he is gradually learning to interpret her glances.

The child, suggesting his aunt might be cheered by merry tales, is silenced by his elders; but Marcus gives vent to some of the feelings he cannot express by viciously killing a fly, for which act of cruelty Titus reproaches him, pathetically saying the fly had a father and mother. When Marcus, however, mutters that the fly was as black as the empress's lover, Titus suddenly approves of its execution, in words which savour so strongly of insanity that his brother murmurs, 'Alas, poor man! Grief has so wrought on him, he takes false shadows for true substances.' This scene closes when Titus leads his daughter away, saying he and his grandson will read stories to her to distract her thoughts.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in Titus' garden,

where the child, running in terror away from his aunt, seeks refuge in Marcus' arms. His uncle and grandfather reassure him by saying his aunt means him no harm, but wonder what can be the meaning of the signs she keeps making, and which have induced the lad to think she is mad. Now, the two men notice how Lavinia is turning over, with her stumps, some books which the child dropped, and perceive she is trying to communicate with them by signs. After a while, painfully turning over the leaves of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, she finds the story of Philomel, to which she calls their attention, so they conclude she, too, has been ravished ere her tongue was cut out and her hands lopped off.

Suddenly inspired, Marcus proceeds to show his niece how, by holding a stick between his teeth, and guiding it with his feet, he can write upon the sand in the garden walks, imploring her to do so in her turn and reveal the name of her ravisher. The stick placed between her teeth, Lavinia painfully guides it with her stumps, and writes in the sand the names of Tamora's two sons. Father and uncle read them with horror, and, kneeling down beside her with the child, pledge themselves to avenge her. They decide, however, to keep this intention secret lest Tamora defeat it, and seeing the boy understands their purpose, bespeak his aid to execute it. Then Titus, Lavinia, and the lad leave the scene, while Marcus calls upon Heaven to avenge the wrongs of the Andronici!

The scene is now transferred to a room in the palace, where Tamora's sons marvel because Titus'

grandson has brought them a message. When admitted, although the child utters aloud a courteous greeting, he prays in an aside that the gods may confound his hearers. Then, as instructed, he adds that his grandfather sends the princes choice weapons from his armory, muttering beneath his breath that they are bloody villains! After the lad has taken his leave with outward courtesy but secret defiance, the young men examine their presents, only to discover, wrapped around the daggers, a verse of Horace, whose meaning they do not comprehend, although Aaron does. When they, therefore, express wonder that Titus should send them gifts, he sarcastically suggests it is in return for their 'friendly' treatment of his daughter, a reminder which causes both fiends to express gruesome wishes worthy of their base natures.

Then the young princes elect to pray for their mother in travail, just as trumpets proclaim the birth of a male child to the imperial couple. A moment later a nurse hastily enters, asking for Aaron, and exclaiming when she beholds him that they are undone! Noting she carries some squirming object, Aaron questions her, only to discover that the empress has given birth to a black child,—his offspring,—which, owing to its colour, it is impossible to pass off as the emperor's heir. On hearing these tidings, both princes wish to strangle the infant, whom their mother has sent to Aaron to dispose of immediately. His paternal feelings aroused, however, Aaron defends the babe whom they would fain slay, threatening both Tamora's sons with his

sword, and vowing he'll murder them if they lay a finger upon his child! Then, sending word to the empress that he will keep what is his own, he declares the infant is smiling ingratiatingly upon him and recognises his own image stamped upon its face.

When the nurse and princes demand how their mistress and mother is to be saved from disgrace and from the emperor's wrath, Aaron, after ascertaining that none but the nurse, midwife, and empress are aware of the fact that a coloured babe has been born, promptly decides that 'two may keep counsel when the third's away,' and stabs the nurse so she can never reveal their secret. Then, he justifies what he has done to the princes as an 'act of policy,' ere he adds that the wife of one of his friends, having given birth to a fair child, he will purchase this babe, which Tamora can pass off as the emperor's heir. Bidding the princes dispose of the nurse's corpse, he promises to rid them of the midwife, too, and charges both to guard their mother's secret. When both young men have borne off the body, Aaron decides to carry his babe to the Goths, to be bred among them as a warrior.

In a public square in Rome we next behold Titus, bearing arrows to which letters are attached, and summoning his kinsmen to see how cleverly his grandson can shoot. He declares these letters are addressed to Pluto, Apollo, and Jupiter; talking so wildly the while that all present compassionately murmur he has lost his wits. Marcus, while watching his irresponsible brother, secretly urges the rest to join the Goths in war against Rome. Suddenly

Titus enquires what answer Pluto is sending; so one of the bystanders humours him by pretending to deliver a message, purporting that Revenge will execute his orders as soon as she has leisure to attend to his affairs. This delay seems irksome to Titus, who bids his grandson shoot letters to Mars, Mercury, and the other gods in turn, and rejoices when the spectators give fantastical descriptions of the havoc his shots are effecting among the constellations. Seeing a clown pass by with doves in a basket, Titus next hails him as a messenger from Heaven; but, his questions being answered in such a way that a misunderstanding arises, Marcus smoothes it out with the suggestion that the clown bear the pigeons to the emperor, together with a letter from Titus, adding directions in regard to his behaviour while in the palace.

The actors in this scene have barely left when Saturninus appears, accompanied by Tamora, her sons, and his suite, holding in his hand some of Titus' arrows, and angrily exclaiming that never was emperor so annoyed as he since the execution of Andronicus' sons! He adds that the crazed old man is now appealing to the gods, his letters lying broadcast in Rome to stir up sedition among the people. In his wrath Saturninus vows he will see justice dealt out, a resolve which Tamora pretends to oppose by urging that Titus' actions are the result of age and sorrows. But, in an aside, she exclaims her revenge is near at hand, provided Aaron has executed her orders. It is at this moment that the clown appears, and in his confusion ad-

dresses Tamora as emperor, before he manages to deliver his letter to the right party. He gives way to noisy grief when, instead of receiving the reward he expects, he is led away to be hanged. Having meantime read his letter, Saturninus exclaims he will no longer stand such persecution, and orders Titus brought before him to suffer his just doom.

Before this order can be carried out a Roman rushes in, exclaiming that the Goths, led by Andronicus' son, are on their way to attack Rome, so that worse peril now threatens the city than in the days of Coriolanus. These tidings cause dismay at court, for Saturninus knows the common people will favour Lucius, whom they deem unjustly persecuted. Although Tamora encourages him to believe that the city is so well fortified it will be easy to defend, the emperor shows such dejection that she urges him to bestir himself, promising to win old Andronicus 'with words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep.' Her plan consists in inducing the old man to invite his son to his house, the messenger who has brought news of Lucius' arrival being selected to summon him to Rome for a parley, and offer him any hostages he cares to ask. Then, the messenger having gone to carry out her orders, Tamora prepares to visit Andronicus, and use all her arts to separate Lucius from the Goths, assuring the emperor he can trust her to help him.

ACT V. The fifth act opens on the plains near Rome, where Lucius is encamped with the Gothic army, which he eloquently addresses, saying Saturni-

nus is hated in Rome, where all long for his presence. The Goths, proud to be led by the son of their former brave foe, express delight at these tidings, and promise to follow Lucius wherever he leads them, an offer he receives with due gratitude, as a sentinel ushers in Aaron and his babe. They have just been found in a deserted monastery, where the father was overheard exclaiming that had not the child's colour betrayed him, he might have been emperor of Rome.

On recognising Aaron as the villain who tricked his father into sacrificing his hand, and as the paramour of Tamora, Lucius begins to question him, and finding he will not answer, orders him hanged with his child. But Aaron peremptorily forbids them to touch a babe of royal blood, a statement Lucius refuses to credit owing to the marked resemblance between father and child. A ladder being brought, Aaron declares that, if Lucius will only spare the child and carry it to the empress, he will reveal to him matters of great moment. On this condition Lucius promises the babe shall live, and learns it is the offspring of Aaron and Tamora, and that the latter's sons, after murdering Bassianus, ravished and mutilated Lucius' sister, while Aaron decoyed his brothers in to the pit, wrote the letter, and buried the gold, which served as proof of their guilt. Aaron adds that all this was done at Tamora's instigation, to punish Titus for sacrificing her eldest son, and that, hidden behind a wall, he laughed on beholding Titus' dismay when confronted with his severed hand and his sons' heads.

Such is the fiendish glee he exhibits in describing these crimes that all present marvel, while the criminal adds his sole regret is not to have committed more black deeds! Because hanging seems too merciful a death for such a monster, Lucius has him brought down from the ladder, and securely gagged, so he can utter no further atrocities. It is at this juncture that the messenger appears to invite Lucius to a parley in his father's house, offering any security he wishes. After a moment's consideration Lucius accepts this invitation, bargaining that hostages be delivered to his father and uncle.

The next scene is played in Rome before Titus' house, where Tamora and her sons appear in disguise; for, taking advantage of Titus' delusion, Tamora personates the Revenge he summoned, and her sons her traditional attendants. In reply to their knocking, Titus peers from a window above, demanding who disturbs his contemplations? When Tamora replies that Revenge has come to converse with him, Titus bitterly retorts that wanting a hand he cannot gesticulate; still, he is not so mad as the empress deems him, for, notwithstanding her disguise, he recognises her plainly. Insisting she is not his foe, the empress, but his friend Revenge, come from the infernal regions to execute his orders, Tamora implores him to admit her. Recognising the princes beside her as Rape and Murder incarnate, Titus grimly bids her slay them both if she would have him believe her, whereupon she reiterates they are not the Gothic princes, but the attendants of Revenge. Then Titus suddenly consents to admit

the trio, and while he is coming to the door, Tamora instructs her sons how she means to trick him into sending for Lucius, and that while all are feasting in his house, she will find some pretext to scatter the Gothic host.

Opening wide the door, Titus now bids Revenge, Rape, and Murder welcome, adding grimly that were they only accompanied by a swarthy Moor, he would swear they were the empress and her sons! To play her part, Revenge now enquires what he wishes, while her sons beg him to point out any criminals and they will punish them. Sternly bidding them go in the wicked streets of Rome, where they will find wrong-doers in plenty, Titus adds that there is, for instance, an empress, her lover, and sons, who have treated him and his with such cruelty that they deserve violent deaths. After assuring him his orders will be duly executed, Tamora suggests he invite Lucius to a banquet at his house, where the emperor, the empress, her sons, and all his foes will be present and at his mercy. Acquiescing, Titus summons Marcus, who is told to go in person and invite Lucius and the Gothic chiefs,—leaving the army meanwhile in camp,—and warning them that they are to feast with the imperial couple at his house. After Marcus has hastened away, Tamora proposes to depart with her satellites, but Titus refuses to lose sight of the princes, under penalty of recalling his invitation to his son. After a whispered conference with both youths, therefore, wherein she bids them humour mad Titus while she apprises the emperor of what she has done,

Tamora departs, not noticing Titus' grim aside that, although they deem him insane, he 'will o'erreach them in their own devices.'

The empress having gone, the princes enquire what Titus wishes them to do, whereupon he assures them they shall soon be put to good use, and summons some friends. Confronting them with the disguised princes,—whom they have no difficulty in recognising,—Titus declares it is not Tamora's sons they behold, but Rape and Murder, whom they are to bind and gag. Thus, although both princes struggle and vainly proclaim their real names, they are soon bound fast and gagged. Meantime, Titus has gone out, only to reappear with Lavinia, he bearing a knife and she a basin. Leading his daughter before her ravishers, he denounces them to all present as the murderers of her husband and brothers, adding that they defiled and mutilated her, and declaring that with his sole remaining hand he intends to cut their throats, while Lavinia receives their guilty blood in her basin! To punish their mother, who has tried to delude him into the belief that she is Revenge, he further means to make her eat her sons' flesh in a pasty, vowing that since they treated his only daughter like Philomel, he will take the same revenge as Progne. Thereupon, he carries out this ghastly programme, himself preparing the cannibal dish he has devised for Tamora's delectation at the coming banquet.

The next scene represents the banquet hall, where Lucius and his companions are welcomed by Marcus, into whose hands they deliver their prisoner Aaron.

He is to be confronted with the empress later on, a prospect which causes him to hope some demon will then prompt his tongue to utter all 'the venomous malice' of his swelling heart.

A blast of trumpets next heralds the arrival of the imperial party, and Saturninus, on entering, greets Lucius in such haughty terms that Marcus hastens to avert a quarrel by inviting all to table. There, Titus dressed as a cook, and Lavinia closely veiled, bring in dishes, which are set on the table, ere the host welcomes his guests, telling them he is playing cook to do honour to august visitors. Then, under guise of polite conversation, Titus enquires whether Saturninus deems Virgilius did well when he slew his daughter?¹ Being told this was an example all Roman fathers should follow, Titus stabs Lavinia, bidding her shame die with her! When Saturninus exclaims he is an unnatural parent, Titus explains his daughter was ravished, but goes on pressing the viands upon his guests. Next, he accuses Tamora's sons of having dishonoured and mutilated Lavinia, revealing when the emperor demands they be summoned, how he has baked them into the pie on which their mother has feasted! Then, drawing his dagger, Titus stabs Tamora, only to fall himself, a moment later, by the emperor's hand.

To avenge the father's death Lucius now slays Saturninus, and hearing a tumult without, hurries to the upper balcony to harangue the people. It is from this position that Marcus, addressing the Romans, informs them that Lucius, their friend, will

¹Guerber's 'Story of the Romans,' pp. 96-98.

explain all that has just occurred, which the latter immediately proceeds to do by rehearsing the horrors with which this tragedy teems. When he explains that the black babe,—whom he points out,—is son of Aaron and Tamora, all admit Titus did right in slaying the empress, and when Marcus offers that he, and his kinsman,—the last of the Andronici,—be sacrificed if the Romans wish, the people reply by hailing Lucius as emperor and demanding Aaron's death. Descending among them, Lucius promises to govern Rome well, ere he pays a last tribute of respect to his dead father, while his uncle and nephew also honour the noble corpse.

Then Aaron is brought in to hear his sentence from the lips of the Andronici, who doom him to be buried alive up to his head, and abandoned on some desert plain, to die there of exposure and starvation. This cruel sentence does not cause Aaron to repent, for even then he cries that, if he ever did one good deed, he repents it from his very soul. After giving orders for Saturninus' burial, Lucius adds that his father and Lavinia are to be laid in the tomb of the Andronici, and Tamora's remains cast to the dogs. Then, justice having been done, he proposes to 'order well the state, that like events may ne'er it ruinate,' and the curtain falls on the most gruesome collection of tragic events that has ever been brought together.

TIMON OF ATHENS

ACT I. The first act opens in Athens, in the hall of Timon's house, just as poet, painter, jeweller, and merchant, enter by different doors to await the coming of their wealthy lord and patron. Meanwhile, they exchange greetings, the poet and painter entering into conversation together, and presently asking the jeweller what he has brought to sell? Proud of his wares, the jeweller exhibits a gem of such uncommon beauty and value that all present rave about it. Meanwhile, the poet cons over the lines he has written, until the painter, noticing his abstraction, wonders whether he is about to dedicate some new work to the great lord whose favour they are all seeking. The poet negligently rejoins it is only a trifle, which idly slipped from him, ere begging permission to see in his turn what the painter has to offer? The picture he is shown is evidently a portrait of Timon, since he praises it until the pleased painter modestly admits 'it is a pretty mocking of the life.'

Meantime, senators are passing through the hall on their way to join Timon, who, painter and poet decide, must be a happy man since so many people pay court to him. The poet now states he has tried to describe in his rough work 'a man, whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug with

amplest entertainment,' using for his verse the bold flight of an eagle. He also remarks that all conditions of men come to tender their service to Lord Timon, whose popularity depends even more upon his large fortune than upon the good and gracious nature which 'subdues and properties to his love and tendance all sorts of hearts,' from that of the cynical philosopher Apemantus,—who enjoys nothing so much as abhorring himself,—down to the lowest of those who kneel at his nod. In his poem, the poet claims he has represented Fortune enthroned upon a high hill, up whose sides climb all manner of men with eyes devoutly fixed upon their sovereign lady. But one of these men,—who, of course, personates Timon,—is wafted up to Fortune's side by a motion from her ivory wand, only to receive innumerable gifts, which he carelessly passes on to others. The painter deems this conceit a happy one, although the poet fancies the people who surround Timon with their flattery might, should Fortune change her mood and spurn him down from the top of the hill he has climbed, refuse to accompany 'his declining foot.' The painter avers, however, such is the common lot of mankind, and exclaims 'A thousand moral paintings I can show that shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's more pregnantly than words.' Still, he praises the poet for making his meaning plain even to Timon's eyes.

Just then the sound of trumpets is heard, and Lord Timon enters, speaking to his various visitors in turn. All at once, he is approached by a messenger from Ventidius, reporting that his lord is in

prison, where, unless five talents are immediately sent, he will have to remain. In his distress, Ventidius beseeches the aid of Timon, who generously exclaims: 'I am not of that feather to shake off my friend when he must need me.' On the contrary, knowing Ventidius to be a gentleman deserving help, Timon generously volunteers to pay the whole debt and set him free, sending the messenger off with an invitation, to present himself, as soon as he is released, to Timon, who will give him further aid, for 'tis not enough to help the feeble up,' but one must 'support him after.'

The messenger having gone, an old Athenian steps forward, and after greeting the rich man, bitterly complains that his servant, Lucilius, frequents his house and woos his young daughter. The old Athenian does not approve of this suitor, because he wishes his daughter to marry a man of means. When Timon remarks that his servant is honest, the old father coolly rejoins 'his honesty rewards him in itself,' but that he shall not have his daughter. On learning that the young people love each other dearly, but that the father will disinherit the girl if they persist in seeing each other, Timon enquires what dowry the Athenian intends to give her in case she marries according to his wishes? After hearing the father's intentions, Timon declares his man has served him so faithfully that he will strain a little 'to build his fortune.' He, therefore, bargains, that provided the Athenian give Lucilius his daughter, he, Timon, will bestow upon his servant an amount equal to the girl's dowry. This

fully satisfies the avaricious parent, who, trusting in Timon's promise, goes off with the overjoyed and grateful Lucilius.

The poet and painter now draw near Timon, who graciously accepts the proffered poem and praises the painting, promising to prove his satisfaction to both artists in some substantial manner. Turning to the jeweller, Timon next informs him his 'jewel hath suffer'd under praise,' a remark which alarms the merchant, but which Timon explains by adding that should he pay it as highly as it has been extolled, it would bankrupt him. The jeweller rejoins 'things of like value differing in the owners are prized by their masters,' and assures him he will 'mend the jewel by the wearing it.' When Timon hints this is meant sarcastically, the merchant assures him, 'no, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue, which all men speak with him.'

Just then the churlish philosopher Apemantus comes in, and the rest whisper he will spare none of them, as he is noted for his propensity for uttering surly and disagreeable truths. He does not disappoint their expectations, for he returns the greetings of Timon, poet, merchant, and painter with such acerbity, that the dialogue soon degenerates into a verbal fencing match, wherein the surliness of the philosopher becomes only too apparent. He derides everything, and when Timon proudly exhibits his recent purchases, runs them down, too, vowing everybody is merely trying to make as much as possible out of a wealthy patron.

In the midst of this talk a blast of trumpets is

heard, and when Timon enquires what this noise means, a servant informs him Alcibiades has just arrived with some twenty horsemen. Giving orders that they, too, be well entertained, Timon turns to the rest, inviting them to dine with him, and charging them not to depart until he has had time to thank them properly for coming and to examine all they have brought. Then, Alcibiades appearing, Timon steps forward to greet him, while the philosopher sarcastically comments that everybody shows politeness to the rich man.

Meantime, Alcibiades and Timon have exchanged greetings; the latter assures his guest he is welcome, and vows that ere they part they 'will share a bounteous time in different pleasures.' To begin with, Timon conducts his guests into a neighbouring banqueting-room, thus leaving Apemantus alone on the stage for a few moments. He is soon joined, however, by a couple of lords, who attempt to enter into conversation with him, but he gives churlish replies to their bantering remarks and finally goes off, still snarling at the rich man and his friends. The lords now prepare to join the banqueters and enjoy the lavish hospitality of Timon, vowing he 'out-goes the very heart of kindness,' and that no gift is ever bestowed upon him 'but breeds the giver a return exceeding all use of quittance.' It is evident they approve of Timon's lavishness, for they express a hope he may long live in fortune.

We are next transferred to the banqueting-room, where soft music is played, while Ventidius addressing Timon, exclaims it has at last pleased the gods



J. McL. Ralston

TIMON VISITED BY PAINTER AND POET

Pain. "I know none such, my lord."

Poet. "Nor I."

Tim. "Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,"

Timon of Athens. Act 5. Scene 1

to recall his aged father and leave him very rich. In 'grateful virtue,' he can now return the five talents through whose aid he recovered his freedom. But Timon refuses to accept this payment, exclaiming, 'I gave it freely ever; and there's none can truly say he gives, if he receives.' Then, turning to his other guests, and noticing they are still standing, he invites them all to sit down, declaring 'ceremony was but devised at first to set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes, recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;' and adds that where 'there is true friendship, there needs none.' Instead of grace, he calls to his friends 'more welcome are ye to my fortunes than my fortunes to me,' and urges them all to sit down. All rejoice in such a welcome except Apemantus, who insists he has come here only to be thrown out, for he wishes to give his host a well-meant warning. Without paying heed to his strictures, Timon politely expresses a hope his meat will annul all objections, but the philosopher refuses to be silenced. He vows that Timon is blind since he fails to see that all these people are dipping in his blood, and adds that his greatest madness consists in cheering them on to do it. In fact, Apemantus clearly gives his host to understand that he considers his guests mere parasites, and as Timon, in reply, proposes a health, he vows it will not be long before such health-drinking 'will make thee and thy state look ill.' Then he pronounces a grace which is the acme of cynicism, wherein among other things he prays he may never be so foolish as 'to trust man on his oath or bond.'

His grace ended, the philosopher sits down to eat and drink, while Timon, turning to Alcibiades, asks whether his heart is already in the field, and whether he prefers a breakfast of enemies to a dinner of friends? Their playful conversation is interrupted by sarcastic remarks from Apemantus, and by enthusiastic praises on the part of the other guests in regard to the magnificence of the feast. In reply Timon assures them he is proud to entertain so many friends, and that he has often wished himself poor so he might come nearer to them. Still, he realises fully that the least thing a rich man can do is to share his wealth with others as with brothers, principles highly approved by all present, save Apemantus. This conversation continues with unabated vivacity until sounds of a new arrival are heard.

Before long a servant announces that some ladies have come and are sending a herald to beg for admittance. After ordering this emissary shown in, Timon is greeted by Cupid, who announces 'the five best senses acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom.' In return, Timon bids such guests heartily welcome, whereupon Cupid ushers in five ladies in masks, who sing and dance, to the delight and entertainment of all present, save the churlish Apemantus. He seems to consider them mad women, and deems the spectators fools to gaze admiringly at them and expend flatteries upon their host!

A moment later some lords rise from the table, and after returning thanks in pantomime to Timon,

join the ladies and dance with them to the strains of gay music. It is only when all are out of breath, and when the music ceases, that Timon can thank the strangers for adding worth and lustre to his entertainment; the praises he utters being offset by snappish, mocking comments on the part of the philosopher. Then Timon invites his female guests to step into an adjoining room, where a banquet awaits them, for he wishes to entertain them in return for the pleasure they have given him and his friends.

The ladies and Cupid having gone, Timon bids his steward bring him his casket, whereupon the man wonders whether his master is going to bestow more jewels upon his friends? He knows, however, 'there is no crossing him in's humour,' and that it is vain to warn him he is spending more than he can afford, so goes off grumbling. Meanwhile, several of the guests call for their horses and prepare to depart; but, when the steward returns, Timon eagerly snatches the casket from him, and begs them to accept trifles,—as he calls them,—which he bestows with many gracious words. All his gifts are received with delight by the guests and the presentation ceremony is barely finished, when the servant announces some senators are arriving. Timon has just exclaimed he will receive them with joy, when his steward, bending down to his ear, anxiously begs a moment's hearing, as he has matters of importance to communicate. Carelessly rejoining he will listen some other time, Timon bids the steward hasten off to prepare suitable entertainment for newcomers,

an order poor Flavius does not know how to carry out, seeing there is nothing left!

Just then a servant reports that Lord Lucius, 'out of his free love,' presents Timon with 'four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver,' a gift which is graciously accepted, as well as that from Lord Lucullus, who sends a brace of hunting hounds, with an invitation to hunt on the morrow. Timon bids these gifts be accepted and the bringers rewarded, while the steward wonders what will come of it all, and how he can supply his master's wants from empty coffers? He murmurs that Timon's 'promises fly so beyond his state' that he is already deeply in debt, his lands having long been mortgaged, and no further devices remaining whereby funds can be raised. He wishes, before the ruin is complete, he might gently be removed from office, and sadly vows 'happier is he that has no friend to feed than such that do e'en enemies exceed.'

Meantime, Timon goes on bestowing jewels, promising steeds, and assuring his friends he gauges their affection by his own, and that hence all he has is at their disposal. Such an assurance is grateful to the parasites, who depart uttering voluble thanks for his gifts. All the rest having gone, the philosopher assures Timon that only 'honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies,' to which Timon rejoins he would fain be good to him, too. But the philosopher protests should he be bribed to keep silence, no one would ever remind Timon of the foolishness of his behaviour. Weary of what sounds like idle croakings, Timon passes out of the room,

while the philosopher mutters it is a pity 'men's ears should be to counsel deaf, but not to flattery!'

ACT II. The second act opens in a senator's house, at the moment when he is looking over some papers, and remembers how Timon has lately borrowed large sums of money, which, seeing his wasteful habits, there is no likelihood he can ever repay. This senator, remembering how, whenever a gift is bestowed upon Timon he always repays it tenfold, suddenly decides to call in his loans, and summoning a servant, sends him off to Timon's house to ask for the repayment of his funds. The man is instructed not to leave without obtaining the money, for his master feels sure that Timon, who flashes now like a phoenix, will soon be nothing but a 'naked gull.' Having secured the necessary vouchers, the servant departs, and the curtain next rises on the hall in Timon's house, where the steward Flavius, his hands full of bills, sadly remarks there is no end to his master's senseless expenditure. He vows that Timon takes no account of the things that go from him, and that, when he returns from hunting, he must again call his attention to his disordered affairs.

At that moment the servants of three of Timon's friends enter together, all bound on the same errand, that is to say, to collect loans. A moment later, Timon, Alcibiades, and their respective trains appear, the master of the house loudly calling for his dinner, and hospitably inviting all to partake of this meal with him. Approaching him with the notes they wish paid, all three servants are referred in

lordly fashion to the steward, although they object he has put them off again and again. When Timon impatiently rejoins he has no leisure to attend to them now, all three become so importunate that he urges his friends to pass into the banqueting-room without him, promising to join them soon. Then, turning to his steward, Timon indignantly demands how it comes he is thus besieged by duns, and why debts long due have not been paid? Not wishing publicly to expose his master's poverty, Flavius promises to explain matters as soon as Timon has leisure to hear him, and persuades the duns to wait until dinner is over. Giving orders that they be hospitably entertained, Timon goes off to join his guests, while Flavius leaves the stage in despair.

The duns are now joined by the philosopher and a fool, with whom they enter into a bantering conversation, which lasts until a page appears bringing letters. He, too, exchanges witticisms with them, ere he begs Apemantus to read for him the addresses on the letters he has to deliver. The fool and philosopher, renewing their argument, come to the conclusion that the duns serve usurers, and that Timon acted unwisely in allowing himself to be plucked so ruthlessly by his friends.

They are interrupted in their talk by the entrance of Timon and of the steward, the master of the house impatiently dismissing them all, so he can converse privately with his man. When alone, Timon enquires why Flavius has not sooner called his attention to the present state of affairs, stating,

‘I might so have rated my expense, as I had leave of means.’ The man assures him he has often vainly tried to do so, mentioning in self-defence, how frequently he has brought his accounts, only to be dismissed to see to this or procure that, until what is left of Timon’s fortunes scarcely suffices to cover outstanding debts.

When Timon exclaims that all his lands, extending as far as Lacedæmon, must immediately be sold, the steward reminds him they have long been pledged, and that this money has gone in riotous feasting, for his friends have been preying upon him shamefully. Granted the opportunity to speak, the steward adds that ‘when the means are gone that buy this praise, the breath is gone whereof this praise is made,’ giving such an eloquent and detailed statement in regard to Timon’s disordered finances that the unfortunate man finally bids him cease, exclaiming, ‘no villainous bounty yet hath pass’d my heart; unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.’

Because Flavius weeps over his ruin, Timon proudly informs him he has many friends, and can easily tide over present difficulties by borrowing from them. Confident that all whom he has helped will be glad to aid him, Timon summons two servants, and bids them hasten to the lords Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and the senators, with requests to lend him funds. He refuses to heed the steward when the latter states he has already tried to borrow from them, but that whenever he has done so they have shaken their heads and dismissed him empty-handed. To convince his incredulous master,

Flavius repeats their excuses, and describes their actions; whereupon Timon vows his man must have angered these true friends or they would surely have complied with his request. Timon feels so sure that Ventidius, whom he so recently helped, and who is now so rich, will gladly assist him in his turn, that he haughtily bids Flavius 'ne'er speak, or think, that Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink,' when this man continues incredulous.

ACT III. The third act opens in Lucullus' house, where Timon's servant is waiting for admittance. On entering the room and perceiving one of Timon's men, Lucullus fancies he is bringing, as usual, a costly gift. Because he dreamt last night of a great silver basin and ewer which he would like to possess, Lucullus fancies this gift is being brought to him, and, therefore, playfully enquires what the man is concealing beneath his cloak? When the servant rejoins it is an empty box, in which he hopes to carry off the money Timon needs, Lucullus rejoins his friend is passing foolish to keep an open house, and that, although he often went there to dinner to remonstrate with him, and stayed to supper to continue the good work, he regrets to state Timon has always refused to heed his warnings. Ashamed to refuse his aid, however, he tries to bribe Timon's servant to report him not at home; but the man, knowing how lavish Timon has always been in his gifts to Lucullus, is so indignant at such meanness, that he refuses the tip Lucullus offers, only to be called a fool and fit for his master! Left alone, the servant curses Timon's false friend,

venomously declaring he hopes his master's meat still in Lucullus' stomach will turn to poison, and wondering 'has friendship such a faint and milky heart, it turns in less than two nights?'

On a public square we next behold Lucius,—one of Timon's former flatterers,—discussing with three strangers the rumours afloat concerning the great man's loss of all his worldly goods, and his friends' churlish refusal to lend him aid. All agree it is contemptible friends should refuse favours to a man who has been so generous with them, but Lucius has barely protested his own extreme devotion, when one of Timon's servants approaches him, begging for a loan. With great volubility, Lucius now explains how gladly he would aid Timon, had he not just purchased goods for which he must pay out every cent he owns. With loud protestations of affection and devotion, he sends the servant empty-handed away; then, turning to the strangers, declares Timon is ruined, since he is vainly trying to borrow, and sagely adds, 'he that's once denied will hardly speed.' After Lucius has left them, the strangers comment upon his heartlessness, declaring that, although not acquainted with Timon, they would willingly serve one who in his prosperity has always been generous, and whom they admire for 'his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, and honourable carriage.'

In another house in Athens Sempronius is wondering why Timon should apply to him for funds rather than to Lucius, Lucullus, or Ventidius? When he asks this question of the servant who has

come to borrow money, the man assures him all these friends have been tried and found wanting. Hearing this, Sempronius pretends to feel insulted because he was asked last, and for that reason refuses to help Timon, exclaiming 'who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.' Leaving the room after this burst of pretended virtuous indignation, Sempronius does not hear the servant term him a villain, or exclaim Timon is being sorely punished for his lavishness, before he ruefully adds 'this is all a liberal course allows; who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.'

We now return to Timon's dwelling, where the creditors' servants have assembled, and are eagerly asking whether Timon cannot be seen, and will not pay their claims? They conclude 'deepest winter' must have come to his purse, and one of them adds he is ashamed of his master, who wears a jewel Timon has not paid for, yet refuses to share any of his wealth with his friend. They are still discussing this affair, when a servant passes through the room, of whom they eagerly enquire when Timon will appear? A moment later they perceive the steward trying to slip out, so muffled up in a cloak that he looks as if he were going 'away in a cloud.' They, therefore, seize him and demand money; whereupon he bluntly informs them none is left, and that as his master has nothing for him to reckon, he is about to leave. A moment later the servant comes back, gravely informing the duns Timon is too much out of health to see them. Such being the case, the impudent duns declare he should

pay his debts, so as to be reconciled to the gods and depart in peace.

Their clamours for payment become so noisy at last that Timon enters in a rage; but when all thrust their bills at him, he rushes out again in despair. Then, only, do they leave, exclaiming their masters will have to consider these debts 'desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em,' and of course insane persons are not held responsible for bills. When they have gone Timon comes back into this apartment, in company with his steward, railing bitterly against the men who so cruelly dun him; nevertheless, he soon bids Flavius go and invite these false friends to a last feast, and when the man cries there is nothing left to lay before them, vows he and his cook will provide all that is necessary for this final entertainment.

We now behold the senate house, where the senators have decided on the death of a soldier, a decree against which Alcibiades comes to plead, indignantly exclaiming that 'pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly.' As the senators will not yield to his entreaties, and accuse him of 'striving to make an ugly deed look fair,' Alcibiades pleads the services this man has rendered the state on different occasions, and the many wounds he has received, and even reminds them of his own deserts. The senators, however, remain obdurate, and when Alcibiades reviles them, become so indignant that they banish him and go away. This decree calls forth hot curses from Alcibiades, together with the threat that he will collect all the discontented, and with

their aid besiege Athens, of which he has no doubt he will soon become master. He deems ' 'tis honour with most lands to be at odds; soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods,' and, therefore, goes off in high dudgeon.

The curtain next rises on the banqueting-room in Timon's house, where all has been prepared for the guests, who come thronging into the house, as usual, shamefacedly concluding all rumours have been false, and that Timon has merely been testing their affection. All, therefore, glibly set forth their valid excuses for not honouring his demands, making their refusals sound as plausible as possible, in hope of deceiving each other. When Timon enters, they surround him as usual with adulation, feeling sure he is still the lavish host who will enrich them with gifts, and declaring fulsomely 'the swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship,' when he invites them to the feast.

On crowding around the table, the guests perceive none but covered dishes in sight, and hence gleefully conclude they contain gifts to be lavished upon them. Meantime, they openly continue their remarks, regretting they could not oblige Timon at the moment, and expressing amazement that Alcibiades should have incurred banishment. When all are seated, Timon pronounces an extraordinarily cynical grace, concluding with the words 'for these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.' Then, with the words, 'uncover, dogs, and lap,' Timon orders the covers of the dishes removed,

and his guests perceive they contain nothing but hot water! Because they stare, in mute amazement, Timon first reviles them as detested parasites, and then throws the water in their faces, driving them out amid the deafening clash of the dishes he hurls after them. In this way the banqueting-room is speedily cleared, and Timon, standing alone in the midst of his wrecked fortunes, grimly vows he will in future hold no feast 'whereat a villain's not a welcome guest,' and that Athens shall 'henceforth hated be of Timon, man, and all humanity!'

Only after he has gone, do the visitors sneak back into the room to collect their belongings, marvelling over what they term Timon's madness, and frantically searching for the jewels which have fallen from their caps, some of which were bestowed upon them by Timon himself, who one day 'gives us diamonds, next day stones.'

ACT IV. The fourth act opens outside the walls of Athens, just as Timon, leaving the city, gazes his last upon it, and curses it volubly, calling down every imaginable woe upon the place where he was once so happy, and whence he now flees in wrath, hoping 'his hate may grow to the whole race of mankind, high and low!' Leaving everything behind him, he intends to take refuge in the woods, 'where he shall find the unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.'

We next behold a room in Timon's house, where Flavius sadly takes leave of his fellow-servants, all of whom bewail their master's departure and regret his friends should have shrunk away from him. One

and all declare they would gladly do anything in their power for Timon, until the steward, touched by their devotion, assures them as long as he has anything left he will gladly share it with them. Exclaiming, 'thus part we rich in sorrow,' all embrace and go, the steward murmuring he will follow Timon, who 'flung in rage from this ingrateful seat of monstrous friends.' He wishes to follow his master, because he knows Timon has taken nothing with him to maintain life, and resolves, 'I'll ever serve his mind with my best will; whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.'

We now view an abandoned spot near the sea-shore, in the midst of the woods, where Timon, issuing from a rude cave, blesses the sun, although in the same breath he accuses it of causing great harm on earth. He now has nothing but curses left to bestow upon mankind, and all he asks of earth is a few roots to sustain his failing strength. While digging for them, Timon accidentally discovers a huge treasure of gold, which he vehemently curses, for he knows this metal brings nought but evil in the world! His eloquence in regard to the harm gold can do is astounding, and he has just decided not to allow this treasure to be seen, lest it do more damage, and has barely covered it over,—reserving a part for his immediate needs,—when music is heard in the distance, which causes him to hurry.

A moment later Alcibiades marches upon the scene, followed by an army of discontented men. He is flanked on either side by gay courtesans, and no sooner beholds the hermit than he eagerly enquires

who he may be? When Timon morosely rejoins he is one who hates mankind, Alcibiades exclaims in that case he should follow him! Timon, however, refuses to do this, although he approves of Alcibiades' intentions, which are 'with man's blood' to 'paint the ground.' On beholding the courtesans, Timon exchanges curses with them, ere Alcibiades enquires what he can do for him, for by this time he has recognised his former host. After wringing from Alcibiades a solemn promise to execute his wishes, Timon enjoins upon him to do all the harm he can to Athens and the world, and bids the courtesans also do their very worst. In order to help in what he terms this worthy undertaking, Timon, hearing they have only the slight funds which they generously offer to share with him, lavishes upon them the gold he has found, hoping it will enable them to carry out their plans. But while loading Alcibiades and the courtesans with wealth, Timon accompanies his gift with curses, suggesting all the harm they can do by means of these new subsidies. Delighted with having thus obtained new sinews for war, the troops go off to destroy Athens, while Timon accompanies their departing footsteps with a rumble of curses.

When all have gone, Timon reverts to his digging, as he is anxious to secure one poor root to sustain life; and he is still greedily gnawing this find, when the philosopher Apemantus joins him, stating he has heard Timon is following his example and living like a cynic. He enquires the meaning of the spade, and asks why Timon has withdrawn to this

remote place, giving vent meanwhile to many morose views. Finally he advises Timon to forego everything else, and turn flatterer, reminding him how his friends thus obtained rich gifts from him, and suggesting he might 'seek to thrive by that which has undone thee.' These suggestions prove unwelcome to Timon, who bids the philosopher begone and play the flatterer and knave if he will, declaring he himself is too proud to do so and prefers to live on the roots he digs. In pity for Timon's fallen estate, the philosopher expresses compassion, until Timon assures him he has more gold than he can use. Even the philosopher now shows signs of toadying, and the conversation continues, until Timon, irritated by the philosopher's cynical remarks, drives him away by pelting him with stones, thus earning his curses also.

Sick of the world, and feeling it time to prepare for death, Timon now decides to carve his own epitaph, so 'that death in me at others' lives may laugh.' Then, suddenly remembering his treasure, he again mentions it, his words being overheard by the philosopher, who has stolen back to spy upon him, and who decides to publish abroad that Timon has found a treasure!

Soon after, we behold some bandits, wondering how Timon can still have such stores of gold, and why in that case he lives in such a deserted spot? These thieves are, however, determined to obtain the treasure, and for that purpose cautiously approach Timon, describing themselves as soldiers in want. When Timon bids them feed upon the roots

in the ground and the berries on the bushes, they retort it is impossible to thrive upon such things, so he gives them large sums of gold, adding curses to his gift, and bidding them continue their evil courses, robbing each other, cutting throats, and doing every harm they can think of. His curses and evil suggestions almost disgust the bandits with their trade, because 'tis in the malice of mankind' never to wish to do what one is told.

The bandits having gone, the steward enters, murmuring his poor master must now be in a sorry plight, and hoping he can still serve him out of love. When Flavius addresses Timon, the latter pretends to have forgotten him; and when the steward insists he is an honest poor servant of his, mutters he never had an honest man about him! Still, when Flavius actually weeps over his misfortunes, Timon is so touched that when his man offers him all he owns, he wonders how he did not sooner recognise the one honest man in his company. Nevertheless, he refuses the steward's offers, telling him that instead of receiving he can bestow upon him enough to make him rich. He then gives Flavius a large part of the treasure he has found, bitterly bidding him live rich and happy, and never show charity to any one, for no one will have pity upon him should he ever be in need. Although anxious to stay with his master and comfort him, Flavius is dismissed by Timon, with the injunction never to come again.

ACT V. The fifth act opens in the same forest, before Timon's cave, just as poet and painter draw near, remarking that Alcibiades and the two cour-

tesans report their former patron still has wealth to bestow. They have also heard rumours of the fashion in which Timon has enriched stragglers and his steward, so come here in hopes that their Mecænas will again lavish money upon them. Hidden in the thicket, Timon overhears the hypocritical plot they are weaving to persuade him they have not forgotten him, but have come here merely to offer him their services.

While the two artists are talking, Timon expresses his views in an aside, vowing he will surprise them presently by meeting them as if by accident, and murmuring 'then do we sin against our own estate, when we may profit meet, and come too late.' A moment after, stealing around behind the bushes, he meets his visitors face to face, and when they greet him, pretends to be happy to see two honest men. When the painter and poet assure him they have come to offer their services and share his lot, he innocently enquires whether they can eat roots, and drink cold water? Hearing them vow they will do anything he wishes, Timon angrily turns upon them, saying he knows they have learned he is wealthy. Then, after a little more talk, instead of bestowing upon them some of the riches they are so anxious to receive, he informs them he has already given them gold enough, and drives them away with harsh blows.

A little while later, Flavius draws near with two senators, assuring them it will be vain to apply to Timon, who no longer looks or acts like a man, and is not willing to be friends with any one. The sena-

tors, however, insist upon being led to the cave, and on reaching its entrance, summon Timon to come forth and speak to them. Issuing from this den with curses upon his lips, Timon is greeted by the senators, who inform him they have come hither to lead him back to the city, and there invest him with certain dignities, for they attribute all the misfortunes which have befallen Athens of late to the city's ingratitude toward him.

Although Timon declares they surprise him, they insist upon his returning to Athens, vowing his mere presence will enable them to drive back Alcibiades, who is even now approaching, and who 'like a boar too savage, doth uproot his country's peace.'

To this speech Timon rejoins he doesn't care if Alcibiades does kill his countrymen, sack fair Athens, and bring every imaginable woe upon its unfortunate people. He declares his sole occupation now consists in carving his epitaph, for he soon expects to die, as he feels his 'long sickness of health and living now begins to mend.' Meanwhile, he cynically hopes Alcibiades will prove their plague and they his. Perceiving it is vain to try and persuade him further, the senators depart, Timon calling out after them that a tree still stands near his cave, where his friends can come and hang themselves, if they like, ere it falls beneath his axe. Then, retiring into the cave, Timon watches the senators depart, convinced that their hopes in him are dead and that they will have to 'strain what other means is left unto us in our dear peril.'

Before the walls of Athens two other senators

meeting a messenger, eagerly enquire whether Alcibiades' troops are as formidable as has been declared, and whether Athens is really doomed? They are also anxious to know whether he has met the senators despatched in quest of Timon, and are dismayed to learn that they have failed to bring him and that Alcibiades is near at hand. Then the senators appear, vowing nothing is to be expected of Timon, and that their fall is near since the drums of the enemy can already be heard.

We again return to the woods near Timon's cave, where only a rude tomb is now to be seen. A soldier, penetrating into this solitude to seek Timon, seems surprised to discover a tomb bearing a fresh inscription. As he cannot read it, he decides to take its imprint in wax, so his captain Alcibiades, now besieging Athens, 'whose fall the mark of his ambition is,' can interpret it for him.

The rising curtain next reveals the walls of Athens, just as Alcibiades' trumpets announce his approach to the cowardly and lascivious town. At this martial summons, senators appear upon the walls, and Alcibiades arraigns them for their crimes. To placate his wrath they assure him every effort has been made to atone for former mistakes, and that they are now anxious to have him and Timon back in their midst. They add that it behooves him to show mercy, because few in town are guilty of offending him, and that the rest should be exempt from his wrath. In their terror, they offer to submit to any humiliation, provided he will enter their city in a friendly mood. Called upon to cast down his glove

in sign of consent, Alcibiades soon does so, and bids the Athenians throw open their gates. All he requires is that they shall surrender to him his own and Timon's foes; in exchange he promises to spare the rest. This decision satisfies the senators, who therefore descend to open the gates.

Meantime, the soldier rushes up announcing to Alcibiades that Timon rests in a tomb close by the sea, and that on his grave stands an inscription whose waxen impression he produces. Alcibiades, thereupon reads aloud Timon's epitaph, which is, 'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left! Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate: pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.'

This grim epitaph convinces Alcibiades that his friend is dead, so, turning to the senators, he bids them lead him into the city, where he proposes to 'use the olive with my sword, make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each prescribe to other, as each other's leech.' Then he marches into the city, like a conqueror, in the midst of drum-beats!

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

ACT I. The prologue states that the scene is located in Troy, whither sixty-nine haughty Greek princes have gone to recover Helen, the kidnapped wife of Menelaus. The fight has lasted seven years when begins the play, which the prologue bids us 'like or find fault; do as your pleasures are: now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.'

The first act opens in Troy, before the palace of Priam, where Troilus, one of his younger sons, talking to Pandarus, asks to be disarmed, and refuses to continue fighting without the gates while so cruel a conflict rages in his heart. When Pandarus enquires whether the war shows no signs of ending, Troilus rejoins the Greeks are too strong to be routed, and that his mental conflict makes him 'weaker than a woman's tear.' He, therefore, pays little heed to his companion's speeches, most of which contain wearisome reiterations and the fussy assertion: 'I'll not meddle nor make no further.'

When Pandarus finally suggests that Troilus, whose wishes he has been furthering, is too impatient, the youth rejoins he is patience incarnate, for, constantly thinking of Cressida, he has nevertheless disguised his feelings before his family. To pacify him, Pandarus admits his niece, although only the daughter of a renegade priest, surpasses Helen in

beauty and Cassandra in wit. Like a true lover, Troilus then indulges in raptures about his lady-love, declaring her charms unparalleled. To set them forth he uses eloquent similes; Pandarus, by means of clever contradiction, meantime urging him on, until summoned away by trumpet-calls.

Left alone, Troilus exclaims he longs to win Cressida's heart, and regrets he can find access to her only through Pandarus, who is 'as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, as she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.' Then he wonders whether Daphne seemed as fair to Apollo, and sentimentally compares his beloved to an Indian pearl, and her uncle to the vessel by means of which he hopes to reach her.

Just then Æneas appears, asking why Troilus is not on the field of battle? The young prince, after replying with a womanish 'because,' demands what news there is, only to be told Paris has been wounded by Menelaus. Then the trumpets sound again and Æneas, by exclaiming there is 'good sport out of town to-day,' entices Troilus to sally forth and take part in it.

In a street of Troy we next behold Cressida, asking her man-servant who are the two women hurrying past? She learns they are Hecuba and Helen, bound for a tower which commands the whole valley, from whence they can witness the battle. The servant adds that Hector, 'whose patience is, as a virtue, fixed,' proved strangely impatient to-day, for it is rumoured he chid his wife, and struck his armourer, ere he hastened off to the fray, undeterred by sundry omens of bad luck. When Cressida won-

ders what caused the Trojan hero's anger, the servant informs her that Ajax, who is 'as valiant as the lion,' 'as churlish as the bear,' and as 'slow as the elephant,' got the better of him the day before, and that since then, shame and rage have kept Hector 'fasting and waking.'

At this moment Pandarus joins his niece and, after dismissing her servant, enquires what they were discussing when he appeared? In reply, Cressida informs him Hector went in a rage to take part in the fray, and that Helen has not yet arisen. Knowing the cause of Hector's rage, Pandarus fancies he will do great things to-day, but asserts 'Troilus will not come far behind him,' for he is anxious to interest Cressida in the latter's affairs. Pretending not to know whom he means, Cressida by her teasing, disparaging remarks, induces Pandarus to praise Troilus above Hector, Paris, and the rest. Next, she coaxes him to retail some racy court gossip, one item of which is Helen's witticism on discovering a white hair on Troilus' chin. Their mocking, suggestive conversation continues until the retreat sounds, causing Pandarus to exclaim the warriors are returning so they can pass them in review.

Anxious to behold so martial a sight, Cressida accompanies him, and Pandarus points out to her the brave Æneas, the shrewd Antenor, the bloodstained Hector, the unwounded Paris; and, last of all, Troilus, whom he has repeatedly pronounced bravest of all, although not yet twenty-three. With enthusiasm he calls her attention to his hero's bloody sword and hacked helmet, vowing 'Paris is dirt to

him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.' Then, as the bulk of the army files past, Pandarus contemptuously terms the soldiers 'crows and daws,' and continues to chant Troilus' praises.

They are busy discussing this youth, whom Cressida still affects to depreciate, when Troilus' page summons Pandarus to his master. Declaring he fears the young hero may be wounded, Pandarus hastens away, playfully promising to bring his niece a love-token from Troilus ere long.

Left alone Cressida, who has betrayed lewdness in her conversation, declares she knows her uncle wishes to make a match between her and Troilus, and adds that, although she sees a thousand-fold more in the young hero 'than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be,' she is holding off, merely because 'men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.' Besides, she deems 'that *she* was never yet that ever knew love got so sweet as when desire did sue.' Sure, therefore, that Troilus will appreciate her more if hard to obtain, she decides to disguise her real feelings, for 'women are angels, wooing,' but 'things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.'

We are now transferred to the Greek camp, before Agamemnon's tent, just as he issues from it, telling his companions that the reason they are no nearer success at the end of seven years' warfare is lack of unity in their forces. The aged Nestor, who patiently listens to his long speech, answers it by one of equal length, ere Ulysses suggests to them both their ends can yet be secured. Asked to ex-

press himself freely, since he will not rail like Thersites, Ulysses cleverly expounds that there are many 'hollow factions' in their party. Then he adds that, just as all things in the universe have their appointed place, harmony and unity should reign in their ranks. He vows the main trouble lies in the fact that each Greek wishes to be a leader, although 'take but degree away, untune that string, and, hark, what discord follows!' He winds up his argument by stating 'Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength,' for he has proved that, had not the Greeks been divided, they would have triumphed long ago over their foes.

Nestor readily agrees that Ulysses 'discover'd the fever whereof all our power is sick,' but when Agamemnon asks what remedy he would suggest, Ulysses rejoins that the divisions which have crept in among the Greeks are mainly due to the attitude of Achilles and of his men. Then, to stir up his hearers' resentment, he artfully describes how Achilles amuses his leisure by making his friend Patroclus mimic them all in turn. Resenting this mockery, Agamemnon and Nestor declare it is time to act, for many of the Greeks are about to desert them; and, deeming their policy mere cowardice, Ajax has grown self-willed and Thersites insolent.

They have reached this point in the discussion when trumpet-blasts resound, heralding a deputation from Troy. At its head marches Æneas, who haughtily enquires for the Greek general's tent, demanding by what outward signs he can recognise Agamemnon, as he wishes to assume proper



A. Maignan

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

And. "When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day."

demeanour in his presence. The chief of the Greeks, who has personally answered these questions, deeming them dictated by scorn, now retorts so haughtily that, discovering whom he addresses, Æneas requests a private interview. He is told, however, that his message will have to be proclaimed before the Greek host, as Agamemnon refuses all private communication with the foe. Bidding his trumpeter blow a loud blast, Æneas then proclaims that Hector challenges any Greek to single combat in honour of their lady-loves, and is ready to meet any champion midway between the camps on the morrow.

On hearing this, Agamemnon replies the challenge shall be made known to the Greeks, adding that should none respond he will do so himself. This assurance is echoed by the aged Nestor, who feels so sure Greek women surpass their Trojan sisters in attractions, that he is willing to 'prove this truth with my three drops of blood.' The bystanders, however, exclaim such a move will not be necessary, ere Agamemnon invites the Trojans to his tent to partake of refreshments, giving orders that Æneas' proclamation be repeated through the camp.

The scene being deserted by all save Ulysses and Nestor, the former draws his aged companion aside, to inform him he feels certain this challenge is in reality addressed to Achilles, although he has not been named. To shame this hero, sly Ulysses proposes to deprive him of all chance to accept Hector's challenge, and suggests that lots be drawn among the Greeks, it being cleverly arranged that Ajax shall meet the Trojan. The foe will naturally as-

sume Ajax is the best Greek warrior; but, Ulysses sagely adds, 'if he fail, yet go we under our opinion still that we have better men.' Should Ajax win, however, Achilles will have suffered the double humiliation of having been passed over, and of seeing an inferior warrior triumph over the very foe he has longed to conquer. Nestor sagely agrees to his statement, 'Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes,' ere he goes off to propose this subtle scheme to the other Greek chiefs.

ACT II. The second act opens in the Greek camp, just as Thersites, a professional joker, is making the rounds to repeat Æneas' proclamation. When he encounters Ajax, they exchange conundrums and witticisms, the latter soon assuming such acerbity that Ajax beats the messenger, who takes his revenge in scurrilous abuse. After many words have been wasted, and while Ajax is striking Thersites for the third time, Achilles and Patroclus appear, enquiring what this means. In angry tones, Thersites vows Ajax has no wit at all, wasting many words while making this statement and barely avoiding another chastisement. When he has gone, without having delivered his message, Achilles volunteers he has heard that Hector is challenging the Greeks to single combat on the morrow. Because Ajax eagerly asks who is their champion, Achilles rejoins it is to be decided by lottery, and departs with Patroclus, leaving Ajax to find out as best he can, more about the affair.

The next scene is played in Priam's palace, at Troy, just as the aged king informs his sons how

Nestor has again summoned them to surrender Helen, and indemnify the Greeks for their losses during the past seven years. Although not in favour of yielding, Hector admits he never deemed it right to detain Helen, a statement which irritates Troilus, who opines that, having encouraged Paris, they should stand by him now. Besides, he deems his brother rash to weigh 'the worth and honour of a king so great as our dread father in a scale of common ounces,' or to declare Helen 'is not worth what she doth cost the holding.'

They are still discussing this matter when Cassandra rushes on the stage, wailing that Paris, their 'firebrand brother,' will destroy them all! In her ravings she terms Helen their scourge, and predicts ruin, crying, 'Troy burns, or else let Helen go.' All present, save Hector, deeming her insane, consider these mere 'brain-sick raptures;' still, all comment upon her remarks, until Paris exclaims it would be a shame to give up Helen 'on terms of base compulsion!' He declares 'well may we fight for her whom, we know well, the world's large spaces cannot parallel,' and thus determines them to continue the war. Wishing to prove he is not afraid, Hector explains he has sent a challenge to the Greeks, although he still insists that 'thus to persist in doing wrong extenuates not wrong, but makes it much more heavy.'

We now return to the Greek camp, where Ther-sites is indulging in a monologue before Achilles' tent, in which he denounces Ajax for ill-treating him. In the midst of his railing, Patroclus and

Achilles join him, and begin a conversation bristling with witticisms and misunderstandings. In its course, Thersites demonstrates that the Greeks are fools to allow themselves to be ordered around by Agamemnon, and adds he is of opinion that should Troy not be taken until Patroclus and Achilles undermine it, its 'walls will stand till they fall by themselves.' After a while, wearying of this talk, Achilles returns to his tent, declaring he doesn't wish to see any one, while Thersites gleefully mutters he has set things in train by his railing!

A moment after Thersites has departed, Agamemnon appears, asking for Achilles, whom Patroclus reports ill-disposed and in his tent. Hearing this, Agamemnon haughtily demands why Achilles refuses to receive his messengers, adding that he has laid aside his dignity to come in person and find out what this means. While Patroclus goes into the tent to summon his friend, Agamemnon's followers assure him Achilles is not ill, since they saw him at the door of the tent as they drew near. Ajax, who owes the hero a grudge for beguiling his fool Thersites away from him, now tries to set Agamemnon against Achilles, while Nestor and Ulysses whisper that his wrath is justifiable. Very soon Patroclus returns, saying his master hopes the chiefs have come merely for pleasure, and by way of exercise, as he is sorry not to be able to receive them. Declaring they must see Achilles, Agamemnon again demands admittance, and when Patroclus departs to carry this message, sends Ulysses after him to ask for a personal interview.

Meantime, Ajax urges Agamemnon to show some pride until the chief testily reminds him 'he that is proud eats up himself.' They are arguing this point when Ulysses returns, reporting that Achilles refuses to go into battle on the morrow, but will give no other excuse save his pleasure. Hearing this, Agamemnon suggests that Ajax try and mollify the hero, a suggestion Ulysses combats, claiming such a move would only increase Achilles' pride. His arguments are approved by Nestor and Diomedes, who shrewdly note their effect, not only upon Agamemnon, but also upon the vain Ajax, who is moved thereby to loud boasting. Then, as pre-arranged, under pretence of calming Ajax's fury, the three sarcastically urge him on until the foolish fellow accompanies them to the council, worked up to the right pitch to serve as their tool. The act, therefore, closes with Agamemnon's oracular, 'Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.'

ACT III. The third act opens in the palace of Priam, where Pandarus enquires of a servant whether he is not a follower of Paris? After some witty remarks the servant admits he is, and reveals the fact that the music they hear is played in Helen's honour. Hearing the adjectives he lavishes upon Helen, Pandarus suggests they would better fit his niece Cressida, ere he states he has a message from Troilus to Paris. Just then Paris and Helen enter, and after exchanging remarks with him which smack far more of Elizabethan than Homeric times, try to induce him to sing. Although coy, Pandarus

finally yields to persuasions and all comment upon his selection. Presently, Paris mentions the fact that Helen would not let him go out to-day, and asks why Troilus is not in the fray. When Pandarus has gone, he informs Helen that since she detained him from the battle-field, she must go with him and watch the warriors return home, personally disarming the brave Hector, a feat no enemy has ever been able to compass.

The curtain next rises on Pandarus' orchard, where, strolling about, he enquires of a servant where Troilus may be. The lad rejoins his master is waiting for Pandarus to conduct him to his niece Cressida, just as Troilus comes upon the scene. Then, the boy having withdrawn, Troilus confesses he has been stalking about his beloved's door 'like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks staying for waftage,' and implores Pandarus to play the part of Charon and conduct him to his niece, an office the uncle is only too ready to perform. He suggests, however, that Troilus await the lady in this orchard, and while he goes to fetch her, the youth soliloquises that if 'the imaginary relish is so sweet that it enchants my sense,' he can not imagine what realisation will be! In fact, he thinks it 'some joy too fine, too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness, for the capacity of my ruder powers.' Just then Pandarus returns, announcing his niece will soon be here, and bidding Troilus show his wit when she appears, encouraging him by describing the emotion she showed.

A moment later he introduces Cressida to Troilus, urging them to kiss without further ado, and leaves

them after uttering sundry facetious remarks in bad taste. Speechless at first, Troilus soon finds his tongue and begins a love dialogue, in which Cressida, with pretended innocence, invites him into the house. Before Troilus can comply with her invitation, Pandarus returns, still joking on their love-affairs in a lewd way. Pretending to be emboldened by his presence, Cressida confesses she has long loved Troilus, and has frequently wished she were a man so as to have the privilege of speaking first. Then, affecting to consider she has been too bold, she bashfully exclaims 'see, your silence, cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws my very soul of counsel!' In her confusion, she declares Troilus should stop her mouth, which he does with a kiss, to her simulated dismay.

In the course of his conversation with Cressida, Troilus questions whether it is within woman's power to remain faithful, while she declares that, 'to be wise and love exceeds man's might!' He vows that his own feelings are such that hereafter his name will be a synonym for fidelity, whereupon Cressida assures him that, in case she proves faithless, she is willing people should adopt the term 'as false as Cressida.' This talk so charms Pandarus that he invites the lovers into the house, vowing after he has taken such pains to bring them together, that he is willing all 'pitiful goers-between' should be called by his name! Then, he urges them to retire, and the curtain falls upon his lascivious valediction.

We are next transferred to the Greek camp before

Achilles' tent, where Calchas, addressing Agamemnon and the other chiefs, claims in return for his services, that their prisoner, Antenor, be exchanged for his daughter Cressida, who still remains in Troy. This request is immediately granted by Agamemnon, who bids Diomedes undertake the embassy, bringing word, besides, whether Hector will consent to meet Ajax. After Diomedes has gone with Calchas, Achilles is seen at the door of his tent with Patroclus. Speaking to the rest, Ulysses suggests they disappoint this hero by marching past him with careless or cold greetings. He decides to pass last, knowing Achilles will stop him to ascertain the cause for so discourteous behaviour. The fact that 'pride hath no other glass to show itself but pride,' makes all present agree to this plan, and, one after another file past Achilles, greeting him carelessly, although he assumes they are coming to visit him and urge him to fight against Troy. Watching them out of sight, Achilles marvels at such behaviour, which Patroclus wonderingly compares with their former obsequiousness, until, his pride up in arms, the hero vows ' 'tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune, must fall out with men too,' and decides to question Ulysses, who draws near reading a letter.

When Achilles, after some preliminaries, suspiciously asks whether his companions 'find out something not worth in me such rich beholding as they have often given,' Ulysses pretends not to understand him, and replies Ajax is to meet Hector in the coming fight. Learning thus that he is passed over

'as misers do by beggars,' Achilles becomes so indignant that Ulysses coolly reminds him 'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion,' thus giving him plainly to understand how, by his conduct, he has forfeited the respect of many among the Greeks. In his speech occur many fine lines, including the statements that 'perseverance keeps honour bright,' 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and that 'since things in motion sooner catch the eye than what not stirs,' Achilles is no longer their cynosure. Then he further hints that they have discovered he is courting one of Priam's daughters, a proceeding the young son he left at home will sorely mourn, as he will also to hear that Ajax had the honour of defeating Hector in his father's stead.

Ulysses having departed, Patroclus suggests Achilles must rouse himself if he does not wish to be set aside. The one thing Achilles cannot bear is the fact that Ajax will meet Hector; yet, since this is fixed, he decides to send the fool Thersites to Ajax, asking that, after the combat, the Trojan lords may sup in his tent. Just then Thersites enters, reporting Ajax so elated at the thought of fighting Hector that it looks as if he would break his neck 'in vain-glory.' Interrupting his tirade, Achilles bids him carry his message, after making him repeat it to make sure he will deliver it straight. As he goes out, Achilles exclaims 'my mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; and I myself see not the bottom of it,' while the fool ardently hopes his mind will soon clear, exclaiming contemptuously,

'I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.'

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in a street in Troy, where Paris beholds Æneas bearing a torch. After rallying him on being up so early, and telling him that with so lovely a companion he should not leave her so soon, Æneas explains he is escorting Diomedes into the city to exchange Cressida for Antenor.

On meeting the Greek Diomedes, Æneas bids him welcome 'during all question of the gentle truce; but when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance as heart can think or courage execute.' Then, learning Diomedes' errand, and knowing Troilus has spent this night with Cressida, he fancies his kinsman would rather 'Troy were borne to Greece, than Cressid borne from Troy.' Because Paris states they have no choice save to obey, they pass on, Paris conceitedly enquiring of Diomedes whom he considers worthier of Helen, himself or Menelaus? To this Diomedes contemptuously remarks that neither seems hard to please, since both make no 'scruple of her soilure.' When Paris pronounces him too bitter toward his countrywoman, Diomedes retorts she has been bitter to her country, 'every false drop' in her veins having cost a Greek his life, and 'every scruple of her contaminated carrion weight' the fall of a Trojan. To this Paris rejoins Diomedes is acting like a chapman, dispraising the very thing he desires to buy, ere both go off to fulfil their errands.

The curtain next rises in the house of Pandarus,

where Troilus and Cressida are seen, the lover imploring his lady not to accompany him further, but to return to bed and sleep. When he declares the larks are singing, Cressida claims the night has been all too brief, and that she might perchance have induced him to tarry longer, had she not yielded so readily to his entreaties. Just then her uncle appears and she simpers he will surely tease them, expectations duly fulfilled, for Pandarus indulges in sundry coarse jokes. His remarks are, however, answered in kind by Cressida, who continues this bantering talk with him until the sound of a knock causes her to draw her lover into an inner room, for she doesn't wish him to be seen.

On opening the door, Pandarus discovers Æneas, and when he enquires for Troilus, wonders with pretended innocence that any one should seek that prince here. Æneas, however, insists upon seeing his kinsman, as he has an important message to deliver; so Troilus, who has been listening, steps forward asking what he wants? Compassionately, Æneas answers that Paris is coming with Diomedes, who has arrived in Troy to exchange Antenor for Cressida. Unable to believe this, until assured it has been decided in solemn council, Troilus, struck to the heart, declares he will go and meet the messengers, and bids Æneas reveal to no one where he was. Assuring him 'the secrets of nature have not more gift in taciturnity,' Æneas leads him out to meet Diomedes, while Pandarus curses Antenor, wishing he had broken his neck, for he opines this separation will drive Troilus mad.

Just then Cressida enters, and noticing her uncle's dejection, demands its cause. When she finally hears her father is claiming her, she passionately declares she will not leave Troy, for she has forgotten all ties save the one which binds her to her lover, whom her absence will slay. Her uncle, however, assures her she will have to obey, whereupon she protests all her time henceforth will be spent in sobs and tears!

The next scene is played in the street in front of Pandarus' house, where Paris declares the hour has come to surrender Cressida, and bids Troilus go in and prepare her for their coming. In return Troilus promises to deliver the damsel with his own hand, although it will seem as if he were leading a victim to the altar. He has no sooner vanished in the house than Paris remarks that knowing what it is to love, he wishes he could help his brother in some way.

We now return to the interior of Pandarus' house, just as he is urging his niece to moderate her grief, and is being chidden for such advice, as her 'love admits no qualifying dross.' Just then Troilus enters and is rapturously embraced by Cressida, Pandarus watching this demonstration while mockingly quoting the lines of a popular play which he pretends to admire. Telling Cressida he loves her so dearly the gods are taking her from him, Troilus informs her she will have to leave Troy, and their parting is near at hand. His eloquent farewell speech is interrupted by Æneas' call for the lady, a summons Troilus considers equivalent to a death

sentence. To enable the lovers to exchange parting words, Pandarus hurries out to try and delay matters a trifle. Meantime, Cressida enquires whether she must go, and learns there is no way to refuse compliance, while Troilus implores her to be true to him, promising to bribe the Greek sentries so as to visit her some night. He is ready to 'grow friends with danger' for her sake, and so repeatedly enjoins upon her to be faithful that she resents it, saying there is no inclination to anything else in her heart. Then they exchange tokens, she giving him a glove, and he bestowing upon her a sleeve, although Æneas and Pandarus repeatedly call upon them to part.

Because they do not obey, the deputation finally enters, and Troilus, while presenting Diomedes to Cressida, warns him that unless he treats her in a satisfactory manner, his life will be forfeit! Gracefully greeting his charge, Diomedes assures her she will have fair treatment, looking so admiringly upon her the while that he rouses Troilus' jealousy to such a pitch that he haughtily declares this lady 'is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises as thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.' To this remark Diomedes truculently rejoins that, although willing to respect the lady, he is quite ready to answer a challenge. Troilus, perceiving the moment of parting has come, takes Cressida's hand to lead her to the gate, and all march out in the midst of trumpet-blasts, the hour having come when Hector is to sally forth to fight Ajax. For this reason Æneas remarks, as they pass out, 'the glory of our Troy doth this day lie on his fair worth and single chivalry.'

We now behold the Greek camp, where Ajax, fully armed for the coming encounter, is receiving Agamemnon's last directions. Hearing trumpet-calls, Ajax fancies they summon him, until the rest assure him they merely announce the return of Diomedes with Calchas' daughter. A moment later, the procession appears, so stepping forward Agamemnon greets Cressida by embracing her, a privilege all the leaders insist upon sharing. In fact, the bold Patroclus claims two kisses, one for Menelaus and one for himself, while the lady answers all their polite, jesting remarks in a similar vein. When she has passed on, Nestor pronounces her a woman of quick sense, but Ulysses shrewdly remarks 'her wanton spirits look out at every joint and motive of her body.' They are still discussing her when the Trojan trumpets are heard and Hector appears.

Acting as spokesman, Æneas asks the Greeks the terms of the fight, whereupon Agamemnon rejoins it will be as Hector wishes. Hearing this, Achilles gives vent to so scornful a comment that Æneas demands who he is, only to receive the haughty answer 'if not Achilles, nothing.' It is now decided that, since Hector and Ajax are kin, the fight shall not be carried to extreme lengths, but will be limited 'either to the uttermost or else a breath.' The two champions and their seconds then enter the lists, Ulysses and Agamemnon commenting upon their appearance, while bestowing considerable attention upon Troilus, whom they pronounce 'manly as Hector, but more dangerous.'

When the battle begins, the spectators call out all

manner of encouragement to the champions on either side, until the breathing time comes when Ajax, vowing he is not even warm, wishes to renew the fight, but Hector declines to do so, in a speech wherein he offers, instead, to embrace his foe. This proposal is graciously received by Ajax, although he boasts he has come hither intending to kill his opponent, and thus 'bear hence a great addition earned in thy death.' After some conversation between both parties, Hector is escorted by Ajax to the banquet in Achilles' tent, amid an exchange of compliments.

Troilus and Ulysses remaining alone upon the scene, the Trojan prince seizes this opportunity to enquire the locality of Calchas' tent, begging Ulysses to guide him thither. After stating it lies next that of Menelaus, Ulysses adds that he is entertaining Diomedes, 'who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth, but gives all gaze and bent of amorous view on the fair Cressid.' Then Ulysses enquires what was this lady's reputation in Troy, and whether she had a lover, only to be informed 'she was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth: but still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens on the Grecian camp before Achilles' tent, while he is discussing with Patroclus the gorgeous feast he means to give Hector. Just then Thersites draws near, and he and his new master indulge in a war of wit, ere the fool delivers a letter he brings from Hecuba. While Achilles peruses it, Patroclus and the fool banter each other. Then Achilles withdraws to trim his tent, and Thersites, left alone, indulges in a

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soliloquy, wherein he derides this 'petticoat war' and those who take part in it.

Upon this scene enter Hector and Troilus, led by Agamemnon and the other Greek chiefs, who are trying to find their way through the dark camp. Even the Greeks are doubtful of their bearings, so it is only when Achilles appears at the door of his tent that Agamemnon and Menelaus take leave of the Trojans, who are to partake of the feast. Meanwhile, Ulysses noticing that Diomedes is excusing himself, whispers to Troilus, that if he follows this recreant's course, he will soon arrive at Calchas' tent. Heeding this advice, Troilus trails Diomedes, while Ulysses goes with him to witness the outcome of the affair. During this time, Achilles invites his guest into his tent, but Thersites, vowing Diomedes is a 'false-hearted rogue,' who has fallen in love with Cressida, decides to follow and see what befalls.

We next behold Calchas' tent, at the moment when Diomedes arrives there, begging for admittance. Calchas answers from within that his daughter will soon appear, a remark overheard by Troilus and Ulysses, who have taken their stand at a point of vantage, but are unconscious that Thersites has crept close to them in the dark to watch what is going on. Bidding his companion stand so the torch light will not fall upon him, Ulysses admonishes Troilus to be silent when Cressida appears. While she whispers to Diomedes, therefore, Troilus, Ulysses, and Thersites comment upon this meeting, the lover betraying jealousy, Ulysses curiosity, and Thersites a cynical estimate of man and womankind. From his hiding-

place, Troilus perceives how readily Cressida responds to the admiration of another lover, and jealously notes every caress she bestows upon him. His anger reaches a culminating point, however, when Diomedes persuades her to go back into the tent to procure him a love-token. Seeing his anger Ulysses tries to lead him away, but Troilus lingers until he sees Cressida bestow upon her new lover the very token he gave her when they parted. Then, with coquettish arts, she tries to recover it, but Diomedes retaining possession of it, declares he will wear it upon his cap, so the Trojan who bestowed it upon her can challenge him on the morrow. Hearing this boast, Troilus swears that, even were he the devil, he would challenge him! After lingering good-nights, Diomedes and Cressida part, but scarcely has her new lover gone, than Cressida sentimentally exclaims 'Troilus, farewell! One eye yet looks on thee; but with my heart the other eye doth see.' When she adds that 'minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude,' Ulysses agrees and tries to comfort Troilus, who positively raves in his anger at Diomedes.

At this juncture Æneas appears, vowing he has been seeking them for some time past, and that Hector has gone back to Troy to arm. Bidding Ulysses farewell, Troilus goes away heart-broken, while Thersites, left alone on the stage, declares he will hasten to notify Patroclus how easily Cressida can be won, for he knows this hero is a lover of fair but false dames.

In front of Priam's palace, we next behold An-

dromache, telling Hector she has been troubled by a bad dream, and hence doesn't wish him to fight to-day. He has just refused to listen to her, pronouncing dreams folly, when Cassandra issues from the palace, and is asked by Andromache to help her detain Hector at home. Troubled by apprehensions, too, Cassandra mentions the evils threatening her brother, who, nevertheless, decides that he will have to go, since a 'brave man holds honour far more precious-dear than life.' Hearing this, Andromache bids Cassandra summon Priam to help them, just as Troilus comes up to ask his brother's permission to join in the fray, for he, too, has wrongs to avenge. Because Hector is determined to fight alone, his brother urges him to be off, vowing women could not detain him in this idle fashion.

Meanwhile, Cassandra has fetched the aged Priam, who clings to his son, calling him his prop and that of Troy, and declaring that should he fall all would be lost. Although Andromache, Priam, and Cassandra unite in eloquent entreaties, Hector proves obdurate, and finally banishes his wife into the house. But when he turns to reprove his sister, she utters a prophecy in regard to the woe in Troy when the news of his death is made known. After comforting his aged father, who is deeply impressed by the women's fears, Hector craves his blessing and bids him farewell, while Troilus mutters he longs for nothing so keenly as to encounter Diomedes, since he has sworn to lose his arm or recover his token! It is at this moment that Pandarus brings him a letter from Cressida, which Troilus tears up

after reading, contemptuously declaring it contains 'words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart,' and bitterly adding, 'my love with words and errors still she feeds; but edifies another with her deeds.'

The scene is now transferred to a plain between Troy and the Grecian camp, where fighting is going on, and where Thersites reports both parties 'are clapper-clawing' one another. Taking no part in the fray himself, he nevertheless exults in every quarrel, and watches for encounters between Diomedes and Troilus, and sundry others. He is just declaring that the policy of Nestor and Ulysses has proved worthless, when Diomedes passes across the stage closely pursued by Troilus, who insults him, and with whom he exchanges uncomplimentary remarks. A moment after they have passed out of sight fighting, Hector rushing in, offers to fight Thersites, who excuses himself in cowardly wise as 'a very filthy rogue,' unworthy to encounter a hero.

In another part of the plain we next behold Diomedes, directing his servants to present Troilus' horse,—which he has just captured,—to Cressida. He is soon joined by Agamemnon, who reports sundry victories, enumerating some of the great deeds which have been performed. Then Nestor calls out that Patroclus' body is about to be taken to Achilles, bidding 'snail-paced Ajax arm for shame,' as a thousand Hectors await him on the field. Joining these two, Ulysses reports how Achilles, having heard of Patroclus' death, is now on the battle-field, where Hector can be seen 'here, there, and

everywhere!' Having lost a friend also, Ajax rages against Troilus, and crosses the stage calling loudly for his foe. But, just after Diomedes has pointed out to him the direction in which Troilus has gone, Achilles rushes across the scene, demanding Hector, the one foe he is anxious to meet.

In another part of the plain we next behold Ajax and Diomedes, both calling for Troilus, whom they wish to correct. The two Greeks are quarrelling which shall have the privilege of fighting Troilus when he appears, and the question remains unsettled as he passes off the stage, warding off a double attack.

We next hear Hector approvingly mentioning Troilus' conduct, just as Achilles proposes a fight. But, as his armour is out of order Achilles hurries off to remedy this defect, promising Hector shall soon hear from him again. This news Hector welcomes, although he cannot help wishing he were fresher to encounter such a foe. Just then Troilus appears, announcing Ajax has taken Æneas, whom he proposes to deliver at the cost of his life. A moment later, a Greek, in handsome armour, is challenged by Hector, who, boasting that armour will soon be his, hotly pursues its wearer.

In another part of the plain, Achilles calls to his Myrmidons to follow him into battle, and form a circle around Hector wherever they find him, so he cannot escape, but must pause and answer his challenge. They have barely vanished when Menelaus and Paris are seen fighting, Thersites meanwhile sarcastically commenting that Helen's two hus-

bands are now at swords' points. His scurrilous comments are, however, soon interrupted by the arrival of a Trojan, who no sooner attacks him than he cravenly flees.

In another part of the plain,—after winning the goodly armour he covets,—Hector sits down to rest, dropping his sword, removing his helmet, and hanging up his shield behind him. While he is thus disarmed, Achilles and his Myrmidons come upon the scene, exclaiming that just as night is falling, Hector's life 'even with the vail and darking of the sun,' is nearly done. Vainly the Trojan hero protests he is unarmed; Achilles attacks him, and as soon as Hector falls, bids his men proclaim aloud 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.' Because the retreat then sounds, Achilles sheathes his sword, which 'pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed,' and bids his men bind Hector's body to his horse's tail, cruelly adding, 'along the field I will the Trojan trail.'

Elsewhere Ajax enquires the cause of all this shouting, and hearing Achilles has slain Hector, rejoices. He feels that with Hector dead, 'great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended,' but declares it does not become the Greeks to boast, since Hector was fully as good a man as Achilles. At another spot, Æneas informs the Trojans they are masters of the field, just as Troilus rushes up to proclaim Hector's death. His hearers seem incredulous, until Troilus assures them the news is only too true, for Achilles is even now dragging the august corpse around the city. After Troilus' speech

in praise of Hector,—whose death will bring consternation not only into Troy, but into the hearts of his kindred,—Æneas leads his forces off the stage.¹

A moment later, seeing Pandarus pass, Troilus exclaims, 'hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!' and hastens away. When he has gone, Pandarus sighs that his trade is always ill-requited, and brazenly claims the public's applause because he intends to give it up after bequeathing his diseases to his victims.

¹ For the classic story of the Siege of Troy, see Guerber's 'Myths of Greece and Rome.'

PERICLES

ACT I. An actor reciting the prologue before the palace at Antioch, tells us this is a new version of an old Greek story, which has often entertained the public, and which relates how Antiochus the Great, founder of this city, became guilty of incest, and compelled all who came to sue for his daughter's hand to solve a riddle on that unsavory subject or forfeit their lives.

The first scene represents the palace, at the moment when the king is receiving Pericles, Prince of Tyre, who has come hither to woo the beautiful princess. After questioning whether he is willing to risk all and is aware of the terrible penalty, the king allows Pericles to behold the dazzling beauty of his daughter, which causes the new candidate for her favour to exclaim he realises the perils of the task but is ready to venture all for her sweet sake. After a little more conversation, intended to deter him from so rash a venture, Pericles induces Antiochus to propound the riddle, saying, 'like a bold champion, I assume the lists, nor ask advice of any thought but faithfulness and courage.'

The enigma given him is framed in such oracular style that previous solvers have all lost their lives. It does not, however, baffle the superior intelligence of Pericles, who, on discovering its horrible purport,

betrays such dismay in his changed countenance and in the gasping cry that he no longer aspires to the princess' hand, that Antiochus, wishing to ascertain whether his secret has really been guessed, forces him to give an answer. Driven thus to bay, the Prince of Tyre replies in so guarded a manner that only the criminals realise he has solved their riddle. Muttering in an aside that he will have this bold guesser's life, Antiochus remarks aloud that, although he could pass immediate judgment and retrench Pericles' life for failure, he means to grant him a respite of forty days, during which time he can think the matter over, and be entertained as 'doth befit our honour and your worth.'

All going out after this statement, the unfortunate Pericles is left alone, and we overhear him bitterly commenting upon his ghastly discovery, and hotly reviling the criminals, whom he compares to serpents. Then, fearing lest they may murder him should he remain, Pericles suddenly decides 'by flight I'll shun the danger which I fear,' and hastens away.

He has barely gone when Antiochus enters the apartment, wondering how he can slay this bold prince, and thus prevent his publishing abroad his shameful discovery. When joined by his confidant, Antiochus bribes this man with gold and the promise of advancement to poison the Prince of Tyre. His confidant is about to depart to execute these orders when a messenger rushes in, reporting that Pericles has fled! Bidding his confidant hasten after the fugitive like an 'arrow shot from a well-experienced

archer,' and not return until he can report him dead, Antiochus hears him use this queer anachronism, 'if I can get him within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.'

We are next transferred to a room in the palace of Tyre, where Pericles, just arrived from Antioch, is explaining that since his discovery of Antiochus' guilty secret, he has not enjoyed a moment's peace, but constantly dreads being pursued and slain by this implacable foe. While he is talking, his chief friend, Helicanus, escorted by some Tyrian lords, comes to welcome him home. Greeting them kindly, the prince soon begs to be left alone with his friend, whom he wishes to consult on matters of state, and then, only, reveals to Helicanus his discovery of Antiochus' incest, his flight, and fear lest vengeance may be wreaked upon Tyre. Pericles vows that this 'drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks, musings into my mind, with thousand doubts how I might stop this tempest ere it came.' That such fears are not vain, Helicanus keenly realises, since he advises Pericles to go away and travel, meanwhile entrusting the government of Tyre to some one else. He vows that, should that charge be confided to him, 'day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.' Hearing which, Pericles decides to sail immediately for Tarsus, where he directs Helicanus to write and keep him posted how things are progressing.

Shortly after, in an antechamber of the same palace, we behold the arrival of the confidant of Antiochus, who gazes fearfully around him, murmur-

ing he has come here to kill the prince, and must either fulfil this task or be slain on his return home. All at once Helicanus enters with some other lords, and the confidant learns from their conversation how Pericles, having been so unfortunate as to incur Antiochus' displeasure, has banished himself from Tyre for a time, leaving its rule to Helicanus, and has gone to sea as a species of penance. Unable to reach his prey, yet sure Pericles will perish at sea, the confidant resolves to go back to Antioch and announce his death. This decision taken, he presents himself to the Tyrians, saying he had a message for Pericles which he perceives he will not be able to deliver. He accepts, however, the invitation they extend and feasts with them ere he returns home.

We now behold a room in the governor's house, at Tarsus, where Cleon, the governor, is sadly remarking to his wife, Dionyza, that their woes have reached their culminating point, for the city has so long been a prey to famine that the inhabitants are reduced to the last extremity. No grief ever equalled theirs, Dionyza assures him, while she rejects his suggestion to forget her sufferings in sleep. Both mourn that a city, once so prosperous, should now be in such dire straits, that even cases of cannibalism have occurred!

They are still talking, when a lord rushes in reporting that a vessel under full sail is bearing straight down upon the city in a threatening way. Sadly convinced that 'one sorrow never comes but brings an heir, that may succeed as his inheritor,' Cleon fancies this vessel is laden with foes about

to capture his defenceless city. His fears are slightly allayed, however, when the messenger states white flags float from its masthead, although these peaceful tokens may be mere feigning, for he 'who makes the fairest show means most deceit.' After bidding the lord ascertain as soon as possible the intentions of the newcomers in regard to the stricken city, Cleon anxiously awaits further developments.

A few moments later the same lord ushers in Pericles, who declares he has come here in a friendly spirit, having learned at Tyre that Tarsus was suffering from famine. Instead of hostile forces his ship is laden with provisions, which will 'give them life whom hunger starved half dead.' These joyful tidings cause delirious joy among the Tarsians, and Cleon gratefully assures Pericles they will never forget his timely help. In reply to an invitation to tarry with them, Pericles promises to 'feast here a while, until our stars that frown lend us a smile.'

ACT II. The second act also opens with a prologue by the actor, recapitulating all that has already occurred, and describing how the inhabitants of Tarsus have gratefully erected a statue in honour of their benefactor Pericles. Then the curtain rises, and in dumbshow we behold Pericles entering by one door, apparently talking to Cleon and his train. Through another door appears a gentleman, who hands a letter to Pericles, which he soon passes on to Cleon, who rewards the bearer by knighting him. Then we witness the parting of Pericles and Cleon, ere the dumbshow ceases, and the actor resumes his explanations. He declares that this letter, for-

warded by Helicanus, reports that Antiochus sent a messenger to Tyre to murder Pericles, and warns him not to linger long at Tarsus lest another assassin be despatched thither to slay him. It is on account of this caution that Pericles sails away and soon finds himself in great peril at sea.

When the curtain next rises, we behold a beach near Pentapolis, just as Pericles has been cast there by the waves, which he reviles for swallowing up his ship and companions. While he is bidding them cease raging, since they have shown their power by depriving a prince of all he owns, three fishermen come forward to cast their nets. They are gossiping about their occupations and the storm, during which many lives were evidently lost, for distressing cries were repeatedly heard. They describe the signs which herald a great tempest, and mention the fact that big fishes live on small ones, just as misers thrive on the spoils of others, until Pericles, who is hiding in the rocks near by, learns from their conversation that he has been cast on the shores of Simonides, the most peaceful and benevolent of monarchs.

After commenting upon the labours of these men and their shrewd wit, Pericles suddenly emerges from his hiding-place, and advancing toward them, wishes them peace and prosperity. Amazed at the sight of a stranger, the fishermen enquire whence he came, and on hearing he has been shipwrecked, offer all manner of assistance. They feel sure, however, that unless he is expert at their trade, he will never be able to make a living here. Still, because Pericles

seems cold and hungry, they charitably promise him food and raiment, ere two of them go off to draw up their nets, while the third lingers behind to give the stranger further information in regard to the country and its king. Among other interesting items, the fisherman mentions that Simonides' daughter, Thaisa, will celebrate her birthday on the morrow, and that many princes and knights have 'come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.'

Hearing this, Pericles,—who is an adept in all chivalric games,—fervently wishes he had saved his armour, at least, so he might try his luck in this tournament. At that moment, the two fishermen loudly call for help, as their net proves too heavy to haul in, and unexpectedly find, caught in its meshes, the very armour Pericles mourns. Hailing this suit with rapture, Pericles explains to the men under what circumstances it was given to him; how lost; and adds that his shipwreck is now no ill since he has here his 'father's gift in's will!' He, therefore, begs the armour from the fishermen, saying he will don it and try his luck; and, promising that if he succeeds thereby in improving his fortunes, he will reward them richly for their aid. The fishermen consent to his wishes, and Pericles rejoices that he still possesses a jewel of sufficient worth to secure him a horse, ere he gratefully accepts the offer of a pair of trousers from one fisherman, and the services of another as guide to court.

We now behold the pavilion where the king, princess, and lords have come to view the tourna-

ment. After enquiring whether all are ready to begin the knightly game, Simonides gives the necessary signal, announcing that Thaisa will first pass in review all the candidates about to strive for her favour. The princess, who is very modest, chides her father for overpraising her in this speech, although he proudly insists it is impossible to do so, ere he begs her to expound for his benefit the devices on each knight's shield.

One champion after another now prances past the princess, holding aloft his shield for her inspection, and she readily reads not only the owner's name and country, but interprets the meaning of his Latin device. Five knights have passed by, and the princess has cleverly translated all their mottoes, when last of all Pericles appears. His graceful bearing distinguishes him amid the rest, and his device, a withered branch still green at the top, with the motto 'in that hope I live,' seems particularly appropriate, since all know he has lost everything at sea and hopes to mend his fortunes by triumphing in these games. The lords present, however, comment scornfully on the rustiness of his armour, and on his presumption in daring to appear among so many famous and wealthy candidates. Hearing this, Simonides reminds Pericles' detractors that 'opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan the outward habit by the inward man,' ere he leads his daughter up to the gallery. There, a few moments later, loud cries proclaim that Pericles, 'the mean knight,' has prevailed over every foe and has reaped all the honours of the day!



F Kirchbach

MARINA IN DANGER

Boult. "Come, mistress; come your ways with me."

Mar. "Whither wilt thou have me?"

Boult. "To take from you the jewel you hold so dear."

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Act 4, Scene 5.

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We next behold a hall of state, where Simonides, his daughter, and court are entertaining the champions. After the king has addressed the assembled knights, the princess bestows upon the victor a crown, which he modestly assures her was won 'more by fortune, lady, than by merit.' Hearing this, the king insists it was no small feat to triumph over so many brave foes, and that Pericles has nobly earned the honour to sit beside his daughter. Wishing to show themselves true sportsmen, all the lords present declare 'we are gentlemen that neither in our hearts nor outward eyes envy the great nor do the low despise,' a courtesy for which Pericles returns hearty thanks.

Meantime, the princess, who has been watching Pericles, murmurs in an aside that he is such 'a gallant gentleman' that she has fallen deeply in love with him. Her father also seems to approve highly of the youth, while Pericles is impressed by Simonides' resemblance to his own father, who used to sit in similar state, and for whom he always felt great admiration and respect. After some drinking of healths, Simonides, becoming aware of the fact that the stranger is melancholy, bids his daughter challenge him to drink. At first Thaisa demurs, thinking this too bold a step for a maid to take, and whispering that the stranger 'may my proffer take for an offence, since men take women's gifts for impudence.' Still, urged by her father, she finally turns to Pericles, remarking her father wishes to drink his health and would fain know his name. After duly acknowledging the proffered courtesy,

Pericles states he is a gentleman from Tyre, who seeking adventures, was shipwrecked on their coast. He conceals his title, however, for fear lest Antiochus may still be pursuing him; but such is the distinction of his bearing that father and daughter seem as well pleased with him as if he had proclaimed his real rank.

To divert him from his melancholy, the king now orders the knights to dance, and encourages Pericles to take part in the revels by treading a measure with the princess. Such grace does the stranger display in this exercise, too, that he wins high praise ere the company separates for the night, Simonides declaring the time of rest has come, but that 'to-morrow all for speeding do their best.'

We next behold a room in the governor's house at Tyre, where Helicanus is informing one of his friends how Antiochus and his daughter met due punishment for their heinous crime while riding together in a chariot of inestimable value. We are briefly told that 'a fire from heaven came and shrivelled up their bodies,' leaving both corpses in such loathsome condition that no one was willing to approach to bury them. Such a doom seems fitting to the listener, who has barely expressed approval when sundry other lords come in. After the usual exchange of civilities, these Tyrians inform Helicanus that, feeling sure their prince has perished, they have come to beg permission to seek for his remains, so they can bury them properly, ere they elect a new sovereign. They pronounce no one better fitted to govern than Helicanus, whom Pericles himself

selected as his representative. When they unanimously cry 'Live Helicanus,' he implores them to be patient for another twelve-month, so as to make sure poor Pericles has perished at sea and will never return. It is only after considerable demur that the lords accede to this delay, which the faithful Helicanus insists upon, for he is not at all anxious to supplant his master. This agreement reached, Helicanus nobly concludes 'then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands: when peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.'

We now return to Pentapolis, where Simonides enters a room in his palace, intently reading a letter, from which he glances up only to return the greetings of his knights. It is the day after the tournament has ended, and he announces that Thaisa has decided to postpone marriage for another twelve-month, meantime denying herself to all her suitors. On learning they will not even be favoured with a glimpse of the beautiful princess during these long, weary months, the knights regretfully depart. When they have gone, Simonides reveals that he has resorted to this stratagem because his daughter informs him in a letter that she will either marry the stranger knight, or nevermore 'view nor day nor light.' Because her choice fully coincides with his own wishes, Simonides decides Thaisa's decision shall not long remain a secret, just as Pericles steps into the room.

After a little talk in regard to some music with which Pericles favoured them on the previous evening, Simonides carelessly asks his opinion of his

fair daughter? In return he receives a flattering reply, which causes him to rejoin that Thaisa thinks well enough of Pericles to wish to become his scholar. Because Pericles seems incredulous, Simonides shows him the princess' letter, which so amazes the prince that he wonders whether this is not some crafty device to entrap a distressed stranger. His fears seem to be confirmed when Simonides suddenly accuses him of having bewitched his daughter, an accusation he hotly refutes, saying he considers it base to use magic arts to win a maiden's heart! When denounced as a villain, traitor, and liar, Pericles haughtily rejoins his actions are as noble as his thoughts, 'that never relish'd of a base descent,' and asseverates he came to this court 'for honour's cause,' as he haughtily offers to prove at the point of his sword!

Seeing the princess enter just then, Pericles impetuously implores her as she is as virtuous as fair, to state whether he ever tried to make love to her? When Thaisa rejoins that even if he had, no one would take offence at it, her father is secretly delighted, for he is more and more convinced the stranger is far nobler than he has confessed. He, therefore, invites Pericles to respond to the princess' wooing, makes them join hands, and bids them kiss each other, ere he proceeds to wish them joy. Such a consummation of his hopes proves so delightful to Pericles, that he fervently swears to love the princess 'even as my life my blood that fosters it,' and the scene closes with Simonides' formal announcement that the wedding will take place without further delay.

ACT III. The third act also opens with a prologue by the actor, who describes how the marriage feast being over, quiet reigns in the palace, where the married couple dwell happily for several months. Then, in dumbshow, we see Pericles and Simonides greeted by an ambassador from Tyre, who delivers a letter. After reading this missive, Pericles hands it over to his father-in-law, and receives the homage of the Tyrian lords. While he is doing so, his wife, Thaisa, enters, closely attended by a nurse, and when she too has perused the letter, betrays signs of keen joy. We next see her and Pericles taking affectionate leave of Simonides, ere they pass off the stage escorted by the Tyrian lords, and the nurse. This dumbshow finished, the actor resumes his explanations, stating how Helicanus, after careful search, has at last discovered Pericles, and in this letter announces to him the death of his foe, and summons him to return to Tyre unless he wishes to forfeit his crown. For this reason Pericles decides to return home immediately, yet hesitates to expose his beloved wife to a rough sea-journey, since she is now in delicate health. Her entreaties, however, prevail over his fears, so the royal couple embark, Pericles fervently hoping the waters will be smooth so that they can land in Tyre before the critical moment comes. Instead of this, however, a terrible tempest overtakes his ship, and inspires poor Thaisa with such terror, that her babe comes into the world before its time.

The rising curtain reveals this tossing ship, and we overhear the almost frantic Pericles calling alter-

nately upon the god of the sea to abate his wrath, and upon the goddess of child-birth to watch over his beloved wife. While he is wildly praying, the nurse appears on deck with an infant, which she bids him take to his bosom as sole reminder of his dead queen! At first Pericles cannot realise his beloved wife has gone; then he wails, 'O you gods! why do you make us love your goodly gifts, and snatch them straight away? We here below recall not what we give, and therein may use honour with you.' The nurse, however, implores him to be manly for the helpless child's sake, words which touch unsuspected depths in Pericles' heart, for even while giving way to his grief, he fervently prays that his babe's life may be mild, although it has found in the world so rude a welcome.

Just then two sailors appear, and Pericles enquires whether the storm will not soon abate, for he fears it may yet cost the life of the delicate babe as well as that of the mother. With true sailor superstition, these men no sooner hear the queen is dead than they fancy it is the presence of her corpse which is placing their lives in peril. They, therefore, insist that Pericles place her in a coffin and cast her overboard! Although loath to part so soon with Thaisa's beloved remains, Pericles feels compelled to yield to such superstitious terrors. He, therefore, calls for the coffin always carried on board ship, and gives orders that his wife be placed in it, enveloped in a white satin cerecloth. He also adds some jewels and a letter, which he writes himself, wherein he implores the finder for charity's sake to give this

corpse a suitable burial. After a tender leave-taking of the remains which are to be cast into the sea, Pericles decides that instead of pursuing their journey to Tyre, they will land at Tarsus, to secure Cleon's care for the delicate babe.

The next scene is played at Ephesus, in the house of the physician Cerimon, who is comforting some persons who have suffered shipwreck in this frightful storm. He and his attendants, while dealing out food and medicine to those who come in quest of them, converse with some gentlemen, who comment upon the fury of the storm, and compliment Cerimon on the skill which has enabled him to save so many lives. The physician assures them his calling brings its own reward, since there is 'more content in course of true delight than to be thirsty after tottering honour, or tie my treasure up in silken bags, to please the fool and death.'

While they are still talking, servants stagger in with a huge chest, reporting with excitement that the biggest wave they ever saw cast it at their feet, and that it must contain great treasures. The gentlemen, however, opine it looks more like a coffin, for it is carefully sealed and closed. In the physician's presence it is now opened, and he is surprised to be greeted by a strong odour of spices and to discover therein a corpse carefully wrapped in a satin cerecloth. On discovering the jewels and paper Cerimon quickly reads Pericles' heart-broken appeal, exclaiming that the writer must have had a 'heart that even cracks for woe!' Then, true to his calling, he examines the corpse, only to discover that

life is still lingering within it, for the lady is in a state of coma and not dead. As he concludes she has not been more than five hours in this condition, and knows of cases which recovered after nine, he immediately sets to work to revive her. Friction, heat, and all the applications skill can suggest are now brought into play, while soft music is played so that when the patient rouses she will be reassured by sweet sounds. After a period of suspense, during which nothing is heard save breathless exclamations, interrupted by the physician's curt, pertinent orders, the lady comes to life again, asking faintly where she is and where is her lord? To prevent her being startled,—for a relapse would mean death,—Cerimon has her borne into a neighbouring chamber, fervently praying the god of medicine to guide his efforts to save her.

The curtain next rises on Tarsus, where Pericles is confiding his little daughter and her nurse,—at the end of a twelve months' sojourn,—to the kind care of Cleon and Dionyza, bidding them care for his child as tenderly as for their own. Mindful of the benefits he has conferred upon them and their people, Cleon rejoins that even should they be inclined to neglect Marina,—thus called because born at sea,—the people of Tarsus would insist upon their doing their duty to the child of their benefactor. It is only because Tyre will be lost unless he returns there, that Pericles now departs, but he vows to let his hair grow until he sees his daughter again, or until she is safely married. With endless assurances of fidelity on the part of Cleon and Dionyza,

to whom he entrusts his babe and her nurse, Pericles finally departs.

We are again transferred to Cerimon's house, just after the complete recovery of Thaisa, while he is relating to her in what state she was found, and exhibiting Pericles' letter. All Thaisa can remember is a terrible storm and her sudden illness, but, sure never to see her husband again,—for she deems he must have perished,—she decides to assume the duties and costume of a Vestal, spend the rest of her life in retirement, 'and never more have joy.' This resolution is approved by Cerimon, who knows of a fane near by, where his own niece can attend her. The curtain falls while Thaisa is still thanking her rescuer for his kind efforts in her behalf, and assuring him 'my good will is great.'

ACT IV. The fourth act also opens with a prologue by the actor, describing how Pericles dwelt sorrowfully at Tyre, while his wife served as a Vestal in the temple, and his daughter was being trained at Tarsus as befitted her position in life. By the time Marina is fourteen 'she hath gain'd of education all the grace, which makes her both the heart and place of general wonder.' Such is her talent that she far outshines her foster-sister, the child of Cleon and Dionyza, for which reason the latter becomes so bitterly jealous of her that she determines to injure her. Because every one admires the peerless Marina, and pays no heed whatever to her insignificant daughter, Dionyza decides that, since the nurse is dead, she must get rid of the little princess.

When the curtain rises, we behold an open place

near the seashore, where Dionyza is bargaining with a murderer, and reminding him how one blow,—which will never be known,—will settle the whole question. She fears, however, that his heart may fail him, for she sternly warns him ‘let not conscience, which is but cold, inflaming love i’ thy bosom, inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which even women have cast off, melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.’ These words nerve the murderer to accept this loathsome task, and he has barely said so when Marina comes upon the scene, carrying flowers to strew upon the grave of the nurse for whom she mourns in touching grief! She has vowed to keep this grave carpeted with flowers in memory of all her nurse did for her, ever since she took her from her dying mother on shipboard, and moans that ‘this world to me is like a lasting storm, whirring me from my friends.’

Seeing Marina appear, Dionyza enquires why her daughter is not with her; then, pretending to consider her pale, sends her off to walk on the seashore with the murderer, Leonine, declaring exercise will cause her to appear to better advantage when her father comes to get her. After a little idle conversation with her escort in regard to the wind and the tempestuous sea,—with sundry touching reminiscences of her nurse’s descriptions of the stormy night when she was born,—Marina is startled when Leonine suddenly bids her say her prayers for he is going to kill her! This rough order terrifies poor Marina, who pleads that she never hurt anything in her life, and declares that when she once accidentally

trod upon a worm she shed tears about it. Notwithstanding her entreaties, Leonine is about to execute Dionyza's orders, when pirates suddenly appear and drive him away.

On perceiving a beautiful girl, these pirates decide to carry her off and sell her as a slave, vowing the money so obtained will be equally divided among them. Only after they have gone with their prey, does Leonine return, and, seeing their boat vanish in the distance, vows he will swear that he threw Marina into the sea.

The next scene is played in a house of ill-fame at Mitylene, where, after considerable dialogue in regard to their loathsome business, the owners of the place conclude they had better purchase another girl. One of their number is, therefore, despatched to the slave-market, whence he soon returns with the pirates, who offer Marina for sale. Such is her beauty that she is immediately purchased and entrusted to the care of the pander's wife. Realising suddenly where she is, Marina bitterly regrets Leonine could not fulfil his evil purpose ere the pirates seized her, or that the latter did not cast her into the sea to join her dead mother! When the rough inmates of this place try to cheer her, their remarks fill her with such loathing that she promises herself, 'if fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, untied I still my virgin knot will keep.' Meantime, her arrival is being diligently advertised, her owners rejoice to hear many patrons are most anxious to see her, and foresee her presence will bring them increased gains.

The curtain next rises in Tarsus, where Cleon is reproaching his wife and the murderer for what they have done, and wondering what they shall say when Pericles comes to claim his child. This does not trouble Dionyza, who answers they will describe how Marina died and will take her father to the tomb they are going to erect in her memory! All she has done seems justifiable, because Marina so far outshone her own offspring that the latter had no chance to secure any attention as long as her companion was near.

In the next scene, an actor, standing before Marina's monument at Tarsus, explains under what circumstances it has been erected, and how Pericles is even now coming to claim his child. In dumbshow we next behold the arrival of Pericles and of his train, and the exhibition of Marina's monument. After lamenting and donning sackcloth, Pericles departs from Tarsus, angry at fate, and the actor reads aloud the lying inscription stating how Marina, daughter of the king of Tyre, born at sea, is buried close beside its waves! He adds that although Pericles, deeming his daughter dead, intends to mourn her forever, she is now in Mitylene, which we next behold.

Several gentlemen are seen issuing from the house where Marina is detained, vowing never have such experiences befallen them, for they have been preached at to such good effect in this place that they come away resolved to lead virtuous lives hereafter. The owners of the house are indignant, however, that Marina's innocent talk should convert their clients,

and when a new one enters, hope he will prove more successful than his predecessors, although they opine Marina 'would make a Puritan of the devil!' The newcomer is now introduced to Marina, whose refined speech, modesty, gentleness, and virtue soon convince him that she can have come here only by accident. In fact, Lysimachus, governor of Mitylene, is so impressed, that he finally cries, 'thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training has been noble,' and urges her to 'persever in that clear way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee!' After giving Marina quite a sum of money, Lysimachus, too, departs.

The owner of the house is about to resort to force in his wrath, when Marina, using the money the governor gave her, bribes him to listen to her, and urges him to practise any trade in preference to this. She explains how her early training has made her an expert in music, embroidery, dancing, and all the fine arts, and assures him, if he will only hire her out in the capacity of teacher, he can earn far more than in any other way. Such is her eloquence, that Marina finally wrings from this wretch a promise to place her, unmolested, among honest people, where she can carry out this programme and enrich him with the money she earns.

ACT V. The fifth act opens with a prologue by the actor, stating how Marina, having escaped from this evil den, lacks not pupils of 'noble race, who pour their bounty on her.' Her fame in town constantly increases, and Lysimachus rejoices to think she has proved so successful. One day, while

she and her pupils are celebrating a festival on the shore, her father's vessel anchors in Mitylene harbour, where, as in duty bound, Lysimachus soon appears to welcome the travellers.

As the curtain rises, we behold the deck of the Tyrian ship, where Pericles is lying in melancholy silence beneath an awning, for he has not spoken a word since hearing of his daughter's death. A Mitylene sailor, boarding the ship, enquires of one of the Tyrians for the master of the ship, whereupon Helicanus steps forward to answer in Pericles' name. While some conversation passes between them, Lysimachus boards the vessel, and greeting Helicanus, is duly thanked for his courtesy. After stating he is governor of the town, Lysimachus enquires who the owner of the vessel may be, and is surprised to learn it belongs to Pericles, King of Tyre, who is wrapped in such deep grief that he has not spoken for the past three months! In reply to his query in regard to the cause of this sorrow, Helicanus explains it is due to the loss of a beloved daughter and wife, and adds that, even if ushered into the king's presence, Lysimachus could not obtain a word. Anxious to make the attempt, Lysimachus has himself conducted beneath the awning, where, seeing he can gain no attention, he remarks that Pericles might be charmed into speech by a lovely maiden in Mitylene, who can beguile the most morose of men. Deeming it wise to try every means to effect a cure, Helicanus begs Lysimachus to send for this wonderful girl.

While one of the governor's servants goes in quest

of Marina, Helicanus explains that they are anxious to renew their stores, and offers to pay lavishly for supplies. Just as the conversation between Lysimachus and Helicanus draws to a close, the page returns with Marina and a female companion, both of whom are courteously greeted by Lysimachus. He then implores Marina to employ all her skill to rouse an august traveller from his melancholy, and noticing Helicanus' admiration, assures him he would fain marry her, for 'she's such a one, that, were I well assured came of a gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.'

On condition she and her maid may go into Pericles' presence together, Marina undertakes this novel task, and no sooner arrives under the awning, than she begins to sing. Watching from a distance, the rest notice that Pericles pays no heed to the music, and that Marina, becoming aware of this, begins to speak gently to him, for a mysterious voice urges her to use all her arts in behalf of this sufferer. Hearing the gentle stranger murmur she has endured griefs which would probably equal his, could they be measured, Pericles is so startled that he demands what she means? He passionately adds, 'tell thy story; if thine consider'd prove the thousandth part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have suffer'd like a girl.' Only then does he look closely at her, and is startled by her great resemblance to his dead wife. In his surprise he comments that he beholds the same square brow, the same tall stature, the same willowy slenderness, and abruptly asks the

strange maiden on what shore she was born. When Marina softly rejoins she was not born on any shore, and that, were she to relate her history, 'it would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting,' he assures her he will credit whatever she says, and again urges her to speak.

A moment later, when he hears her name is Marina, Pericles gives such a start that she pauses abruptly, and only after some encouragement ventures to continue her tale. She then reveals that she is daughter of a king, who named her thus because she was born at sea, little suspecting why Pericles' agitation constantly increases. When she mentions her nurse's name, however, he agonisingly bids her pause, as he cannot endure any more, for he remembers only too vividly the place where his daughter lies buried! After a while, however, he implores her to go on, and she explains how Cleon and his wicked wife sought to murder her, how cruel pirates rescued her, and is surprised to see the stranger's tears flow when she calls herself the daughter of 'good King Pericles,' should he still be alive! In his rapture, Pericles loudly calls for Helicanus, bidding him strike him or hurt him in some way, 'lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me o'erbear the shores of my mortality, and drown me with sweetness.'

Then he blurts out the glad tidings that the maiden, who has hitherto kept her origin secret, is his own daughter. As sole additional proof of her identity, he bids Marina give her mother's name, and after rapturously embracing her, declares he no

longer has cause to mourn, but will immediately don fresh garments. Then, he warmly greets the governor, heartily thanking him for having been kind to Marina. This recognition over, Pericles suddenly hears music, which none of the rest can descry, but which he poetically terms 'the music of the spheres.' It seems to have a peculiarly lulling effect upon him, for he soon sinks back asleep, and Lysimachus suggesting that this slumber may complete his cure, all present let him rest in peace.

When all have withdrawn, Diana appears to Pericles in a vision, bidding him visit her temple at Ephesus, and return thanks before her altar, by relating aloud the story of his wife's tragic death and of his daughter's recovery. She vows that if he does so he will be happy, but if he does not he will live for ever after in woe!

Just as Diana departs, Pericles awakens, and Helicanus, Lysimachus, and the rest, rejoining him, are told that, instead of going first to Tarsus to punish Cleon, they will sail directly to Ephesus to fulfil divine commands. Then Pericles accepts Lysimachus' invitation to step ashore, assuring the governor when he hints he has a boon to ask, that, after hearing how nobly he has behaved toward Marina, he will refuse him nothing, not even her hand!

In the next scene, the actor warns us the story is nearing its end, for after being entertained by Lysimachus, who has been betrothed to Marina, the travellers are about to enter Diana's temple, where, after the goddess' orders have been fulfilled, the marriage will take place.

As the curtain rises, we behold the temple of Diana, with the high priestess Thaisa, standing by the altar with her attendants, while Cerimon and other Ephesians appear among the audience. Next Pericles enters, followed by his train, and after hailing the goddess, proclaims he is Pericles, King of Tyre, who wed abroad fair Thaisa, a lady who died in child-bed at sea, leaving a daughter who still wears Diana's livery. This daughter, after escaping murder at her foster parents' hands was brought to Mitylene, where she made herself known to her father. The priestess, who recognised her husband the moment he entered, now sinks down in a swoon, whereupon the physician, hurrying forward, reveals to Pericles that she is his wife! The King of Tyre has difficulty in crediting this statement, having thrown the beloved corpse into a raging sea with his own hands. But when Cerimon relates how the chest was cast ashore, and how on opening it, he found letter and jewels, and was able to restore Thaisa to life, Pericles begins to believe it may be true. He is just asking to see the jewels, when Thaisa recovering, addresses him. The sound of her beloved voice, and the fact that she exclaims the ring he wears was given to him by her father at parting, causes him to cry with rapture, 'this, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness makes my past miseries sport,' while clasping his wife to his breast, saying, 'O, come, be buried a second time within these arms.'

In her joy at finding her mother, Marina mutely kneels at her feet, and Pericles beholding her there,

proudly introduces her to Thaisa as the babe born at sea, upon whom a mother's eyes never before rested! Then, enquiring whether his wife recalls the name of the friend who governed Tyre during his absence, Pericles presents the worthy Helicanus. A moment later, in reply to eager questions how she was saved, Thaisa reveals how Cerimon rescued her, while the doctor promises to produce all the objects found in her coffin. Turning to the altar, Pericles now gives fervent thanks for the vision vouchsafed him, and seeing no further cause for delay, informs his wife his daughter will here marry Lysimachus. In honour of this festival he proposes to shear off the luxuriant hair and beard he has allowed to grow during long years of mourning, for he now has no cause for anything save rejoicing, although the aged Simonides is dead.

The epilogue is also recited by the actor, who states how, in the course of this play, poetic justice has been meted out; the criminals having suffered the penalty of their crimes, and Pericles and his family having, notwithstanding contrary fortunes, been ‘led on by heaven, and crown’d with joy at last.’ He quotes Helicanus as an emblem of truth, of faith, and of loyalty, and Cerimon as a model of ‘the worth that learned charity aye wears,’ ere he adds that Cleon and his wife, in punishment for their villainy, were burned in their palace. The play concludes with the actor’s valediction ‘so, on your patience evermore attending, new joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.’

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